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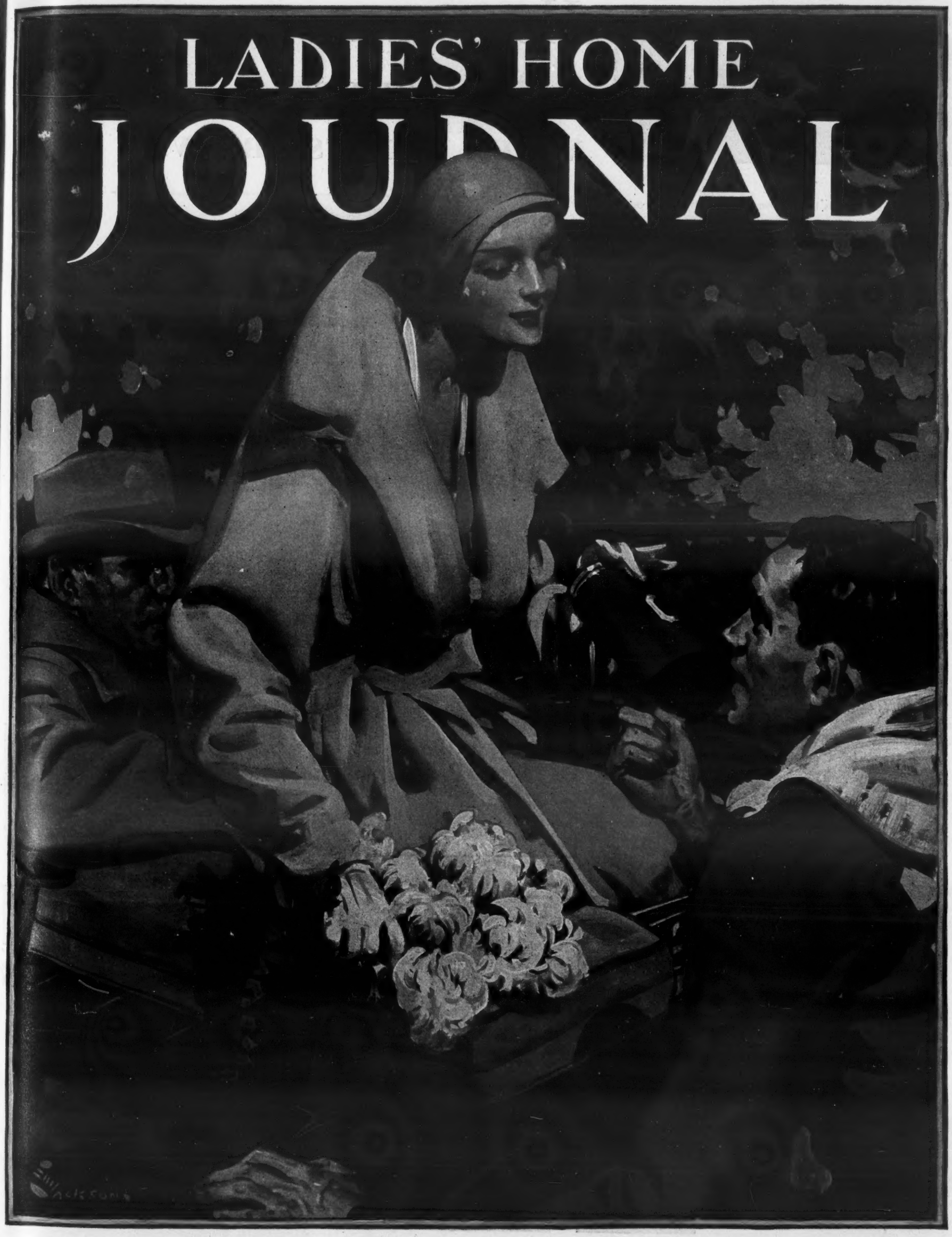
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL



WILLIAM B. SEABROOK—EDITH WHARTON—WILBUR DANIEL STEELE
G. K. CHESTERTON—F. BRITTEN AUSTIN—JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

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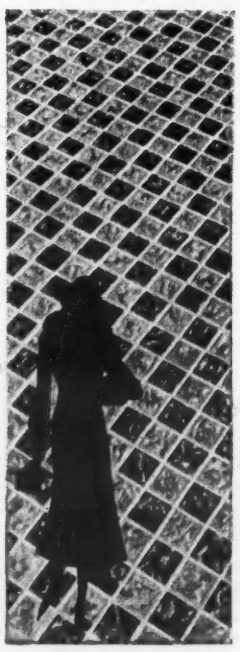

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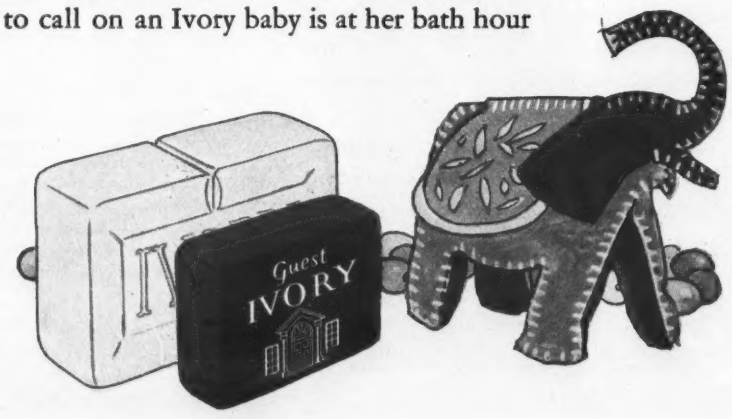

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PHOTOS. WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

THE CHIEF OF THE YAFOUBA TRIBE IN THE IVORY COAST FOREST, SURROUNDED BY HIS DANCERS, WITCH DOCTORS AND MINISTERS. THE WHITE WOMAN IS KATIE SEABROOK, OF NEW YORK, WIFE OF THE AUTHOR, WHO ACCOMPANIED HIM ON HIS STRANGE, ADVENTUROUS TRIP. BELOW—SARRA KANI, AFRICAN SORCERESS, CONSULTS THE COLORED COWRIE SHELLS IN A CALABASH BOWL TO DETERMINE IF IT WOULD BE SAFE FOR THEM TO CROSS INTO LIBERIA

Magic on the Ivory Coast

By WILLIAM B. SEABROOK

Author of "Magic Island"

WHEN the praying mantis alighted on my hammock as we swung along the forest trail, I said to Diamoko: "It is taboo to me. Thou seest, we will not kill it, and it will tell the great serpent and the panther not to leap upon us."

He answered: "Also it will tell the tree not to fall across our path, and the river to flow mildly for our crossings."

Thus it occurred on this particular journey that Katie, who is fond of cats and was always wanting to see a panther in plain daylight, honestly never did see one.

Mori explained it otherwise. He said the outlandish uproar we made on our day marches—the singing and howling of our porters, the blaring bugle, the beating of tom-toms and blowing of ivory trumpets—scared all the animals so that they fled for their lives across the border into Liberia. It was, perhaps, an explanation, for often troops of big black apes, angry, terrified and scolding, would go crashing westward overhead like elevated trains through the high branches.

But when we marched by torchlight, with drums and glory in the night, the wild beasts came despite the singing and sat silent with staring eyes to watch us pass.

As for our mode of travel, it resembled a wandering circus on a spree more than it did a serious white man's exploration party. But I was only following local custom, for thus the native forest chiefs themselves do usually travel, and it was their own panoply they had given or lent me, supplemented by a few fantastic additions of my own. We were in the thick of the Ivory Coast jungle, following a southward trail that ran more or less parallel with the Liberian hinterland. Motor roads, my little motortruck, helpful, generous French administrators, the arteries of a wide-flung colonial civilization along which one can journey with ever-increasing ease, were now left far behind and we plunged into the back country.

Here the blacks we encountered were still unspoiled in their unspoiled forest, and walked proudly, every man carrying either a spear, a bow and arrows or a sword; surprised to see a white man and woman traveling with such noisy native circumstance, but always friendly, grinning so that their filed, pointed teeth showed, sometimes laughing outright, tossing jokes and compliments as we swung along.

We rode in hammock chairs, carried by naked porters who shouted and sang continually. We had always from twenty-five to thirty of them, including headmen and song leaders—porters for hammock relays, baggage, gifts, and bar salt, which is the best gift of all.

Katie's hammock was usually kept decked with bright jungle flowers, grass and vines; mine had a scarlet-and-green plaid steamer rug draped

over its lattice hood. We had drummers, dancers, players on elephant-tusk trumpets and antelope horns—and at the head of the procession marched superbly always Klon, my bugler.

His name meant "The Big Ape." It was his family animal and on his head he wore a splendid wig of long black monkey fur. He went barefoot, in tattered rags, but his rags clothed a tremendous pride, for they were the scraps of the uniform he had worn at Verdun, and through it showed shrapnel scars on his great ape's chest, and there was still a bit of ribbon sewed there, and the same battered brass that now echoed through the forest for our little traveling circus had sounded the charge for the Eleventh Tirailleurs at Fleury.

But when peace came he had wearied of being a soldier and of the white man's country. So he had come back to his native forest and his native village, donned the family wig, gorged himself in the family pot, sacrificed to the old fetishes and married a number of wives. But he had kept the bugle, and had become bugler for his tribal chief, fat, pompous old Batoi at Zouan-Hounien, who had lent him to me for the trail.

I describe Klon first, not merely because he marched at the head of the procession, but because he was important. He had other uses in addition to the pleasure we got out of seeing him inflate his chest and the grand noises he made on the bugle. He was a good guide and pacemaker, not averse to lending a heavy hand in the camp chores at night, eager to serve Katie, and proud to second Mori Sidi, the queer, faithful black man—it would be perhaps more accurate and gracious to say the black gentleman—who was really my chief lieutenant on this special journey.

MORI was the only black among us who wore European clothes—proper, well-kept clothes of khaki, with shoes and leather putties. He spoke and wrote clear French as well as pidgin, and had been a school-teacher. He was middle-aged, dignified, serious. He was tall, lanky, with a small, round, serious, intelligent head. Even his slightly stooped shoulders were serious.

I felt that I never really learned to know him, though I trusted him, and did well to trust him. I had a feeling frequently that while he was fond of me he disapproved of me. I am accustomed to that among civilized white friends. It began with my own family in childhood. But I have felt it more rarely among so-called savages.

Returning to Mori, I had suffered original misgivings because of his white schooling, his clothes, his whole association with whites, so often destructive of Negro character. But my friend Maillier, administrator at the last French post, an old colonial who knew Africa, had assured me that Mori was good, an able forest man and staunch in case of trouble.

The only other European-contacted Negro I had was Diamoko, a youth who was both cook and personal "boy." He was plump, bland, lazy, sweet-natured enough, but a terrible cook and in petty ways not to be trusted.

As for the rest of our equipment, mostly porters, they were proper, good, howling savages—Yafoubas—a superb, grand gang. They had their own headman, a braided-haired husky named Daa, whose only garb was a leather thong round his middle and a chain diagonally across his shoulders from which dangled under his left armpit a large dead tree rat, or rather the natural skin of one, head, tail, paws and all, which served as a bag for his private *grigris*.

PHOTOS, WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

THE CHILD-JUGGLING YAFOUBA MAGICIANS

He carried a whip and from time to time lashed a friend in harness as nonchalantly as if the friend had been a horse, and the friend would accept the lash as nonchalantly. When Katie protested, they said it was not to punish the porters, but to encourage them.

The porters liked their headman. He was their own man. They also had a song leader, and two or three other extras who never seemed to do any work, or in fact anything, but who were always confidently trotting along. I came to the conclusion they must be there for social companionship or because they loved traveling. I gave them the same food and wages as the others without ever asking why.

What we had, in brief, was no proper *safari* at all, but an intimate, noisy family that grew more intimate and noisy every mile. The porters had their traditional songs, and were continually inventing new ones. They sang in a dialect of which I didn't then understand one syllable, but jolting along for long hours in the hammock I began trying to jot down some of the couplets phonetically, at the same time getting Mori or Diamoko to explain what they meant. There was one they often sang, accompanied by howls of laughter, which sounded something like this:

Hai Yo Ginga, Douni Yo!
Ta La Tata, Douni Po!

I shouted to Mori, who came to walk beside my hammock, and asked him to translate. He gave ear, seemed distressed, and said, "Oh, it's just a compliment to you."

I said, "Come on, Mori, what does it mean exactly? What do the words say?"

He said, "Well, if you insist on my translating, it means:

"The white king is really too heavy;
The bull's back is broken;
The bull can't march any more!"

From then on I bedeviled them continually for more translations, along the trail and also when we stopped to camp at night. When the porters understood what I sought, they were at first reluctant and embarrassed, sometimes giggling and sometimes surly, like children into whose secret games a grown-up wants to poke his nose. But finally they accepted teaching me as a new part of their game, and the results were well worth the trouble it took to persuade them.

The petty chiefs and people in the villages through which we passed were welcoming us with dancing, food, drink, shelter and good counsels, caring nothing now for the accident that my face was white, but treating me rather as one of their own—and for this there was a special reason quite apart from our brave, noisy native pageantry and the gifts we distributed.

Although I had not yet joined or even seen the handsome and impudent young sorceress who was later to take high-handed charge of my subsequent comings and goings in this territory, I had nevertheless faithfully followed the instructions of old Dia, the Diagbe of Loubli, who had come to me like a John the Baptist across the fields at Dananae to give me commands and a leather sack full of *grigris*, in the name of his jungle gods.

These commands I had been obeying scrupulously, offering the necessary roadside sacrifices as he had taught me. Word of my doings had gone ahead on the trail, and the name by which they named me in villages which I had not yet ever entered was Mogo-Dieman, "The-Black-Man-Who-Has-a-White-Face."

An impatient fellow at Bounda said to a quarrelsome graybeard, "Shut up! He is older and blacker than you are."

To them, however, this was not the statement of a miracle or marvel. It was a simple fact which gave no special cause for admiration or astonishment, and certainly none for regarding me awesomely as a wonder-worker. To them no outward materialized form is ever definite, fixed or real. Their mysticism teaches that all outward material forms are apt to be deceptive, frequently clothing a wholly dissimilar spiritual essence. A seeming man may be a tree walking; a stone may contain the soul of one's grandfather; a child may be a serpent. Any given incarnation or materialized bodily appearance is a transitory incident, and material forms are continually in flux.

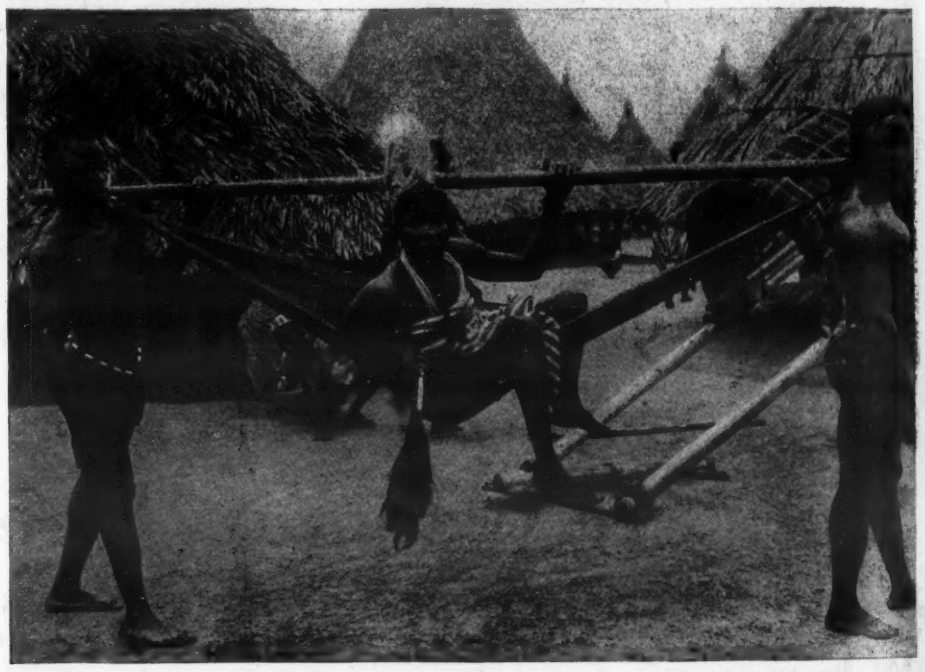
TO THEM, therefore, my case, despite the white exterior, was commonplace and very simple. They saw me doing as they did, and not at all as other whites. I traveled in noisy pomp as a black man would, drank from their calabashes, ate their food, consulted their sorcerers, obeyed their oracles and walked softly before their gods. Therefore, very simply, I was one of them.

It was after leaving Zouan-Hounien, entering the deep forest, that I began performing daily, almost hourly, the various rites and duties—most of them quite simple, naïve almost in their outward simplicity—which the Diagbe had prescribed, or rather which the forest gods demanded.

He had sat naked on a mat in the twilight corner of an earth-floored hut at Dananae, with skulls and masks gazing

KLON, THE BUGLER, WHOSE NAME MEANT "THE BIG APE," AND HIS SPLENDID WIG OF MONKEY FUR. HIS CLOTHES WERE SCRAPS OF THE UNIFORM HE HAD WORN AT VERDUN, AND HIS BATTERED BRASS HAD SOUNDED THE CHARGE AT FLEURY

THE IVORY COAST AFRICAN SORCERESS WHO HAD EXCLUSIVE CHARGE OF SEABROOK'S EXPEDITION AMONG THE DAN TRIBES IN THE FOREST BEHIND LIBERIA



BEGINNING THE MYSTERIOUS DANCE OF THE YAFOUBAS; THE CHILD VICTIMS ARE HYPNOTIZED SO THEY RELAX ALL MUSCLES AND BECOME PLIABLE IN THE JUGGLERS' STRONG HANDS

THESE THREE BLACK BEAUTIES ARE THE FAVORITE WIVES AND NEED DO NOTHING EXCEPT AMUSE THEMSELVES. THE PENALTY FOR SUCH FAVORITISM IS WEARING FOREVER FIFTEEN-POUND ANKLETS

down benevolently upon us from the shadowed walls. He had sat staring like old Ezekiel into an iron warming pan in which there was red water, and spread round it four antelope horns stuffed with herbs and blackened dung, some brass rings, his little iron serpents and crocodiles, a metal boat, and a quantity of cowrie shells, shaped, and on one side blackened, so that when he tossed them on the mat like dice they made continually varied patterns. From time to time he tossed them, squeezing the horns beneath his armpits, stirring the red water, staring long into the pot.

Then he would say, "The Fetish commands that you do so and so."

It was these commands, thus given, that I now began obeying on the trail.

AT A DESIGNATED village we traversed on the first day's march we halted, but refused rest and hospitality, even water which the women brought for my thirsty porters, standing in the trail at the highest point among the huts. The chief and villagers gathered about us with the customary offering of eggs, millet and chickens, which I also refused.

Following minute instructions, I seized from the forehead of a surprised hammock porter his head ring, a tight-wound wreath of twisted leaves on which the hammock pole rests. I laid this in the path, took off my shoes and stood with both bare feet upon it. Diamoko brought the leather bag, also a fat live chicken from our own store. From the bag I took two kola nuts and a strip of clean white cotton cloth, with which we tied the nuts beneath the chicken's wings.

I said to the local chief who stood watching, "Bring me now the most miserable one in your village."

He looked about in the crowd and designated a stooped old woman.

I shouted angrily, "No! Here is not any charity. It concerns the Fetish."

They held a hurried consultation and went away, to come back presently with a twisted paralytic whom two men carried between them like an idol and set down like an idol on his bent, shriveled legs in front of me.

I said to him, "You will take this chicken and sacrifice it; you will give its heart, liver, comb, and that which you find under its right wing to the Fetish. The rest you will eat according to your custom. That which you find under the left wing you will keep."

I spoke in pidgin and Bambara, which Diamoko repeated in Yafouba. The paralytic, more frightened than grateful, screamed obedience. I stepped from the porter's wreath, took it up from the ground, walked barefooted back along the trail over which we had come, tearing the wreath into pieces and scattering its leaves to the wind. This was my pact with the *Nia* of the air.

Klon sounded his bugle and we resumed our march. At the first branching of the trail, the first crossroads, I had to descend from the hammock, take off my shoes again, put on an old pair of sandals and walk ahead of the porters until we came to a kola tree. At the foot of the tree I deposited the sandals, picked up a handful of dirt where my bare foot had touched, wrapped it in paper and kept it to be sewn into a leather charm. This was my pact and plea for protection with the *Nia* of the earth.

At the first stream we forded I tossed into a deep pool a handsome carved bracelet which the Diagbe had provided. This was my offering to the *Nia* of the rivers.

My offering to the *Nia* of the trees, most powerful of all in the forest, required the mediation of a maiden. This was accomplished in a village where we were resting for the night. A white, new-laid egg was brought me, and in the presence of all, with Katie and me standing in their midst, I pressed it upon my forehead and then upon Katie's breasts, after which it was confided to the cupped hands of a naked virgin, who disappeared alone into the forest to bury it secretly at the foot of a sacred tree.

I am aware that practices of this sort on the part of a supposedly enlightened white man may offer an easy butt for contemptuous smiles. I could reply with the pragmatic, cynic fact that my engaging in them inspired confidences and broke down barriers which would have otherwise remained forever closed to me if I had lived for twenty years in Africa.

I could reply also by expressing my greater contempt, unsmiling, toward ethnologists who have never seen a living primitive savage, but who sit at home in their studies and write about him as if he were a fossilized Etruscan or an Aztec; also toward travelers who treat him in his own country and write about him afterward as if he were a highly interesting but inferior zoölogical specimen, like a charity case, a baboon or a penguin, and who describe his picturesque superstition with equal condescension.

I prefer, however, to tell the truth and be damned to ridicule. Superstitious? Of course I am superstitious. I enjoyed, had pleasure and comfort doing these things, believed in their magical efficacy, felt safer and more at home in the forest doing them. Tap on wood, you others at home in New York, walk under a ladder, light three cigarettes with the same match, throw your handful of rice at the bride, and tell me that I am crazy.

These were the ways of the forest, and these were the ways I followed as we went deeper and deeper into a country which became more and more mysterious with every mile. By mysterious I do not mean merely Nature mystery, the mystery which those sensitive to Nature beauty and Nature terror feel. I mean that we and all things on this trail were now surrounded by the visible signs of human sorcery, and that rules of human conduct here were controlled by the invisible forces for which these symbols stood.

Often, in bowers cut from the solid vines and foliage at the trail side, like tiny chapels or sacred niches in the vast crypt of a green cathedral, so close that we could almost touch them without swerving from the trail, were altars on which stood carven idols surrounded by votive offerings—beads, magnificent brass bracelets, sacred stones, bells, masks, objects that would enrich a village, or a hungry stranger, or a thief. Yet no guardian was there, nor any accusing human eye to stay a greedy outstretched hand.

On the banks of streams where the trail crossed, stakes were planted surmounted by skulls, witch-doctor emblems, festooned with cowrie shells and necklaces more gaudy than any in my gift packs. Other votives, sometimes rich in value, sometimes mere crossed twigs or twisted bits of cloth, were hung on sacred trees.

And not even the panther men from Liberia, who crossed sometimes along these trails to raid a compound in the dead of night and carry off a child or woman slain with their iron claws, would dream of daring to touch a single bead.

STRANGEST of all were the curtained entrances to the mysterious, narrow "barred trails," the forbidden trails which we passed from time to time on either hand. Usually the barrier is merely a frail curtain of dried palm fiber or leaves, stretched waist-high across the simple footpath. But no man dares to pass these barriers uninitiate. They lead to mysteries which the passer-by will never solve. They lead to the forbidden places. A twisted wisp of dried and rattling leaves which a baby hand could scatter to the wind is as potent as a triple-locked steel door.

Passing at twilight, we sometimes saw processionals emerging from these paths, ranks of young girls single file, their faces painted with white clay, led by an old woman, singing chants of fecundity and marriage. These were the classes of newly circumcised ones—both males and females are circumcised among the Yafouba, usually after puberty—returning from the hidden sacred inclosures to sleep in their villages. More rarely we encountered groups of young male initiates, their faces painted variously like weird masks, emerging with the witch doctor from veiled trails which led to *grigris* houses where they had been undergoing instruction.

It was too early yet—my relations and my knowledge were both still insufficient—to hope for a more intimate contact with these special things. That would come later, I hoped, with friendly patience and increased understanding. Meanwhile our present objective touched on them only incidentally.

Down in the forest, near the edge of the Gueré (cannibal) territory, in a village called Bin-Hounien, there was a big

(Continued on Page 80)

PHOTOS, WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

THE AUTHOR AND THE RITUAL-DANCE CHILDREN

TEA WITH A WOMAN

Clothes Do Things to You

By GRACE HIGGINS

Illustrated by Alice Harvey

THERE is a centuries-old controversy whether women dress for men or for other women. They do neither. They dress for themselves.

And you buy clothes not to suit the occasion, but to do things to you—that you may meet a new human experience. For your clothes make you adventurous or timid, humble or haughty, naïve or mysterious, romantic or businesslike. And, consciously or subconsciously, you choose your clothes to make you the person you wish to be to meet a definite situation.

Men do it exactly as much as women.

Pages and pages are written about clothes for luncheons and teas, but here are the really important things—all about clothes to meet your new mother-in-law, to fall in love, to get a job, and other et ceteras. These suggestions can be adapted to any income.

To Go to Tea With a Woman

SPREAD the floor of the living room with fashion magazines; then tear down town to your favorite store with a tiny sample of your new fall ensemble and a water-color reproduction of the fur, to hunt for gloves and stockings of a shade that blends exactly. Try on your new hat a dozen times. Gaze at yourself in a pier glass over and over.

For you are a woman going to tea with a woman, than which there is no higher social occasion for clothes. And it is not a matter of geography, for you feel equally gay and worldly whether you break toast over a table in the Paris Ritz or in the Main Street drug store.

Wear your newest ensemble, remembering that black is always the Frenchwoman's choice for tea with a woman—sleek black, with restraint of course, with perhaps only a touch of white at the neck.

Wear your pearls, if you have any, and your most beautiful rings. Go in for expensive pale beige gloves, and old paste shoe buckles, and an afternoon bag with a beautiful frame, and a black hat after the latest Agnès model, even though it be a bit severe and not the prettiest hat you have ever owned. It is a time for smart accessories—white with black, or dark brown with green, for example.

And you will find that you and your friend are going straight intellectual, that your wit is flashing and your chatter brilliant. You will look out on your little world, smile approvingly on it, and go on with your Ina Claire parlor-comedy conversation over the teacups. For your clothes will do things to you more stimulating than any beverage!

TEA WITH AN ARMY CAPTAIN

To Go to Tea With a Man

GAZE at yourself in the mirror, buy a new hat, and then do some more mirror-gazing. For you are going to tea with a man.

It does not matter what man—the man you're in love with, your father or your husband, an explorer or an army captain.

You love tea with a man because he always tells you more than he intends, about himself, or his business, or his adventures, or maybe about you. So you must dress to be, not the star of the show, but the good listener.

Do not wear anything too new, or too bright, or too surprising. Better not risk a new dress until you've tried it out on your women friends. If your man is very young, wear black or bright blue, with tricky molding and cutting. But if he is middle-aged and sophisticated—an ambassador, for example—wear something simple in wine red or beige or soft rose, with a scarf or a collar of long-haired fur that will frame your face in softness. Go in for velvets and chiffons, and for suits with soft tailoring, the "dressmaker look."

And, be assured, you will be most successful if he neither remarks nor remembers a single, solitary detail of what you are wearing.

To Meet the In-Laws

CHOOSE the clothes in which to meet your fiancé's family with the dramatic sense of a Mary Garden, the finesse of a Jane Cowl, and the diplomacy of a Lady Astor. For you enter but two families in the course of your life. Into the first you are born, very red and squally, quite without benefit of clothes. But you are thrust upon your second by the son of the house, in clothes which should enhance your most lovable qualities.

TO MEET YOUR FIANCÉ'S FAMILY

Remember, the boy's father is half won the first moment you smile at him; the brothers and sisters will wait for you to prove yourself later; but the mother is the vitally important person of the first meeting. Hence you must dress for her.

She wants her son's wife, first of all, to be wholesome through and through. Your skin must look flawless, your hair should shine, your eyes must gleam, and your make-up must be used with restraint.

Wear simple clothes, not too anything—not too bright or too new or too smart or too expensive. Wear pretty clothes, which you have worn and tested on your own family.

Wear the good old felt hat that even your father and your little brother have said they like. Don't wear the intellectual off-the-face hat that makes you look so wise you should carry a book with it.

Wear the blue tweeds in which you feel like an English lady of the manor. Or else a white or a pink or a blue summer dress, or black velvet with soft, white lingerie touches.

Your stockings should not be the sheer five-dollar kind, and your heels should be broader and flatter than usual.

You must look eager and intelligent, but so submissive that your new mother will want to teach you many things.

Get into your clothes, and then be smiling and friendly and natural, and forget all about them.

To Meet the Girl He Almost Married

YOU need new rubber heels, and the baby is at the vegetable stage when you feel like a canning factory all day long, except when you feel dehydrated, like ex-apples. And Marie, to whom your Bill was once engaged for a whole summer, has just telegraphed that she will have three hours in your town between trains tomorrow, on her way West. Of course she must come to lunch to meet you.

What clothes must do for you a short twenty-four hours hence!

Marie must find you not only charming but brilliant, exotic, poised as well as pretty. This is your one excuse to dress to your brilliant mind, and to flaunt it! For a husband's ex-fiancée always suspects his wife of a mental vacuum.

Now, strangely enough, you must start with a new French girdle which takes inches off your hips. Light a bonfire with your old rubber-heeled shoes, and buy expensive new ones to match your dress.

Choose a dress with admirable restraint, in two colors that only an artist would think to combine—two yellow greens, perhaps; or pink with a French touch of red; or pink with brown; or off-black with citron. Camp with your fitter until the dress looks made for you.

Wear your arts-and-crafts-society bracelet, and the queer ring from Italy. Wear the madly extravagant French stockings that Bill bought you in a last-minute Christmas funk. Be a definite personality, not a type.

And, thus accoutered for the meeting, you can afford to *like* Marie!

On Receiving a Proposal

THERE comes a time in the affairs of man when a certain vague and shadowy pink dress may aid the stammering, speed the ring, and start the little dressmaker off on the trousseau.

An old saying tells us that every man has proposed to a little girl in pink; and it is a matter of history that whenever skirts have gone long and waistlines high—as they have now—romance has flourished.

So when you see the signs that stammers are imminent, look pretty and sweet and wide-eyed in a long, trailing, pink evening dress, of organdie for a garden, or of chiffon or the softest lace if your big scene is an interior.

Be sure your waistline is high, your décolletage square or round and never too deeply pointed, since diagonals mean sophistication.

Do not wear white; that should be associated only with the wedding day; nor green, since many men find it cold and deceiving; nor thin black—time enough for that when your husband wishes to show you off to his friends as alluring and desirable.

Wear a sparkling necklace, and be sure it suggests "a river of light" rather than ready money.

Pray over your evening shoes, for they must look small. The simplest opera pumps or open-shank sandals are the most flattering.

Slip into the whole outfit and see what clothes do to you. Just for fun, keep the young man waiting while you try to recall a single Latin verb or a problem in Euclid. And then trip lightly down the stairs to him—and be as devastating as you can!

THEN BE AS DEVASTATING AS YOU CAN

To Attend Your Class Reunion

WHEN your class secretary has your telegram, "Yes, yes," in answer to her last frantic round-up for, let's say, your tenth; after your mother has agreed to watch over the children's spinach, and your husband has promised to drive you back to Smith or Wellesley or Radcliffe on his way to fish in Maine, you'd better sit down and go sentimental over clothes you are going to take.

(Continued on Page 60)

SUIT OF BLUE AND GREEN WOOLEN PLAIDED IN WHITE, JACKET LINED WITH THE GRAY ASTRAKHAN WHICH FASHIONS THE COLLAR AND POINTED REVERS, FROM JANE RÉGNY. THE SMALL GREEN VELVET HAT IS FROM MARIA GUY

PHOTOGRAPHS IN NATURAL COLOR BY NICKOLAS MURAY IN PARIS

HAT OF BLOND VELVET, OF THE BÉRET TYPE, FROM LE MONNIER; BLUE FOX FROM HEIM; DRESS BY CALLOT SŒURS; BAG FROM ERWIN

LE MONNIER HAT OF BLUE FELT AND BLACK TAUPE; BLACK GALYAK COAT WITH DEEP COLLAR, CALLED "WASHINGTON," FROM HEIM

BÉRET OF BLOND VELVET, WITH LACED EFFECT AT FOREHEAD AND BACK, FROM LE MONNIER; BLUE FOX SCARF FROM HEIM; DRESS FROM CALLOT SŒURS; BROWN LEATHER BAG AND NECKLACE FROM ERWIN

Velvet and Plaid are Revived

AFTER what seems like endless years of nothing but felt hats, velvet has once more come into its own, and with what variety and consequent opportunities for flattering individuality as to line and type! After more than a decade of its absence, also, plaid, either woven into woolen, silk or chiffon, or effected by embroidered lines, seems refreshingly different and new; Jane Régny has been one of its most enthusiastic sponsors, in the winter openings. Even the familiar felt is used in unbelievably supple versions, and is manipulated as cleverly as any dress fabric.

The Jane Régny suit, above, is carried out in a rich blue and green woolen; the skirt is straight, with a false pleat in front, and the plaid for the skirt is used on the diagonal. The hat is characteristic of the simply draped turbans of velvet or fine felt, worn high off the forehead. Longer gloves, worn wrinkled over the coat sleeves, and the use of astrakhan are other new notes. This photograph was taken at the Château de Madrid, in the Bois.

"Fleur de Pêche," Le Monnier's hat, above at the left, shows the long side droop, and the fascinating flower motif in the sections of the back. The dress is of printed velvet, and the white gloves match the embroidered bag.

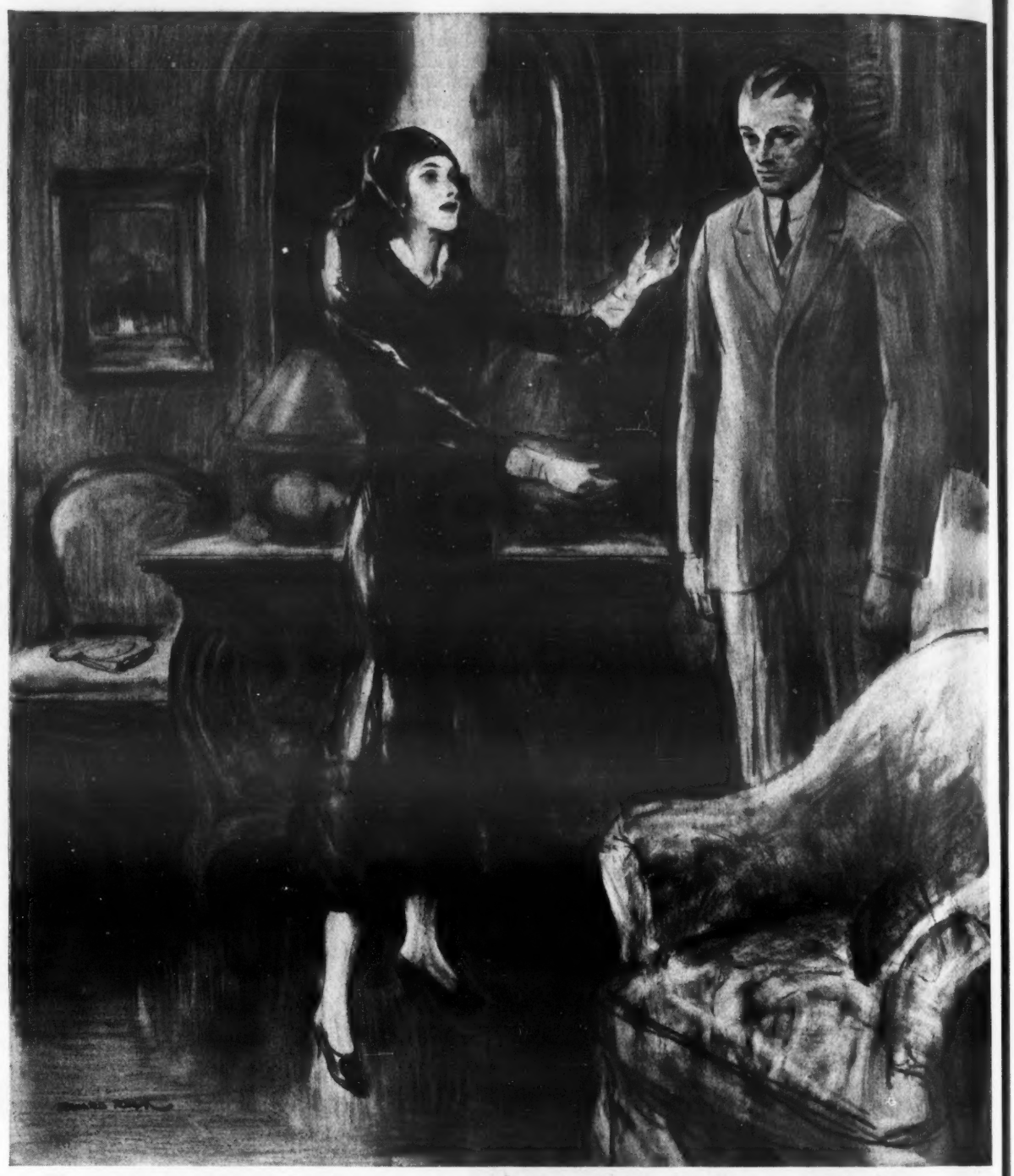
Le Monnier's hat, at the extreme left, has an off-the-face brim of blue felt, with a crown of silky black taupe. Fine strands of the velvet are worked in a laced effect for the forehead band and back of Le Monnier's hat, "Aimez-que-Moi," at the left. This blond shade, an alive yet neutral tone of pinky beige, is a becoming color, and forms a most delightful harmony with the fall browns.

Other articles on Fashions are on pages 36 to 55.

Diagnosis

By EDITH WHARTON

Illustrated by Edward Ryan



SHE STAMMERED: "WHAT HAS HAPPENED? YOU PROMISED TO TELEPHONE AT TEN"

"NOTHING to worry about—absolutely nothing. Of course not—just what they all say!" Paul Dorrance walked away from his writing table to the window of his high-perched flat. The window looked south, over the crowded towering New York below Wall Street which was the visible center and symbol of his life's work. He drew a great breath of relief—for under his surface incredulity a secret reassurance was slowly beginning to unfold. The two eminent physicians he had just seen had told him he would be all right again in a few months; that his dark fears were delusions; that all he needed was to get away from work till he had recovered his balance of body and brain. Dorrance had smiled acquiescence and muttered inwardly: "Infernal humbugs; as if I didn't know how I felt ——"; yet hardly a quarter of an hour later their words had woven magic passes about him, and with a timid avidity he had surrendered to the sense of a returning life. "By George, I *do* feel better," he muttered, and swung about to his desk, remembering he had not breakfasted. The first time in months that he had remembered that! He touched the bell at his elbow and with a half-apologetic smile told his servant that . . . well, yes . . . the doctors said he ought to eat more. . . . Perhaps he'd have an egg or two with his coffee . . . yes, with bacon. . . . He chafed with impatience till the tray was brought.

Breakfast over, he glanced through the papers with the leisurely eye of a man before whom the human comedy is likely to go on unrolling itself for many years. "Nothing to be in a hurry about, after all," was his half-conscious thought. That line which had so haunted him lately, about "Time's winged chariot," relapsed into the region of pure æsthetics, now that in his case the wings were apparently to be refurled. "No reason whatever why you shouldn't live to be an old man." That was pleasant hearing, at forty-nine. What did they call an old man, nowadays? He had always imagined that he shouldn't care to live to be an old man; now he began by asking himself what he understood by the term "old." Nothing that applied to himself, certainly; even if he were to be mysteriously metamorphosed into an old man at some far distant day—what then? It was too far off to visualize, it did not affect his imagination. Why, old age no longer began short of seventy; almost every day the papers told of hearty old folk celebrating their hundredth birthdays—sometimes by remarriage.

Dorrance lost himself in pleasant musings over the increased longevity of the race, evoking visions of contemporaries of his grandparents, infirm and toothless at an age which found their descendants still carnivorous and nimble.

THE papers read, his mind drifted agreeably among the rich possibilities of travel. A busy man ordered to interrupt his work could not possibly stay in New York. Names suggestive of idleness and summer clothes floated before him: The West Indies, the Canaries, Morocco—why not Morocco, where he had never been? And from there he could work his way up through Spain. He rose to reach for a volume from the shelves where his travel books were ranged—but as he stood fluttering its pages, in a state of almost thoughtless beatitude, something twitched him out of his dream. "I suppose I ought to tell her," he said aloud.

Certainly he ought to tell her; but the mere thought let loose a landslide of complications, obligations, explanations . . . their suffocating descent made him gasp for breath. He leaned against the desk, closing his eyes.

But of course she would understand. The doctors said he was going to be all right—that would be enough for her. She would see the necessity of his going away for some months; a year perhaps. She couldn't go with him; that was certain! So what was there to make a fuss about? Gradually, insidiously, there stole into his mind the thought—at first a mere thread of a suggestion—that this might be the moment to let her see, oh, ever so gently, that things couldn't go on forever—nothing did—and that, at his age, and with this new prospect of restored health, a man might reasonably be supposed to have his own views, his own plans; might think of marriage; marriage with a young girl; children; a place in the country . . . his mind wandered into that dream as it had into the dream of travel. . . .

Well, meanwhile he must let her know what the diagnosis was. She had been awfully worried about him, he knew, though all along she had kept up so bravely. [Should he, in the independence of his recovered health, confess under his breath that her celebrated "braveness" sometimes got a little on his nerves?] Yes, it had been hard for her; harder than for anyone; he owed it to her to tell her at once that everything was all right; all right as far as *he* was concerned. And in her beautiful unselfishness nothing else would matter to her—at first. Poor child! He could hear her happy voice: "Really—really and truly? They both said so? You're sure? Oh, of course I've always known . . . haven't I always told you?" Bless her, yes; but he'd known all along what she was thinking. . . . He turned to the desk, and took up the telephone.

As he did so, his glance lit on a sheet of paper on the rug at his feet. He had keen eyes; he saw at once that the letter-head bore the name of the eminent consultant whom his own physician had brought in that morning. Perhaps the paper was one of the three or four prescriptions they had left with him; a chance gust from door or window might have snatched it from the table where the others lay. He stooped and picked it up ——

That was the truth, then. That paper on the floor held his fate. The two doctors had written out their diagnosis, and forgotten to pocket it when they left. There were their two signatures, and the date. There was no mistake. . . . Paul Dorrance sat for a long time with the paper on the desk before him. He propped his chin on his locked hands, shut his eyes, and tried to grope his way through the illimitable darkness. . . .

Anything, anything but the sights and sounds of the world outside! If he had had the energy to move he would have jumped up, drawn the curtains shut, and cowered in his armchair in absolute blackness till he could come to some sort of terms with this new reality—for him henceforth the sole reality. For what did anything matter now except that he was doomed—was dying? That these two scoundrels had known it, and had lied to him? And that, having lied to him, in their callous professional haste they had tossed his death sentence down before him, forgotten to carry it away, left it there staring up at him from the floor?

Yes; it would be easier to bear in a pitch-black room, a room from which all sights and sounds, all suggestions of life, were excluded. But the effort of getting up to draw the curtains was too great. It was easier to go on sitting there in the darkness created by pressing his fists against his lids. "Now, then, my good fellow—this is what it'll be like in the grave. . . ."

YES; but if he had known the grave was *there*, so close, so all-including, so infinitely more important and real than any of the trash one had tossed the years away for; if somebody had told him . . . he might have done a good many things differently, put matters in a truer perspective, discriminated, selected, weighed. . . . Or, no! A thousand times no! Be beaten like that? Go slinking off to his grave before it was dug for him? His folly had been that he had not packed enough into life; that he had always been sorting, discriminating, trying for a perspective, choosing, weighing—God! When there was barely time to seize life before the cup that held it was cracked, and gulp it down while you had a throat that could swallow!

Ah, well—no use in retrospection. What was done was done; what undone must remain so to all eternity. Eternity—what did the word mean? How could the least fringe of its meaning be grasped, by ephemeral creatures groping blindly through a few short years to the grave? Ah, the pity of it—pity, pity! Yes; that was the feeling that rose to the surface of his thoughts. Pity for all the millions of blind

gropers like himself, the millions and millions who thought themselves alive, as he had, and suddenly found themselves dead—as he had! Poor mortals all, with that seed of annihilation that made them brothers—how he longed to help them, how he winced at the thought that he must so often have hurt them, brushing by in his fatuous vitality! How many other lives had he used up in his short span of living? Not consciously, of course—that was the worst of it! The old nurse who had slaved for him when he was a child, and then vanished from his life, to be found again, years after, poor, neglected, dying—well, for her he had done what he could. And that thin young man in his office, with the irritating cough, who might perhaps have been saved if he had been got away sooner? Stuck on to the end because there was a family to support—of course! And the old bookkeeper whom Dorrance had inherited from his father, who was deaf and half blind, and wouldn't go either till he had to be gently told ——? All that had been, as it were, the stuff out of which he, Paul Dorrance, had built up his easy, affluent, successful life. But, no, what nonsense! He had been fair enough, kind enough, whenever he found out what was wrong; only he hadn't really pitied them, had considered his debt discharged when he had drawn a check or rung up a home for incurables. Whereas pity, he now saw—oh, curse it, he was talking like a Russian novel! Nonsense . . . nonsense . . . everybody's turn came sooner or later. The only way to reform the world was to reform Death out of it. And instead of that, Death was always there, was there now, at the door, in the room, at his elbow . . . *his* Death, his own private and particular end-of-everything. *Now!*

A BELL rang hesitatingly and the door opened behind him. He heard the servant say: "Mrs. Welwood." He stood up, blinking at the harsh impact of light and life. "Mrs. Welwood." Everything was going on again, going on again. . . . People were behaving exactly as if he were not doomed. . . . The door shut.

"Eleanor!"

She came up to him quickly. She seldom came to his flat—he wondered dully why she had come today.

She stammered: "What has happened? You promised to telephone at ten. I've been ringing and ringing. They said nobody answered. . . ."

Ah, yes; he remembered now. He looked at the receiver. It lay on the desk, where he had dropped it when his eye had lit on that paper. All that had happened in his other life—before. . . . Well, here she was. How pale she looked, her eyelids a little swollen. And yet how strong, how healthy—how obviously undiseased. Queer! She'd been crying too! Instinctively he turned, and put himself between her and the light.

"What's all the fuss about, dear?" he began jauntily.

She colored a little, hesitating as if he had caught her at fault.

"Why, it's nearly one o'clock; and you told me the consultation was to be at nine. And you promised. . . ."

Oh, yes; of course. He had promised. . . . With the hard morning light on her pale face and red lids, she looked twenty years older. Older than what? After all, she was well over forty, and had never been beautiful. Had he ever thought her beautiful? Poor Eleanor—oh, poor Eleanor!

"Well, yes; it's my fault," he conceded. "I suppose I telephoned to somebody,"—this fib to gain time—"and forgot to hang up the receiver. There it lies; I'm convicted!" He took both her hands—how they trembled!—and drew her to him.

This was Eleanor Welwood, for fifteen years past the heaviest burden on his conscience. As he stood there, holding her hands, he tried to recover a glimpse of the beginnings, and of his own state of mind at the time. He had been captivated; but never to the point of wishing she were free to marry him. Her husband was a pleasant enough fellow; they all belonged to the same little social group; it was a delightful relation, just as it was. And Dorrance had the pretext of his old mother, alone and infirm, who lived with him and whom he could not leave. It was tacitly understood that old Mrs. Dorrance's habits must not be disturbed by any change in the household. So love, on his part, imperceptibly cooled—or should he say ripened?—into friendship; and when his mother's death left him free, there still remained the convenient obstacle of Horace Welwood. Horace Welwood did not die; but one day, as the phrase is, he "allowed" his wife to divorce him. The news had cost Dorrance a sleepless night or two. The divorce was obtained by Mrs. Welwood, discreetly, in a distant and accommodating state; but it was really Welwood who had repudiated his wife, and because of Paul Dorrance. Dorrance knew this, and was aware that Mrs. Welwood knew he knew it. But he had kept his head, she had silenced her heart; and life went on as before, except that since the divorce it was easier to see her, and he could telephone to her house whenever he chose. And they continued to be the dearest of friends.

He had often gone over all this in his mind, with an increasing satisfaction in his own shrewdness. He had kept his freedom, kept his old love's devotion—or as much of it as he wanted—and proved to himself that life was not half bad if you knew how to manage it. That was what he used to think—and then, suddenly, two or three hours ago, he had begun to think differently about everything, and what had seemed shrewdness now unmasked itself as a pitiless egotism.

HE CONTINUED to look at Mrs. Welwood, as if searching her face for something it was essential he should find there. He saw her lips begin to tremble, the tears still on her lashes, her features gradually dissolving in a blur of apprehension and incredulity. "Ah—this is beyond her! She won't be 'brave' now," he thought, with an uncontrollable satisfaction. It seemed necessary, at the moment, that someone should feel the shock of his doom as he was feeling it—should *die with him*, at least morally, since he had to die. And the strange insight which had come to him—this queer "behind-the-veil" penetration that he was suddenly conscious of—had already told him that most of the people he knew, however sorry they might think they were, would really not be in the least affected by his fate, would remain as inwardly unmoved as he had been when, in the plenitude of his vigor, someone had said before him: "Ah, poor So-and-So—didn't you know? The doctors say it's all up with him."

With Eleanor it was different. As he held her there under his eyes he could almost trace the course of his own agony in her paling, dissolving face, could almost see her as she might one day look if she were his widow—*his widow!* Poor thing. At least if she were that she could proclaim her love and her anguish, could abandon herself to open mourning on his grave. Perhaps that was the only comfort it was still in his power to give her . . . or in hers to give him. For the grave might be less cold if watered by her warm tears. The thought made his own well up, and he pressed her closer. At that moment his first wish was to see how she would look if she were really happy. His friend—his only friend! How he would make up to her now for his past callousness!

"Eleanor ——"

"Oh, won't you tell me?" she entreated.

"Yes. Of course. Only I want you to promise me something first ——"

"Yes. . . ."

"To do what I want you to—whatever I want you to."

She could not still the trembling of her hands, though he pressed them so close. She could scarcely articulate: "Haven't I always?"

Slowly he pronounced: "I want you to marry me."

Her trembling grew more violent, and then subsided. The shadow of her terrible fear seemed to fall from her, as the shadow of living falls from the face of the newly dead. Her face looked young and transparent; he watched the blood rise to her lips and cheeks.

"Oh, Paul, Paul—then the news is *good?*"

He felt a slight shrinking at her obtuseness. After all, she was alive—it wasn't her fault—she was merely alive, like all the rest. . . . Magnanimously he rejoined: "Never mind about the news now." But to himself he muttered: "*Sancta Simplicitas!*"

Eleanor had thought that he had asked her to marry him because the news was good.

II.

THEY were married almost immediately, and with as little circumstance as possible. Dorrance's ill health, already vaguely known of in his immediate group of friends, was a sufficient pretext for hastening and simplifying the ceremony; and the next day the couple sailed for Italy.

Dorrance had not seen again the two doctors who had pronounced his doom. He had forbidden Mrs. Welwood to speak of the diagnosis, to him or to anyone else. "Don't let's dramatize the thing," he commanded her; and she acquiesced.

He had shown her the paper as soon as she had promised to marry him; and had hastened, as she read

(Continued on Page 156)

HER VIGILANCE STRIPPED THE FLOWERS OF TRAVEL OF THEIR THORNS

THE RESCUED WERE A DRAGGLED LOT, FOR MOST OF THEIR CLOTHES HAD GONE DOWN WITH THE BOAT

One Big Family

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Illustrated by Meade Schaeffer

"NOW, folkses, this is our first real get-together, and we want to make it a good one." The professional cheer-maker was out to whoop things up. "No room for anyone snooty on this boat; we're all just one big family till we're back on terra cotta, as the feller called it. So far, we haven't had a real chance, with Old Ocean standing us on our heads pretty much day and night. You can't develop a community spirit when you're holding on to your berth and wishing to goodness that the boat would go down and get it over with. But that's all done and we can forget it. We hope you like the decorations, and the band's ready to do its part. Now, then, boys, give us one song that everybody here knows—nothing like singing to open up the heart. All together, folkses ——"

His wildly swinging arms led off into "Hail, hail, the gang's all here." A few voices responded, good-naturedly or ironically. The soup came in, the stewards ducking under the tinkling lanterns that crossed and recrossed the ceiling.

Eleanor Ferris, sitting alone at her table, made a point of singing. She was sorry for the little man, perspiring under his ghastly job. Looking at shipmates newly emerged from their cabins, she had to doubt her ability to fuse with them into one big family, but she pulled a cracker with herself and put on a yellow paper helmet as her contribution to the effort. All the tables had blossomed out into tissue caps, but these remained curiously unrelated to their wearers, soberly embarking on the long menu. Only a few distant tables registered youth and a good time.

ELEANOR'S table was set for four, but she had grown used to having it to herself these stormy days. It was her tight little island, whence she could look on without becoming involved. There was a hard-boiled family that had given her endless food for thought; to see the little children fighting as to which should hold the match for grandma's cigarette was a daily event. And she held her breath over a bridal couple, shy, fragile, physically exquisite, slipping in and out as though they were wrapped in one invisible cloak. For the rest, there were elderly families; the man newly retired from business and restless under his leisure; elderly widows looking for bridge; elderly girls looking for excitement. And none of their problems up to her. Eleanor, just released from wearing responsibility, had looked on in perfect peace. But suddenly the steward was pulling out chairs.

A plump little woman with the round cheeks and pursed mouth of an elderly baby and a long, rangy old man were bearing down on her. The lady's dress of gold brocade had been richly handsome a year ago, when skirts were shorter and fat little elderly legs were no treat, and she would not have believed that a few months could turn her into a figure of fun; her brief person had the carriage of one who can afford the very best. If the man's dinner jacket hiked up in back, that was because he would not keep it on a stretcher, and his shirt front bulged from sheer perversity; the garments themselves were markedly superior. They settled down with an air of taking over the table.

Eleanor felt a dismay quite incompatible with membership in one big family. Her bow was not openly snooty, but it had a reserve that might have registered but for the unfortunate yellow helmet. That did just what it was meant to do. As soon as the lady had placed a blue-and-orange jockey cap above the blaze of her diamond earrings and a chef's white square on her husband's gray head, there they were, firmly united into brotherhood.

"Not clams tonight, Wallie," the lady was urging, and even that domestic argument must include Eleanor. "Everything he eats goes straight to his stomach," she confided earnestly.

Eleanor said gravely that that was very strange, then realized that irony would not be a safe amusement in Wallie's presence. The eyes under the chef's cap were shrewd, sardonic.

"She's pulling your leg, May," he said hoarsely out of one side of his mouth.

May was undisturbed, but Eleanor, caught in an unfriendliness, had to prove herself friendly. Social life with her meant always a conflict of fastidious withdrawals and penitent advances. She did not readily make friends, but she could not stand seeing people hurt. That was why her doctor, who had known her all the thirty-four years of her life, had sent her off on this cruise alone.

"If you take anyone with you, she'll fall ill or have a love affair or find some way to drain you," he had scolded. "Now your relatives are all on their feet and your infernal conscience can be at rest. Go along!"

And so Eleanor had packed a box of books and the semi-evening gowns of one who did not mean to take part in the ship's life, and secured a single cabin and an isolated deck chair, and had found her freedom just what she needed. And now a moment of softness, expressed in a yellow helmet, had let her in for May and Wallie. It was clear before the fish was over that she was thoroughly in for them.

"You been down to all your meals?" May was asking. "My, you're a good sailor. Weren't you lonesome with the table all to yourself?"

Eleanor wanted to be very honest and say that she had loved it, but compromised by admitting that she enjoyed watching people, and so brought down on herself the usual bromide.

"Yes—I like to make up stories about them," May said complacently.

THAT dreadful old man was again penetrating Eleanor's secret mind. "She never made up a story in her life," he confided, and shook with subterranean mirth. "I like to watch people because they're such fools. I bet you do too."

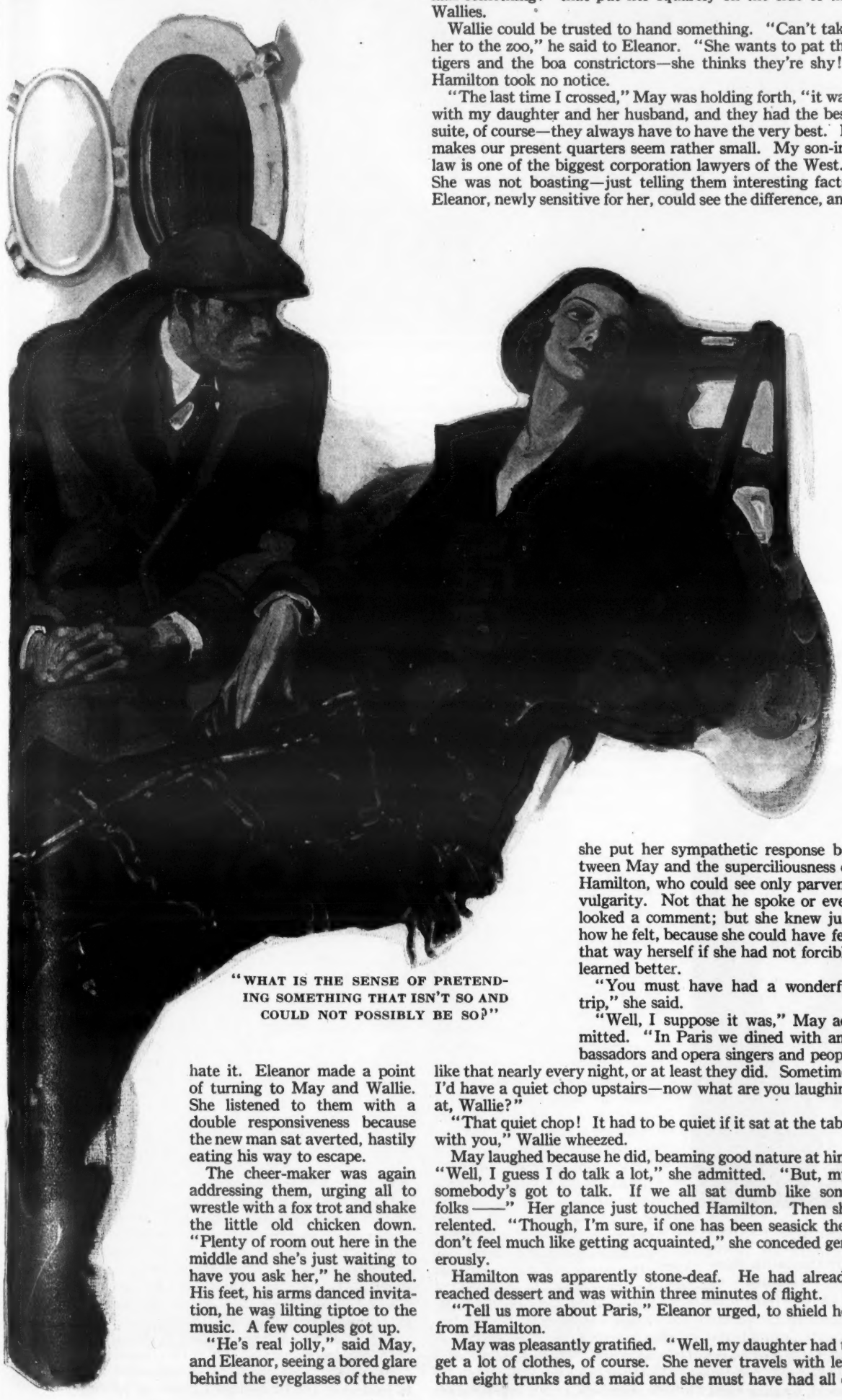
"Oh, I hope not," Eleanor said, coolly resolved that there should be no such bond between them. Besides, she hated that attitude. She told herself every day of her difficult life that if there was one thing that a human being absolutely must learn, it was to love his fellow men.

May was comfortably taking in her neighbors. "There's a man over there looks just like Uncle Joe," she said, and

insisted on Wallie's looking, though he held out against it for obstinate minutes.

"Well, he's got two eyes and a nose and a beard, and so has Uncle Joe," he conceded. "I can't see much else in common. Hullo—here comes another."

The steward was pulling out a fourth chair. Eleanor had seen the man on deck, limp under a rug, and judging by a look of fine asceticism and the pile of detective stories beside him, had decided that he might be a college professor. For a moment she welcomed him as an ally against May and Wallie; then she saw the dismay back of his formal bow, the quick glance at neighboring tables, as though for a possible escape, and realized how completely her yellow helmet had merged her into the table group. The man was just as horrid and stuffy as she was by nature and had never learned to



"WHAT IS THE SENSE OF PRETENDING SOMETHING THAT ISN'T SO AND COULD NOT POSSIBLY BE SO?"

hate it. Eleanor made a point of turning to May and Wallie. She listened to them with a double responsiveness because the new man sat averted, hastily eating his way to escape.

The cheer-maker was again addressing them, urging all to wrestle with a fox trot and shake the little old chicken down. "Plenty of room out here in the middle and she's just waiting to have you ask her," he shouted. His feet, his arms danced invitation, he was lilting tiptoe to the music. A few couples got up.

"He's real jolly," said May, and Eleanor, seeing a bored glare behind the eyeglasses of the new man, gave pleasant assent. May, wanting everyone to be happy and jolly, held out a cracker across the table.

"Want to pull, Mr. ——?" Her pause was a question.

"Hamilton," was the cold answer. The cracker was ignored, so May pulled it herself and took out a student's cap with a paper tassel.

"This kind of suits you," she said, passing it over. "Don't you want to put it on?"

He really was inexcusable. His "No, thank you" made no concession whatever to human obligations. May had accepted it long ago that men were as they were and she did not mind, but Wallie reared up his gray head from salad and took a meditative look at the delicately chiseled face so firmly withdrawn from them all. Eleanor was startled by the vindictiveness of her resentment, the hot "I hope he hands him something!" that put her squarely on the side of the Wallies.

Wallie could be trusted to hand something. "Can't take her to the zoo," he said to Eleanor. "She wants to pat the tigers and the boa constrictors—she thinks they're shy!" Hamilton took no notice.

"The last time I crossed," May was holding forth, "it was with my daughter and her husband, and they had the best suite, of course—they always have to have the very best. It makes our present quarters seem rather small. My son-in-law is one of the biggest corporation lawyers of the West." She was not boasting—just telling them interesting facts. Eleanor, newly sensitive for her, could see the difference, and she put her sympathetic response between May and the superciliousness of Hamilton, who could see only parvenu vulgarity. Not that he spoke or even looked a comment; but she knew just how he felt, because she could have felt that way herself if she had not forcibly learned better.

"You must have had a wonderful trip," she said.

"Well, I suppose it was," May admitted. "In Paris we dined with ambassadors and opera singers and people like that nearly every night, or at least they did. Sometimes I'd have a quiet chop upstairs—now what are you laughing at, Wallie?"

"That quiet chop! It had to be quiet if it sat at the table with you," Wallie wheezed.

May laughed because he did, beaming good nature at him. "Well, I guess I do talk a lot," she admitted. "But, my, somebody's got to talk. If we all sat dumb like some folks ——" Her glance just touched Hamilton. Then she relented. "Though, I'm sure, if one has been seasick they don't feel much like getting acquainted," she conceded generously.

Hamilton was apparently stone-deaf. He had already reached dessert and was within three minutes of flight.

"Tell us more about Paris," Eleanor urged, to shield her from Hamilton.

May was pleasantly gratified. "Well, my daughter had to get a lot of clothes, of course. She never travels with less than eight trunks and a maid and she must have had all of seventeen when we came home. So I got a guide and did the museums. But I don't think those guides are very good—do you, Mr. Hamilton?"

Hamilton, caught listening, had to say that he had never tried one. May had a secret smile for Eleanor, as though she said, "I'm managing him—we'll be friends in no time."

"Well, this guide, anyway," she went on. "He'd say, '*Voici a Wenus tray cornoo*—ver' famous—look at 'm. Now we go on!' I declare, I was out of breath the whole time. All I remember of the Louvre is an Apollo that looked for all the world like my brother Sam when he was a boy, and a Duchess of Something who was the living image of my Katie—she's an Irish girl who's been with me twenty-five years—my, it's nearer thirty now. I went back alone to see her, it made me so homesick. Sam and Katie are all I ever want to see of the Louvre again. Going, Mr. Hamilton? I hope you'll get a good night."

MR. HAMILTON'S quick little bow included them all in one perfunctory salutation. His back had a righteously protesting rigidity.

"Not much juice," observed Wallie.

"Order another," said May, thinking he referred to his orange.

Wallie, catching Eleanor's eye, gave her a broad wink. "One's all I can manage," he said.

Eleanor's peaceful isolation was over; and yet perhaps she had really had enough of peace and isolation. She found herself going to lunch the next day with an amused anticipation of drama. Her reluctance toward the Wallies had faded before Hamilton's reluctance; she was alert to show him how far she had advanced in human brotherhood, compared to him.

At first she was alone at her table and again had leisure for the neighbors, whom she had forgotten last night. At the hard-boiled table, Tessie, the mother of the two little girls, sat slouched with bare arms at high angles and radiated boredom, unmoved by tart comments from her mother, until Bill dropped into the fifth seat. Eleanor had not been able to make out Bill. He certainly was not the children's father, nor was he a new husband; he did not seem to be registered in the passenger list at all. Tessie, who ate little, talked to him with her chin resting on her fingers and her handsome profile turned like a barrier to the others. Bill was handsome but soft, a little fat for a young man, a little too easy some way. Grandma's overcurled, touched-up head with the long nose hovering over the dishes of food; the children's skinny legs, bare to the thighs, though the age for that was past; their flat, high voices uttering calm impertinences and their shingled heads thrusting in everywhere—really, these were dreadful people! Eleanor suddenly decided that she need not be open and tolerant and mindful of human brotherhood with this table. They were perfectly horrid! Giving them up was a relief. She turned for refreshment to her bridal couple, just sinking into chairs with their peculiar grace and smiling at each other, not a fleshly smile but a glow of the spirit. They were like a dark house with lamplight behind the shutters. And they were testimony to her tried spirit that poetry still lived and that life could be rich in beauty.

Mr. Hamilton was taking his place. His perfunctory glance at Eleanor was repeated with a hint of surprise, as though he had expected to see her always in a yellow helmet, or found her different without it. He gave his order and waited impatiently for it to come, thin fingers drumming on the table. The silence between them grew, spread. Eleanor, who knew that she was handsome and intelligent and good enough for anybody, went on with her lunch, outwardly serene, inwardly having a wonderful time.

He had to speak. He did not want to, but the pause was too much for him.

"I hope your friends are not ill?" he said finally. It was a double question; what it actually asked was, "Are you really a friend of those dreadful people?"

ELEANOR answered with a literal "Oh, no" that completely accepted the Wallies. She had avoided them on deck an hour earlier, but that was her own business; in Hamilton's sight she was unreservedly their friend. Traveling with them, if he liked.

Another pause, made easier for Hamilton by the arrival of his soup. The cheer-maker was drifting toward them, dropping humorous and encouraging remarks at each table, and Eleanor felt a pitying impulse to warn him away from Hamilton, to cry, "Look out—he bites!" as the good little man balanced facetiously from toes to heels at Hamilton's elbow.

"Got your sea legs, I see," he began. "That's right. We'll have you dancing presently."

Hamilton looked up into a wizened face that a heavy mustache tried in vain to fatten out, and childlike eyes set in a net of lines.

"I don't dance," he said shortly. "And I have not been seasick."

If Mr. Bingham was wounded, there was healing for him in Eleanor's deep smile. It said, "He's only cross—don't

(Continued on Page 130)

PHOTO, BY CULVER SERVICE

BISHOP McDOWELL, OF WASHINGTON, (CENTER) ACTIVE IN METHODIST COMMITTEE LOOKING TO UNITY WITH THE EPISCOPALIANS AND THE PRESBYTERIANS. BISHOP McDOWELL IS HERE SHOWN PRESENTING FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST MEDALS TO NEWTON D. BAKER, FORMER SECRETARY OF WAR, AND JOSEPHUS DANIELS, FORMER SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

Merging Our Churches

By **FREDERICK L. COLLINS**

HOW shall we worship God?

That we will worship Him there can be no doubt. Man always has. And, all modern croakings to the contrary, man still does. Of the two billion humans now inhabiting the world, one billion nine hundred million are adherents of some religious faith. The evidence is unmistakable that man is, as a great French theologian once described him, "incurably religious."

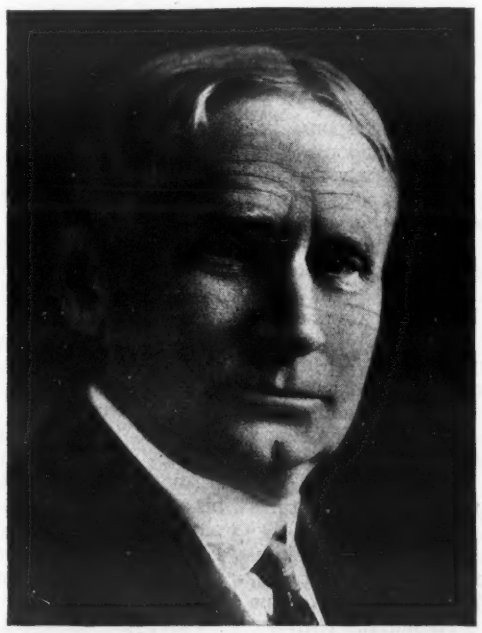
But in this contentious country of ours, there seems to be a good deal of doubt as to the form which this inherent religion should take. There are two hundred divisions of Christian faith in the United States. The largest is the Roman Catholic Church with sixteen thousand congregations. The smallest is The Church of God as Organized by Christ with three. In the mission field so many differing faiths are competing for the heathen's soul that their rivalry creates hopeless confusion in his simple mind. "What!" one bewildered Chinaman was heard to exclaim when the nineteenth American denomination invaded his country. "Another new-fashioned Jesus Christ?"

This is not a new problem. Schisms have existed in the Christian church ever since the twelve apostles went their separate ways. The important new fact is that there seems to be a tendency on the part of modern Christians to do something about it. We all know instances in our own experience which show which way the religious winds are blowing. I happen to know about a well-known Lutheran layman in an upstate New York town who died recently, and—the Lutherans being temporarily without a pastor—was buried by the friendly coöperation of the Methodist and Universalist ministers. One of the latter stated after the service that his grandfather's family, members of the Reformed Church, had, under similar circumstances, sent twice to a neighboring state for a minister of the right persuasion before they allowed the old gentleman's bones to rest in peace. There were plenty of Reformed Church ministers closer at hand, but they had to have the "true" Reformed!

It is a significant fact, in the light of this reminiscence, that the Reformed Church in the United States is now playing a leading rôle in the present movement for church unity.

The movement itself may be described as healthy. There is a vast amount of informal discussion in the public press and around the family lamp. There are numerous instances of friendly conferences between various denominations. One of the most recent, held at Atlantic City last summer, included the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Presbyterian Church in the United States. Committees previously appointed by the governing bodies of these three great denominations discussed plans looking toward an ultimate union and made what seemed to be substantial progress. There are also a few cases of actual organic union between denominational groups. The Congregational Church and the Christian Church have already united at the top; even now the Presbyterian Church, the United Presbyterian Church and the Dutch Reformed Church are getting ready for an even more thoroughgoing merger.

"We are out for all kinds of union," writes Dr. Cleland B. McAfee, of Chicago, moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, "with all followers of Christ."



"WE ARE OUT FOR ALL KINDS OF UNION WITH ALL FOLLOWERS OF CHRIST."—DR. CLELAND B. McAFEE, OF CHICAGO, MODERATOR OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

In Canada

WHAT is true of America is true of other Christian countries. Canada showed the way. In 1925, after twenty years of patient negotiations, Canadian Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists joined to form the United Church of Canada; and, in spite of the fact that a considerable number of die-hards are still holding out against the new church, it must be said that this notable union of Calvinism, Evangelism and Puritanism has achieved a five-year record of healthy growth. The latest and in many ways the most significant groups to follow the example of their Canadian brethren are the Established Free Church of Scotland and the United Free Church of that deeply religious country, separated since 1843 by technical questions of administration which have long since ceased to exist, and now happily come together in the Reunited Church of Scotland.

Dr. Henry Sloane Coffin and other representatives of the Presbyterian Church in the United States were present at the impressive ceremony which marked this Scottish union. "The assemblies met for the last time separately in their respective places on October first," reports Doctor Coffin. "Then the two moderators led the assembled ministers and ruling elders out to meet in High Street. As the two moderators shook hands, the watching crowds of tens of thousands broke into a Scottish hymn."

The hymn, by the way, was, appropriately enough, "God Alone Has Built Up Jerusalem."

In India and elsewhere in Asia there have been notable comings together of American and English churches which still maintain unweakened battle-lines at home. Some of these await only the removal of such "canonical quibbles" as prevented Bishop Manning, of New York, from allowing a Presbyterian, Doctor Coffin, to perform certain functions in an Episcopal church, to become the most sweeping and the most complete examples of church unity yet attempted. As it is, the record for universality is now held by a single denomination, the Lutherans, who have succeeded—exactly four hundred years after Martin Luther first translated the Bible into common language and "threw the ink bottle at the devil"—in uniting all of their branches throughout the world, totaling eighty million members, in one organization.

There are, besides these direct efforts at church union, many related movements working indirectly to the same end. We are familiar with the excellent work done by the Federated Churches of Christ in America. We may have heard of the Calvert round table which brought Jews, Catholics and Protestants together not long ago at the Fogg Art Museum, in Cambridge, to wipe out the bitterness engendered by the recent political campaigns, and of the Universal Religious Peace Conference whose call was issued in so many different languages—including nine Oriental ones—and was made to cover, among others, such widely differing groups as Christians, Buddhists, Confucianists, Hindus, Jains, Jews, Parsees, Moslems, Taoists, Shintoists and Sikhs. The announcement contained among other things a Sikh text, which is translated in part as follows:

Churches, teachers, teachings half a dozen!
The Teacher of Teachers is One.

Less solemnly important than these official coöperations, but perhaps quite as significant of what is happening in the world, is a Y. M. C. A. in Dindigal, India, to which a hundred and forty active members—including Hindus, Brahmins, Moslems and Christians—contribute ten cents a month. The money figure is significant, too, since the Federated Churches of Christ in America reports that the average church member, even in these rich United States, contributes only a nickel a week to the church treasury!

Getting Together

BUT we in America are more interested in what is being done, and what may be done here at home to unite the various denominations of the Christian church than we are in any plan, however noble, for bringing together all the religions of the world. And since it is generally recognized that any attempt at this stage to unite the two great divisions, the Catholic and the Protestant, would be unpromising and ill-timed, we may say we are interested mainly in church union as it affects the Protestant Church in America.

How shall Protestants worship God?

In one denomination? Or in two hundred?

I have put these questions, in somewhat less brutal form, to leaders of the Protestant Church in various parts of the

country. I did not confine my inquiries to any one branch of Christian faith, nor did I choose exclusively rank partisans of unity; although I did try to include a number of bishops and other leading churchmen who had had personal, ear-to-mouth experience in recent get-together meetings. Bishop Leete, of the Iowa and Nebraska Area of the Methodist Episcopal Church, for example, although he admits that he has "been interested in movements toward church unity for more than twenty-five years," states that he is growing "more sober in expectations and less liable to go into print on this theme" than he formerly was. I don't call such a man a rank partisan.

"This year," says Bishop Leete, "I have been in commission meetings between Presbyterian and Methodists; in association with Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists; and in one session of Methodist Protestants and Methodist Episcopalians. In all these groups the spirit was excellent, but the negotiations were quite general and tentative. . . . In very few cases are large bodies of church people willing as yet to enter unanimously into new relations. The problem of stubborn minorities is one which will require skill, patience and time to work out, even in cases where the final result is very little doubted. Sacred associations, cherished beliefs, diverse qualities of human nature, as well as many legal and practical questions, have to be considered and cannot be waived lightly aside."

The Conservative Viewpoint

BISHOP McDOWELL, of Washington, active like Doctor Leete in the negotiations which led up to the Atlantic City conference, and head of the Methodist committee intrusted with the delicate task of drawing up recommendations looking to unity with the Episcopalians and the Presbyterians, echoes these conservative sentiments. He stresses the point that church unity on a large scale is still in the conversational stage. "But the spirit of these 'conversations,'" the bishop told me, "has been in every case so fine as to justify very sure confidence in at least immeasurably better relations between existing churches than have ever existed before, even though formal union between them may be delayed."

A high official in another great denomination, who, for very good reasons of his own, does not wish to have his name used, gave me the most comprehensive statement I have yet seen of the conservative view of this movement. Perhaps "conservative" is too joyous a word. I am sure that the more hopeful advocates of church unity would call it "pessimistic."

"First, there is a cleavage wide and broad between the churches which hold the so-called Catholic view of the Church and those which hold the Protestant view. As between Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic and High Church Anglican on the one side and Protestantism on the other, there seems no possibility, humanly speaking, of organic union.

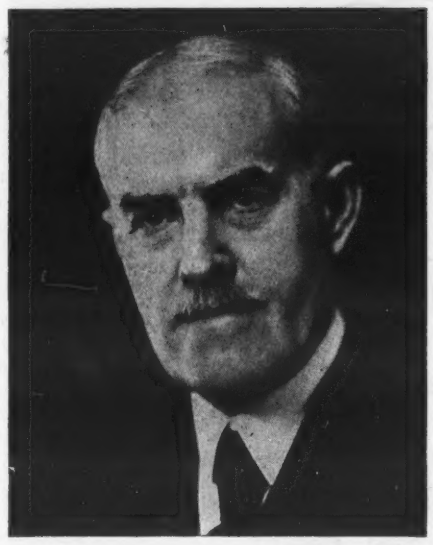
PHOTO. BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD—CULVER SERVICE

BISHOP WILLIAM T. MANNING, OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE

"Second, there is apparently very little chance of organic union at present between the great Protestant communions themselves, although as churches they were never on such good terms as today.

"Third, there does not seem to be any immediate assurance of organic union between churches of the same family but which are located in different sections of the country. That is to say, there doesn't seem much chance of union between the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is practically national in its scope, and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, or between the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, which has churches in every state in the Union, and the Presbyterian Church in the United States—commonly called the Southern Presbyterian Church—which is found exclusively in the states which seceded at the time of the Civil War. I am not sure that the reason for this is so much lingering prejudices which originated in that conflict, as just plain sectional consciousness, which seems to persist in a way quite different from the sectional consciousness of any other portion of continental United States."

As an example of how difficult it is to unite organically any churches which do not have the same historical background and substantially the same constitutions as to doctrine and polity, this religious leader points to the failure of the German Reformed Church, the United Brethren and the Evangelical Synod to get together in a union which a year ago seemed very promising and now seems exceedingly doubtful. On the other hand, he considers that organic union between the two principal groups in the Presbyterian system is really very hopeful. He also feels that the Reformed Church in America, holding substantially similar beliefs, is deeply and sincerely interested in organic union with the merging Presbyterians. I have given these conservative though hopeful views first, because they disclose an honest respect on the part of church leaders for the difficulties that still lie in the way of union. These difficulties might not, at first glance, occur to a layman. There are, first of all, what Bishop Leete refers to as "stubborn minorities" of church members who sincerely do not believe in unity. "To be worth anything," a minority spokesman said the other day, "we must be partisan for the truth. . . . We do best for accomplishment to associate with those who think as we do." Then, there are those churchmen, usually church officials, who believe that all this agitation for mergers is "bad for the religious business." When the delegates to the national convention of Northern Baptists turned down their committee's recommendation for union with the Disciples of Christ, Doctor Brougher, of Tremont Temple, Boston, who led the victorious opposition, said quite frankly that "adoption of the majority report would weaken our denominational loyalty and affect the raising of our budgets for several years to come."



BISHOP FREDERICK D. LEETE, METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, WHO HAS ATTENDED MANY MEETINGS BETWEEN PRESBYTERIANS AND METHODISTS

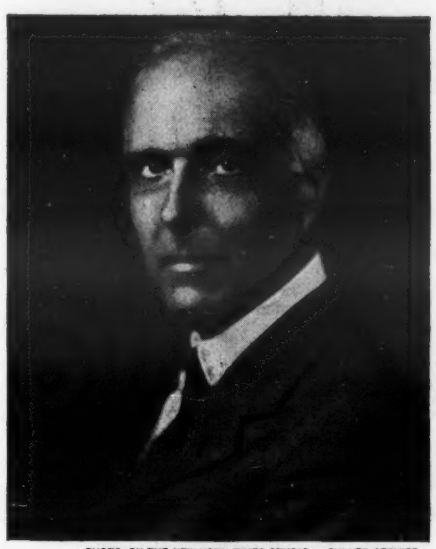


PHOTO. BY THE NEW YORK TIMES STUDIO—CULVER SERVICE

DR. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, WHO ATTENDED THE IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY WHICH MARKED THE UNION OF THE ESTABLISHED FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AND THE UNITED FREE CHURCH

Then there is the difficulty of existing disorganization and separation within the denominations themselves. There are, according to Henry C. Vedder, the religious historian, seventeen of Methodists, thirteen of Baptists, fifteen of Presbyterians, and so on, *ad infinitum, ad absurdum.*

Obviously, at the present time, no one can speak with full authority for any one of the numerically great communions; and until someone can, there is little chance of definite, conclusive action. In other words, there will have to be a good many family reunions before the whole religious community can hope to stage a successful Old Home Week.

So much for the conservative view. Many great leaders do not hold it. Speaking of the proposed union between Presbyterians and Methodists, Doctor Antrim, secretary of the joint committee, says: "Our beliefs, our doctrines, in fact, everything about the two denominations, are so similar that union is almost inevitable." "The movement toward Protestant reunion throughout the world," says Dr. R. J. Wilson, "has advanced more and been more talked about in the last five years than in any fifty years before that time." "The chief reason we should get together," says Doctor Richards, of the Reformed Church in the United States, "is that we are apart."

These views are, I think, more typical than those I first mentioned of the feelings of the rank and file of those who are working for church unity; and, all things considered, more nearly correct.

There are other factors working for speedy consummation of organic union which may be more obvious to the layman than to the churchman. It is, first of all, a merger age. For one person in or out of the church who believes that mankind prospers most by being "partisan for the truth," there are a thousand who believe that "in union there is strength." And wherever the merger principle has been applied to church organizations, it has worked. Canada is the obvious example. To be sure, the population of the whole Dominion is smaller than the population of New York State—it isn't so very much larger than New York City—and it is scattered over a vast territory which makes for missionary conditions in many sections and a general lessening of denominational prejudices. Nevertheless, the union did involve upward of eight thousand congregations; it has lasted without schism for five years, and it has consistently grown in influence and numbers. Before the union was made two hundred and seventy Presbyterian ministers were out of work. Two hundred more lost their pulpits because of amalgamations and eliminations. Now they are all employed. No salaries have been reduced. The minimum salary is much higher than our minimum salaries. There are six hundred new charges where there were none before. Equally definite results have followed united effort in the missionary field. And most of us are familiar, within our own motoring radius, with individual instances of merged churches which have gained strength with union.

The Financial Problem

I HAVE stressed the spiritual side of this problem rather than the economic, because obviously in any religious matter it is the more important; but it is important also that the proved advantages of union wherever it has been tried have been financial as well as spiritual; for the Protestant Church as it is now constituted faces a financial crisis which cannot long be postponed. Take the question of physical equipment. There are two hundred thousand churches in the United States. Most of them were erected when the village crossroads was the unit of national life. Most of them were intended to meet the needs of an isolated rural existence which

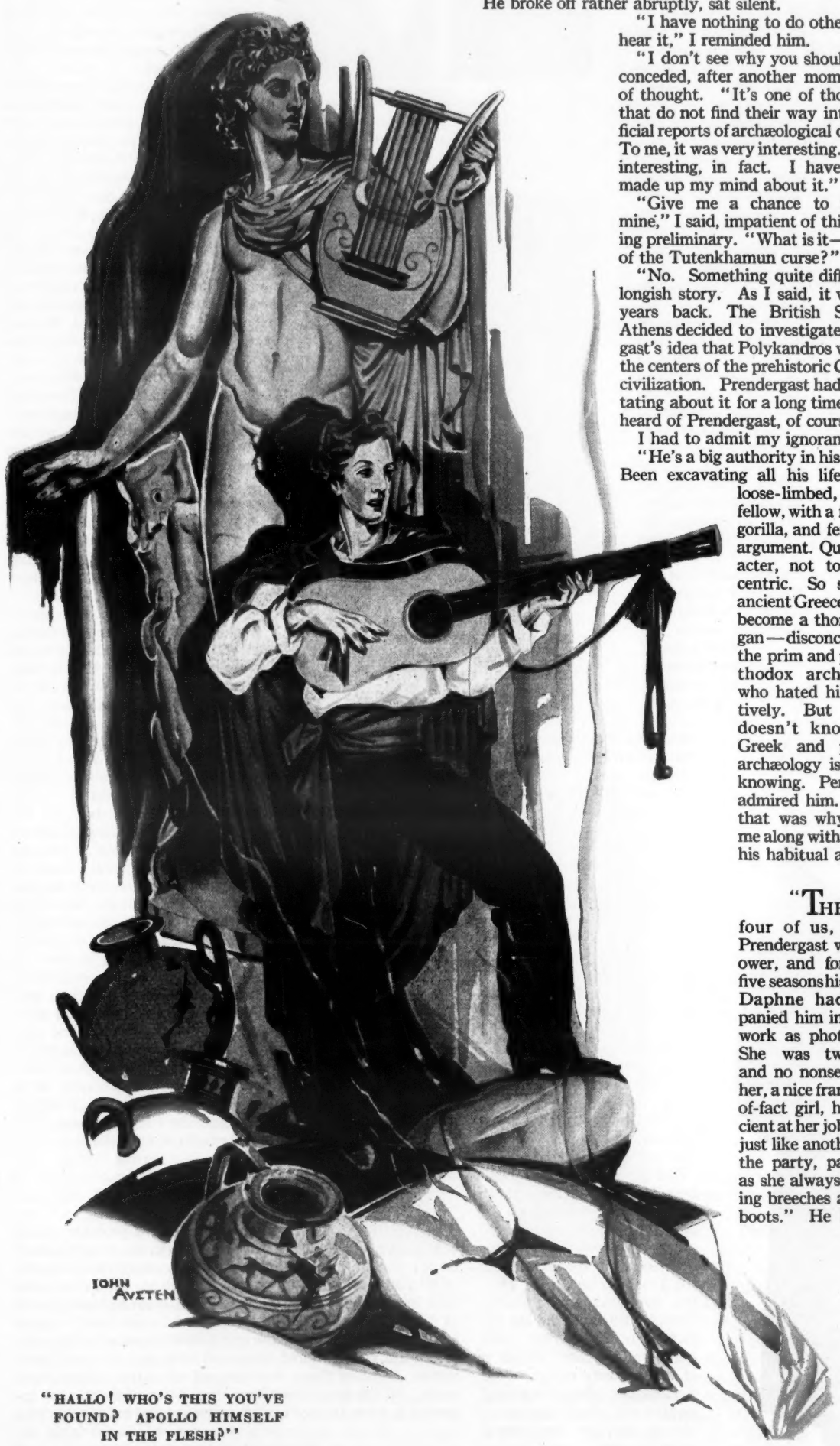
(Continued on Page 95)

The God

By

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

Illustrated by John Austen



"HALLO! WHO'S THIS YOU'VE FOUND? APOLLO HIMSELF IN THE FLESH?"

THE little steamer, bound from the Piræus to Beirut, was passing through the Cyclades. On its narrow promenade deck I sat with the only other English passenger, Smithers by name, an archæologist he had informed me, a pleasant young fellow despite his distant Oxford manner. He knew the names of all these little islands, so illustrious in Greek history, with an infinity of detail about them. We had recently passed Milo, the ancient Melos, where the famous Venus in the Louvre was discovered in 1820.

"And what's this?" I asked, as another mountainous isle rose green above the glorious blue of the Ægean.

"That is Polykandros—anciently Pholygandros," he said. "I had a curious experience there some years ago." He broke off rather abruptly, sat silent.

"I have nothing to do other than to hear it," I reminded him.

"I don't see why you shouldn't," he conceded, after another moment or so of thought. "It's one of those things that do not find their way into the official reports of archæological discovery. To me, it was very interesting. It is still interesting, in fact. I have not yet made up my mind about it."

"Give me a chance to make up mine," I said, impatient of this hesitating preliminary. "What is it—a variant of the Tutenkhamun curse?"

"No. Something quite different. A longish story. As I said, it was a few years back. The British School at Athens decided to investigate Prendergast's idea that Polykandros was one of the centers of the prehistoric Cycladean civilization. Prendergast had been agitating about it for a long time. You've heard of Prendergast, of course?"

I had to admit my ignorance.

"He's a big authority in his own line. Been excavating all his life. A big, loose-limbed, bearded fellow, with a face like a gorilla, and ferocious in argument. Quite a character, not to say eccentric. So soaked in ancient Greece that he'd become a thorough pagan—disconcerting to the prim and proper orthodox archæologists who hated him vindictively. But what he doesn't know about Greek and pre-Greek archæology isn't worth knowing. Personally, I admired him. Perhaps that was why he took me along with Maxwell, his habitual assistant."

"THERE were four of us, all told. Prendergast was a widower, and for the last five seasons his daughter Daphne had accompanied him in his fieldwork as photographer. She was twenty-four and no nonsense about her, a nice frank matter-of-fact girl, highly efficient at her job. She was just like another man in the party, particularly as she always wore riding breeches and riding boots." He looked at me as though anxious that I should get the picture right. "I mean that it would never have occurred to either Maxwell or myself to flirt with her, though she was good-looking enough. She'd have merely laughed and made one feel a fool."

"Quite," I agreed sapiently. "One of this new generation of highly self-possessed young women of whom I am so terribly scared."

"No." He corrected that. "She was certainly self-possessed, but one wasn't scared of Daphne. She was so natural and honest. One just liked her as a comrade—a first-rate comrade."

"Well?"

"Well, we got our little expedition together—not forgetting old Leandros, Prendergast's regular foreman, and Elias, his cook and mess servant—and landed on Polykandros. We collected a score or so of diggers from the archipelago, and pitched camp on the site we intended to explore. On that high ground there," he pointed, "in the center of the island.

"Old Prendergast was right. Almost at once we came upon traces of a Cycladic settlement—typical pottery, and the rest of it—and some graves. We also found what we had not expected to find—and were not so much interested in—the substructure of a later Greek temple built over the center of the prehistoric site."

"ONE morning, while we were at breakfast in the mess tent, old Leandros came running down to us in wild excitement.

"'*Kyrios! Kyrios!*—A find! A great find!'

"The old fellow would not tell us what it was—naïvely, he wanted us to be astonished with our own eyes—he merely repeated to Prendergast: 'Come and see it for yourself, *Kyrios*—and let the young lady bring her camera.'

"We all hurried to the summit of the hill. Leandros had indeed something to be excited about. There, partly exposed in the excavation, lay a most beautiful statue of a male figure, considerably larger than lifesize. After Daphne had photographed it *in situ*, we set to work ourselves to get it out. There was just a remote fantastic chance that it might be undamaged—you probably know that there is nothing so rare as an antique Greek marble in perfect state. You can imagine how carefully we scraped the earth away from it, holding our breaths, hardly daring to anticipate such a miracle. But the miracle was vouchsafed us. Soon we had completely extricated it, incredibly intact, not so much as chipped, an Apollo of the finest workmanship, a lyre in the left hand, the right hand just about to strike a chord, the expression of the magnificent head divinely ineffable.

"I can see old Prendergast now as he stood there contemplating it, his linen jacket fluttering in the breeze, his beard blowing about his gorillalike face, his eyes strangely bright. He took a pinch of snuff, as his habit was when he was deeply stirred, and his hand shook.

"'Of the school of Praxiteles,' he said. 'If not by the master himself. The Hermes at Olympia is nothing to it. Whatever else happens, our expedition will find favor in the eyes of the mighty. This will be a show piece for the museum.'

"Maxwell was carefully rubbing off the earth still sticking here and there to the statue. He was a Scotsman of severely practical mind, and he had never allowed himself to be enthusiastic in his life.

"'There's not a trace of a signature, chief,' he said lugubriously, 'but 'tis a grrand piece of worrk.'

"'Where are we going to store it in the meantime?' I asked. 'We can't leave it lying around here, or we shall have some of the workmen knocking off the head and smuggling it away to Melos to sell it.'

"Daphne had been photographing it from every possible angle."

"'WHY not set it up in the mess tent?' she suggested. 'We can at least feast our eyes on it while we have the chance. I hate to think of it in prison in that museum being gaped at by a lot of silly tourists.'

"'Why not indeed?' echoed Prendergast. 'We cannot do better than to invite the god to honor us by taking up his abode with us. Come, O *Hekærgos!*—O Smiter from Afar—O *Alexikakos!*—Averter of Evil!—O *Phoibos!*—deign to enter the dwelling of thy humble servants, mere mortals though they are!' He gave the necessary orders to Leandros. Fortunately, we had brought with us some timber from which a sled and rollers could be fashioned.

"That night, in the ridgepole mess tent lit by a hanging acetylene lamp, we gave ourselves a banquet. The Apollo, mounted somewhat insecurely on an improvised base of rough stone, stood at the back, its head nearly touching the gable line of the roof. We were in high spirits and justifiably so. This would be a historic find, paralleled only by the Venus de Milo and the Hermes of Praxiteles at Olympia. And both those famous statues were broken, while this was as perfect as when it left the sculptor's chisel.

"Old Prendergast could not take his eyes off it. There was something of the poet in him, and he kept on apostrophizing

"I DON'T IMAGINE EITHER YOU OR MAC HAVE THE SLIGHTEST NOTION OF WHAT LOVE IS," SHE SAID RATHER BITTERLY

the god in sonorous quotations from Delphic Pindar and other Greek poets, in rhapsodies of his own that he extemporized. 'O Delian Apollo, god of the silver bow, of whom the mighty Homer sang, maker of music, who taught the earth-born to strike the lyre and intone the hymn, chaser of nymphs and cloud-dispeller, accept this libation from us who are the last authentic pagans in a sad world that knows no more the ancient gods!' He filled Daphne's enamel mug from the bottle of Greek wine on the table. 'Take this, my daughter—namesake of one who was punished that sacrilegiously she spurned the advances of the god—pour it at his feet in prayer that he may look with favor upon thee!'

"Daphne laughed. 'Do you really mean me to do that, father? Isn't it rather fantastic?'

"Prendergast crashed his fist upon the table. He had celebrated considerably, I may say. 'Fantastic? All is fantastic in a world that is but fantasy. It is fantastic that we exist in a mystery of being to which no philosopher has found the key—it is fantastic that we barbarians born in the remote and bitter realms of Boreas should be upon this sun-kissed island where once the gods themselves walked among men—fantastic that we in this tent should have this great god as our guest in such perfection of form as no man has seen this fifteen hundred years! Obey, my daughter, obey—call not down upon thyself the Olympian curses due to the unfilial!'

"Daphne laughed again. 'After that, father, I certainly have no choice but to obey.' She rose from the table—she was still in her boyish kit of khaki shirt, riding breeches and boots—and went with the mug toward the statue. She had a very pleasant voice. I can hear it now as she addressed the god. 'Phœbus Apollo, if a namesake of mine offended thee in the past, I pray thee pardon it—and look favorably upon me, thy handmaiden. Behold, I bring thee wine, giver of new life to men and gods.' With that she poured the mugful at the feet of the statue."

"ELIAS, the mess servant, was lingering in the tent. He crossed himself superstitiously, said reproachfully to Prendergast: 'That was not wisely done, *Kyrios!* It is not well to offer libations to these old demons. Now haply shall we have to have a priest to exorcise him.'

"Prendergast roared at him—as I said, he had celebrated—with another crash of his fist on the table. 'Avaunt, pale follower of the tristful Nazarene! What have we to do with thy squalid exorcists? We barbarians from afar, that thy ancestors despised, are now the lone spiritual inheritors of the glory that was Greece—and we welcome great Apollo back from the side of his father Zeus to appear once more among men as in the ancient time!'

"Elias went out, shrugging his shoulders, and muttering that certainly this foolishness would bring a misfortune.

"Maxwell smiled at Daphne as she returned to the table. 'And do ye no' feel eerie, now, Daphne? Do ye no' feel that at any meenute ye may turrn into a laurel bush?'

"'Not yet, Mac,' she replied laughingly. 'I'll let you know when I feel the first symptoms.'

"'I don't know whether it's the libations I have myself consumed,' I said. 'But certainly there's something about that statue that grows upon one—something as if at any moment it might turn its head and look at one with the divine gaze no mortal can withstand.'

"'I agree,' said Daphne. 'I really had to pluck up courage to do as father said. When I stood close to it, it was almost as if it were alive. There's a terrifying sense of power about it—of a divinity transcending our puny little humanity. Praxiteles, or whoever carved it, was certainly a great sculptor.'

"We all gazed at it as it stood supernormally tall at the back of the tent, the hand ready to strike a divine chord, the glorious head divinely ineffable, a strange smile ready, it seemed, to break the full curve of the lips.

"'And that ignoble Greek slave of the decadence dares to croak of misfortune!' thundered Prendergast. 'Misfortune—when we poor mortals are so honored! Lord of the twanging bow that smote the Achæans, his ancestors, I comprehend thy wrath ——'

"He was interrupted by a sharp cry from outside, a blood-curdling cry of pain and deadly fear. We jumped up and ran out. In the cook tent Elias had been bitten by a particularly venomous adder lurking in the warm ashes of his fire. Prendergast was a pretty good doctor, but the poor devil died before dawn, died before we could get a priest up from the little seaport to him. Pure coincidence of course, but the occurrence made me at least feel uncomfortable, irrational though it was to fancy any possible connection between the libation to the statue and this calamity. Elias had no doubt of it. With his last gasping breath he implored Prendergast to 'Send it away, *Kyrios!* Send it away!'

"The next morning I had trouble with the workmen. They're a crassly superstitious lot and they were convinced that somehow the statue had sent the adder to bite Elias. Consequently, they were all for legging it before the demon visited them with misfortune also. Had it not been for old Leandros, the foreman, they'd have downed tools and bolted en masse. He stuck by me nobly, told them what he thought of them and their female relations, jeered at them for being so idiotic as to chuck away this grossly overpaid job in which they could be replaced without the slightest difficulty. As for statues, many of them had worked on other excavations and dug up any amount of *antikas*—he himself had been doing it for thirty years—and had they or he ever known of them bringing bad luck? Not a bit of it. They brought good luck—a generous reward from the foreign *Kyrioi*. Why, the museum at Athens was full of antique statues—thousands of them—and Athens was notoriously the most flourishing city in the world!

"One of the workmen ventured to remark that those statues were all broken ones—the virtue gone out of them—whereas this was complete like a living thing.

"Old Leandros laughed. 'So much the better. When the ship comes to take the statue to Athens our reward will be greater than has ever been heard of. And we shall be world famous for having found such an *antika*. You will all be able to boast about it when you go back to your villages. To your children's children you will be able to boast of it. When you are old men, the maidens will point to you and say Such-a-one found the famous perfect *antika* on Polykandros. . . . Or do you wish them to say Such-a-one ran away from the famous *antika* and lost his reward?' He laughed again. 'Get to your work now, and let me hear no more of this foolishness, or an hour's pay will be deducted. Beware lest *Kyrios* Prendergast comes up among ye and finds ye idle. His wrath is as that of the autumn tempest when it is loosed, and I have seen strong men weep and kneel before him in their fear. Go now—and make up for this lost time. Meanwhile, I will speak to the *Kyrios* and beg him extra wine for you that tonight you may fittingly rejoice that you have found this marvelous *antika*.'"

"THEY went off, mumbling to themselves, only half convinced, and set to work again in the cross trenches we were cutting across what we believed to be the primitive acropolis.

"Old Leandros turned to me, when they were out of earshot. 'Nevertheless, *Kyrios*,' he said, 'it was not well what was done last night if that be true which the men say among themselves. It is dangerous to offer libations to these heathen things. It brings back the demon in them. It would be wise to get a priest to sprinkle holy water on the statue, and then write for a ship to come and take it speedily to Athens. Perhaps you will speak to *Kyrios* Prendergast about it?'

"I assured him that I would, and went down the hill to our camp to tell Prendergast about the incident. If not so spectacular, our work was scientifically more important than finding fourth-century statues, and I was moreover of opinion that the sooner so valuable a treasure was out of the way the better.

"I found Prendergast sitting at the door of his tent. He was talking to a young islander, a tall young fellow with a guitar slung across his back, a stranger to me.

"'Hallo, Smithers!' said Prendergast. 'Just as I was wondering what to do about a new mess servant to replace poor Elias, this heaven-sent youth turns up. He says he came over from Melos in a fishing boat yesterday, specially to ask us for a job. According to him, there's absolutely nothing he can't do.'

"The young man turned a strikingly handsome face toward me.

"'Me spik Ingleesh,' he said proudly. '*Moi parle Français*—me born on Delos, learn French from French

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Charming Table Arrangements

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. HIGGINS

JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.'S, DINING ROOM

This 14th Century dining room of John Hays Hammond, Jr., at Gloucester, Massachusetts, with its Spanish-Gothic paneling, is harmonious in period and detail. A refectory table, a cloth of old brocade, a tall Venetian compote, Italian plates, goblets with stems like Gothic pillars—designed by Mr. Hammond—are part of the rich color scheme in amber, deep blues, rose and gold.

MRS. PERRY TIFFANY'S DINING ROOM

Utter simplicity is the note of this Early American table in the dining room of the old Commodore Perry house of Mrs. Perry Tiffany, at Wakefield, Rhode Island. A polished maple table—Canton place plates—a Canton tureen with china fruit—blue Bristol glass—old silver—and Lowestoft coffee cups on teakwood stands are used. The table is set for the dessert course.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. HIGGINS

By **SELWYN THOMPSON**

"IT WAS the most beautiful table I had ever seen," said a New York hostess recently. "It has been over four years, but I remember every detail perfectly. The dinner was given in New York. We walked from a Spanish courtyard up the stairs and into the dining room. The table was long—sixteenth century Italian, covered with red brocade. At either end were gold epergnes laden with fruit—nectarines, pomegranates cut so that one could see the color of the inside. In one was an open Persian melon, as rich a color as the sun could turn it. In the center was a flat dish of gold, lavishly filled but low. Those on either side were tall and graceful with great bunches of pale green and purple grapes tumbling from them in magnificent profusion. The service was antique gold. The hostess was gowned in velvet, an exquisite part of the setting. It was superb—breath-taking—an experience to turn over in one's mind with the greatest joy.

"This table never could have been achieved," continued Mrs. B——, "if it had not been planned by a woman who had a background of art—French, Spanish, Italian. It was knowing them all that made this possible. Neither could it have been done," she continued, "unless she lived today. A mere copy of an Italian table, meticulously authentic, could not have had the style. The careful arrangement of the fruit, the accent of the color had a modern touch. One knew that the hostess—while sensitively aware of the art tendencies of that age—had combined with them a dash and significance which were unmistakably 'today.' That is the most important note of all—the contribution of the hostess—her thought and individuality. It can give a perfect table life—and a dull one character—even if it is only a favorite color scheme or an old soup tureen or the original use of figurines."

This at least gives you courage. You hear so frequently the remark that Mrs. —— has a beautiful table or is beautifully gowned because she spends such lavish amounts of money! But according to modern analysis taste is what counts. Richly appointed tables are not always beautiful. They can be conventional, stupid and unutterably dull, while perfect results may be obtained from the most inexpensive but carefully chosen pieces. The shops are full of enchanting pottery, china, linen and glass, full of personality and style which have only to be selected and combined to develop the most exciting possibilities.

In a group where handsome tables are the rule, Mrs. B——, whose opinion I have just quoted, has managed—not with a priceless set of Empire silver nor a complete service of Crown Derby but with ingenuity and skill—to make table decoration an art. To talk with her makes your mind ring with a hundred new ideas as well as sudden pangs of remorse. You suddenly remember wistfully the set of quite inexpensive vermilion finger bowls in the little shop on L—— Street or the pottery and luster china in the —— Shop which has probably been sold.

BUT what of this mania of table decoration which is so much the vogue? One critical observer tells me that it has become such an obsession that intelligent dinner conversation is suffering apathetically. Of what importance is the latest political move or the newest aviation flight to a hostess whose mind is still involved with the late crises of rococo versus stunning simplicity or delphinium versus iris? When the last blue blossom has been tucked into the cream bowl her mind is still tortured by the thought that euphorbia might have been more attractive. And so contemplation goes on well into the dessert course—absorbing the inner mind—and rendering the hostess hopelessly inarticulate.

This is a deplorable state, says the observer, but it only serves to illustrate the fact that table decoration is one of the most diverting of the indoor sports. The table is the one spot in the household which is never quite fixed nor ever quite finished. It reflects like a barometer the tastes and interests of the hostess and, therefore, deserves her intelligent attention. If there is a dash of originality or a beguiling arrangement or a priceless piece of silver, it does not escape the eye of the discerning guest of today, who herself has been experimenting. It can fast become the most compelling of hobbies.

There are many theories about table decoration. Some feel that the table should be so harmonious—so much a part of its setting and so utterly suitable to the occasion—that it is as unobtrusive as a perfectly gowned woman. There are others who feel that a stimulating quality is important—that table decoration should be more than a

PHOTOGRAPH BY MOFFETT STUDIOS

MRS. HOWARD LINN'S DINING ROOM

Indisputably today is this mirrored dining room of Mrs. Howard Linn, of Chicago, with its matching sideboard shelves and table top of pink and black granite—its architectural arrangement of flowers—its zebra cloth upholstering. It is as modern as a skyscraper! This feeling has been achieved by mixing chairs of Empire design, Early American black glass plates, Old English silver and glass. White roses and boxwood in a carved glass bowl designed by Louis Sue make a fascinating centerpiece.

passive background. It should contribute a definite charm or brilliance or gayety—whatever the occasion demands. In any case one of the first considerations should be that the table is not a thing apart but rather an integral note in the scheme of things.

A great many factors go into making it suitable and effective.

On the occasion of the visit of the Crown Prince of Sweden to this country, for instance, His Royal Highness' hostess had her garden planted months ahead so that it was a mass of yellow and blue bloom when he arrived. The luncheon table decoration was carried out in the same colors. This was a thoughtful and graceful gesture and suited perfectly the demands of the particular occasion.

The dinner table is always a bit more formal and more elegant than the luncheon table, whose informality permits it to be whimsical—light-hearted and debonair. By the way, if one is to begin this fascinating experimentation in table decoration, the luncheon table is an excellent place to start.

The breakfast table also lends itself to color and spirit, but there is no tea table in the world so effective as one which is heavy with the gleam of Old English silver and delicate china. Tea is a traditional thing, and decorative efforts to change its character steal from the feeling of repose and pleasant conversation which it is supposed to encourage.

In a country house or the cottage type of house in the city one can go in for natural linens, pottery and colored glass; while in the city, the more sophisticated English or French or Italian are more generally used.

RECENTLY a hostess faced with the problem of giving an entertaining dinner on the hottest day of the season canceled her flower order and had a centerpiece arranged of ice cubes and mint leaves. The decoration melted in the course of the dinner, but the process was a delightful one.

There is no doubt there is more entertaining of an unusual variety in both New York and Chicago than there is, for example, in Washington—and what might be suitable in one city might easily be a fiasco in another. In Washington, where the entertaining of foreign diplomats is an all-season program, the conventional table has great value. In cities where small groups entertain one another continually, a brilliant original table is an oasis in the desert.

Also the personality of the hostess has much to do with determining all these things. Delicate colors, flowers, Georgian silver, are an excellent foil for one who is Victorian at heart. For the chic, smart type of woman, architectural arrangements of fruit, Empire elegance and contrasting colors have more meaning.

Once you begin on this fascinating game of decorating tables and begin to work with form and texture and heights and balance the most amazing things soon happen.

But here perhaps a warning may be necessary: No matter how beautiful a table may be in all these ways, it is safe to say that the tables which achieve their effect at the expense of the comfort of the guests are not wholly successful. Arrangements of silver in courses so unique that they make it impossible to select the right fork and carry on a conversation at the same time are not amusing unless carried to an extreme and labeled as part of the entertainment. Men dislike very much little colorful wisps of linen that cling to the cuff and are altogether unmanageable. Daring centerpieces that hide from your view the most entertaining person at the party are apt, regardless of beauty and color, to be unpopular—and candles which rise just to the height of one's eye are an abomination.

II.

ALONG with all the experimenting that is being done, there are certain trends in table decoration which are interesting to note. Table decoration, like everything else, is affected by the spirit of the times. Certainly the theory of entertaining rampant in New York at the moment is that the ultra-conventional, the ceremonial efforts of the nineties have given way to less elaborate types of entertainment—as expensive, perhaps, but livelier, more individual. Hence the "contemporary" party of last season—unique, daring, and utterly different—which caused a riot of enthusiasm. Almost any hostess will say that the dinners at which there are amusing people—at which things happen—which swerve from the beaten track—are preferred to the well-done, rather stuffy types. Life, vitality, variety, cleverness—all have a certain definite value.

It is interesting to have not one setting for the table, but several. If there is one dining room, let there be two luncheon arrangements—one with character and beauty and one with an amusing quality—one for the winter entertaining and one for the summer. For dinner, pick out the centerpiece or the plate—or an urn that has style—and with that as a motif

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PHOTOGRAPH BY WYNN RICHARDS

MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON'S TEA TABLE

The afternoon tea service of Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton in front of the fireplace in her New York house. A beautiful old tray, Old English silver, an heirloom tea set, a lace tea cloth are in perfect harmony with the house and its lovely Old English furniture and rare Chinese paneling.

MRS. FRANCES T. MILLER'S BREAKFAST TABLE

Below—Instead of a breakfast tray, a small boudoir table cozily tucked near the fireplace is preferred by Mrs. Frances T. Miller, of New York. On a cloth with its modern design of blue, black and gray, a very cheery Jean Luce breakfast service in reds and greens and yellows is used. The coffee cup is large and generous. No water glasses in the manner of the French breakfast custom.

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. HIGGINS

PHOTOGRAPH BY WYNN RICHARDS

MRS. HARRY CURTIS' OUT-OF-DOOR TABLE

Out-of-door dining in proper seasons is becoming more and more popular, and here is the breakfast or luncheon table of Mrs. Harry Curtis, of Southampton—showing a few amusing considerations. No water glasses for breakfast is her philosophy and a large cup of coffee for the man of the house! There should be as little as possible on the table. Food should be brought out in single courses—hot and fresh—to defeat blowing sands or inquisitive bees. A genial sun and a refreshing breeze, and what could be more delightful?

PHOTOGRAPH BY WYNN RICHARDS

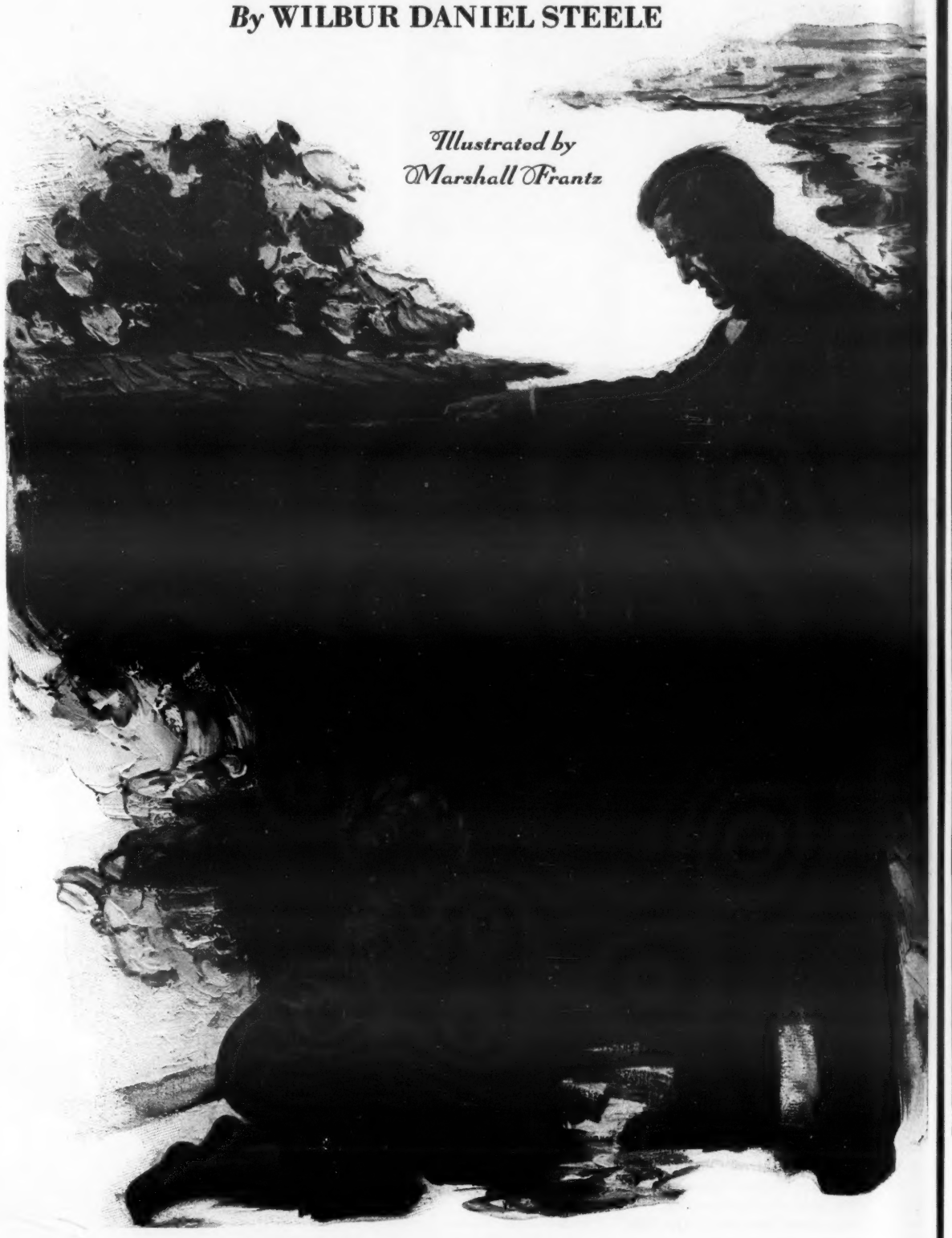
MRS. JOSEPH DAVIS' DINING ROOM

This dining room of Mrs. Joseph Davis, of New York, shows the effective use of a "hobby" in decoration. Hers is "horses." The picture of Mr. Davis, former M. F. H. of Meadowbrook—an oil painting by Stubbs—fox-head consoles, the andirons with horses' heads, all proclaim it. The "hunt" motif is carried out strikingly in the wrought-iron centerpiece by Dietrich, the 18th Century Renaissance horses, crystal goblets etched with hunting scenes, and the entrée plates with their medallions depicting the chase. Black and rich red are the color notes.

Light

By WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz



THE boy, John, lived in a house so big that the very dining-room table in it was broad and tall enough to have made a room for him between its legs. John's parents were so big, so old and so wise that if John were to live as long as Methuselah lived he could never be as big as they, or as old, or as wise. His father was so wise, indeed, that when he came to deliver John from the darkness of the outhouse where he had locked John in to think over his sins, enormous as that darkness was, it was dwarfed by the size of John's father's face and hands and lower legs filling the doorway, as God's little finger nail will fill the space of the world and the stars.

John, when he was very little—before they had made him a good boy—was a bad boy. Father told him he was not to play with Emmet. He could play with Albert and Roy, sons of the neighboring small farmer, quarrelsome and stupid, but not with Emmet, who was full of plans and laughter, and lived in at the edge of town, moreover, where life moved and sights carried the eye with ever new wonder, and the railroad was. Why?

No use to ask why? He could not understand. Father and mother had said it, that was all. And father and mother knew best.

So John did not go to play with Emmet at Emmet's house, near the freight yards. John simply went out to roam the fields by himself, having nothing better to do with an autumn afternoon. Nothing better nor less innocent than to roam the fields and explore the woodlots, boundless forests of gum and hickory trees as gigantic as California's sequoias—and taste with his bare soles the dust of suddenly-come-on highroads—and cross this one—and follow that one, maybe—and —— Lo and alas! "Hey, Johnnie!"—here was Emmet, all freckles and missing teeth and ideas of things to do, astride a fence, and the fence was around his mother's yard, and in the yard there was a hose that filled up any hole they dug with a sea of water, that carried schooners and steamboats from country to country, and Emmet's big, pretty mother, with her hair curled, and two or three other big, pretty mothers who lived there, they came out into the yard and laughed and bent down out of the heights to help sail the ships, and some men from the freight yards who were coming in bought some ice cream for the boys to eat out there in the yard, and great engines passing almost overhead covered the heavens with clouds and thunder to make storms at sea, and a man with a red face going by in a farm wagon peered over the fence—and then with widening eyes, to see John there—and the man was John's father's next neighbor—and John remembered then.

THE sun was nearly down. How fast John ran! Across the breadth of the world, along roads, through forests, over fields. And how short he stopped, fetched up at the home gate by the big, quiet wall of his father's legs!

"Where have you been, John?"

"Nowheres."

"Where have you been, John? One thing I know you don't do; you don't lie."

"Emmet's."

"Very well."

"Don' want supper." John tried to keep his voice solid and level.

"I know you don't want supper." The voice up there was solid and level.

"I—I—Albert and Roy, their papa spanks 'em. I—I want a spankin'. Please can't I get a spankin'?"

"Mr. Cranston can punish his children the way he sees fit. I see no good in hurting the outside for the inside's wickedness."

The big hand came down, fingers curving. "Come."

"Why's it bad to go to Emmet's?"

"For the time being, it is bad because I say it is bad."

"I want to go in the house."

"Not till you've thought a while. Come."

The white of fear was on John's cheeks as he pulled back. But he had not changed from bad to good yet, and there was red in his eyes.

"Why's it bad because you say it's bad?"

"I am going to show you that, sir."

"But not in the shed! Not in the dark!"

"Yes, in the dark, where the Devil lives. If you're so sure the devil can tell you what is good and what is bad better than your parents can ——"

Because it would do no good to kick and scream now, John stiffened his body and thinned his voice.

"All right, go on, put me in, I don't care."

"And when you reckon it's better to take the word of your elders for what's good and what's bad ——"

"I won't! I won't! I won't! I like the dark! *I like the Devil!*"

"Very well."

The opening of the door, the inthrust, the sprawl down the two shallow steps, the swift eclipse of day, the slam, the padlock's click. Blackness immaculate and illimitable. Potatoes were stored in this half-subterranean place; batten and tar paper kept any whiteness from leaking in and any blackness from leaking out.

Always, to begin with, John would pick himself up, feel for the step, sit down on it, clench his little fists, lock his teeth.

"Who cares about dark! This is only that place in our yard. Over the way is the barn. That way's the house. Hmmmph! Dam-dang!"

So long as he could keep his thoughts directed over his left shoulder, "That way's the barn," or behind him, "The house," and away from the direction in which he faced, "That in there!" so long he could keep the breath going in and out of his lungs and the blood going up and down his limbs. Minutes, was it? Hours? It must be hours. But then, little by little, more and more, "That in there!" got grip on his thoughts, and froze him, and he couldn't help it; he shut his eyes.

It is a curious thing: Eyes open in the dark can see nothing; eyes closed can see anything.

"That in there" was the deep end of the sunken outhouse, the going-on region, far and away beyond the mountains of sacked vegetables, into which no mortal, so far as John knew, had ever seen or gone. That was the way the Devil came out of the deeps of the earth to peer around, and paw around, for boys who think they know what is right and what is wrong better than their parents do.

John never knew whether he could see the Devil, or hear him, or feel him, first. Was it shape first? Or was it sound, the soft impact of a weight on burlap, on packed earth, groping, secret, uncertain yet, yet certain to be certain in the end? Or was it a slow wind on the cheek of hands passing through the near air, straining the air with enormous, separated fingers, as a net strains the water for the unseen fish.

In the house they could not hear John screaming, but they could hear him pounding on the door. His mother said: "He's ready to come out now. He knows it's suppertime."

"A few minutes more won't harm his stomach, and it may help his memory."

"He's been there nearly a half-hour, Alfred, and I'm just putting the things on the table."

John's father would go out to the potato house. He would run a finger along the ledge of the door frame to locate the padlock key.

LONG AGO HE HAD GIVEN UP QUESTIONING THE GREAT, RIGHT MAN HE REMEMBERED AS HIS FATHER; GIVEN UP DEFYING, EVEN IN PRETENSE, THE VAST, BLIND THREAT OF "THAT IN THERE," IN THE POTATO HOUSE — THE THING HE DIDN'T UNDERSTAND. THEN ONE DAY, LEAPING ERECT, THE MAN'S HEAD CRACKED ITSELF AGAINST THE CHILD'S SKY AND HIS OWN WIDTH AND BREADTH SPANNED REMEMBERED INFINITY. ERUPTION! DELIVERANCE! LIGHT!

"How about it, in there, son? Ready to reckon your father knows what's best? . . . Louder; I can't hear."

"Yes! Yes! I'll be good!"

"Without doubting and arguing? Till you're old enough to begin to know ——"

"Yes—yes—please—*I'll be good!*"

He *was* good. A quiet little boy is a good little boy, and after half an hour in the potato house John was always very, very quiet. His father was right; no spanking could have made him so quiet and so good, so long.

The little boy grew. For what seemed years and years he was five. Then all of a sudden one day he was six.

Five thick columns in the dusk barred his way. One was a tree trunk. Two were gateposts. Two were his father's legs.

"Which way did you come from school, John?"

"Oh, I just come along ——"

"Come through the Padgett pasture; John?"

"But—but the bull wasn't there ——"

"Have I forbidden you, or haven't I forbidden you to cross ——"

"But I saw Mr. Padgett taking the bull down to ——"

"That is not the question. The question is ——"

"And Daisy, she says she was going to come across there, and she's a girl, and she can't run fast, and if the bull was there ——"

"You don't seem to understand the point yet, John. Perhaps if you'll take time to think it over to yourself in the dark a while. . . . Come."

When John's father went to let him out that evening, while he was feeling for the key along the ledge, he called through the door: "Have you decided ——"

"Yes—please—quick—I'll be good!"

"—— to let papa tell you when it comes time for you to begin protecting the ladies?"

"I'll do—anything—I'll be good!"

John was six for what seemed years and years. Then he was seven.

"Where have you been this afternoon, John?"

"Where I been?"

"Tell me the truth, John. Haven't you been over playing with the Purick boys, as I've told you never, never to ——"

"Purick boys!"

"Riding that wild Western horse of theirs?"

"Horse?"

"Come, come! Out with it, son!"

"But I haven't. Cross my heart I haven't! I been to the Craneses."

"Good boy." Father's voice lost its hardness. "When you've been here as long as your mother and I have, son, you'll begin to understand why we have to say 'No' for you in so many things."

What a little thing, to take a boy three years to learn. Simply—being sure there are no white horsehairs still clinging to one's pant-legs—to add one syllable to a couple of others. Simply to say, "I haven't," in place of "I have."

White in the kitchen tonight, instead of black in the potato house. Papa's "Good boy!" Mamma's smile.

THE afternoon grew older without growing cooler, as Southern afternoons in September often do. Over under the elms of the campus, country freshmen, frowning at everybody in shy friendliness, took off coats for coolness, then, conscious of the brightness of new suspenders, put them on again. Which was best, they would have given anything to know.

Across the shoulders of the crowd in the executive mansion, the university's new president let his gaze steal out toward those country freshmen, and he was just beginning to think to himself: "I would give anything ——" when his wife's voice sounded from his right in quiet warning: "John!"

Mrs. Dean Riggs, on John's left, was saying: "Doctor Allen, Mrs. Panker. . . . Sophie, my dear, your new president."

"My new president! . . . How do you do, doctor. . . . How you talk, May!"

"Mrs. Panker's husband, doctor, practically runs the board of regents. And she runs him. That's why I was joking about her new president."

"And not so far wrong. What a trial you've been to me, Doctor Allen—I mean before—this is a secret—I picked you out."

Giggles from Mrs. Dean Riggs. "Sophie, remember your requirements in a candidate? Wouldn't the doctor be edified if he were to —— Sophie *Panker!*"

Sophie Panker was the university's terror, and its delight.

"Why shouldn't I tell him? Even before his wife." A smiling wink at Ellen on the other side. "First and foremost, he must be ——"

"Sophie!"

"—— handsome. Dreadfully handsome."

Ellen's quiet laugh.

"And second, he must be easy to handle. Is he easy to handle, Mrs. Allen?"

Ellen's quiet laugh.

Imps in Sophie Panker's eyes, up and down the elect. "Yes, yes, I think you'll do, Mr. President."

"Sophie, go 'long with you, holding up the traffic. . . . Doctor Allen, this is Doctor Hightower, of the law faculty. . . . Doctor Hightower, the president."

Man's hand going out to meet man's hand. With what eagerness tempered by anxiety, with what amity tempered by what doubt! The hand of the man who was president, and the hand of the man who would have been president, had it not been for—what?

John steadied himself to meet the eyes of this graying man who had "also run." Clear, level-looking eyes in a face at once rugged and frail, invulnerable, yet bearing scars. It was rare for John to speak on impulse.

"The lady who just passed, did you hear what she said to me, Doctor Hightower?" There were fine lines of bitterness in John's smile. "She said I would do."

In the other's smile there were fine lines too.

"Yes, Doctor Allen, I think you will do."

And it was as if the interchange went on then, unuttered, in the parenthesis of their thoughts.

("Why is it that *you* wouldn't do for them, Hightower?")

("Because I am not—easily handled, sir.")

JOHN'S eyes were down; his heart was abashed and heavy. He saw the knees of Hightower's trousers a little shiny and a little bagged, but what was important about them was that now they seemed on a level with John's eyes. A phenomenon as old as John's childhood was in the happening. Like Alice nibbling at the other side of the Wonderland mushroom, he seemed to see, not only Hightower, but all the people around him, shooting skyward, taller, wiser, firmer, more adultly responsible than he.

Against an old attack, an old defense: "They know what they want, so why should I worry? They want me."

Some of the country freshmen out there were putting on their coats once more; some were taking theirs off to show

(Continued on Page 151)

The Green Man

By

G. K. CHESTERTON

Illustrated by H. Weston Taylor

A YOUNG man in knickerbockers, with an eager sanguine profile, was playing golf against himself on the links that lay parallel to the sand and sea, which were all growing gray with twilight. He was not carelessly knocking a ball about, but rather practicing particular strokes with a sort of meticulous fury; like a neat and tidy whirlwind. He had learned many games quickly; but he had a disposition to learn them a little more quickly than they can be learned. He was rather prone to be a victim of those remarkable invitations by which a man may learn the violin in six lessons or acquire a perfect French accent by a correspondence course. He lived in the breezy atmosphere of such hopeful advertisement and adventure. He was at present the private secretary of Admiral Sir Michael Craken, who owned the big house behind the park abutting on the links. He was ambitious, and had no intention of continuing indefinitely to be private secretary to anybody. But he was also reasonable and he knew that the best way of ceasing to be a secretary was to be a good secretary. Consequently he was a very good secretary, dealing with the ever accumulating arrears of the admiral's correspondence with the same swift centripetal concentration with which he addressed the golf ball. He had to struggle with the correspondence alone and at his own discretion at present, for the admiral had been with his ship for the past six months and, though now returning, was not expected for hours, or possibly days.

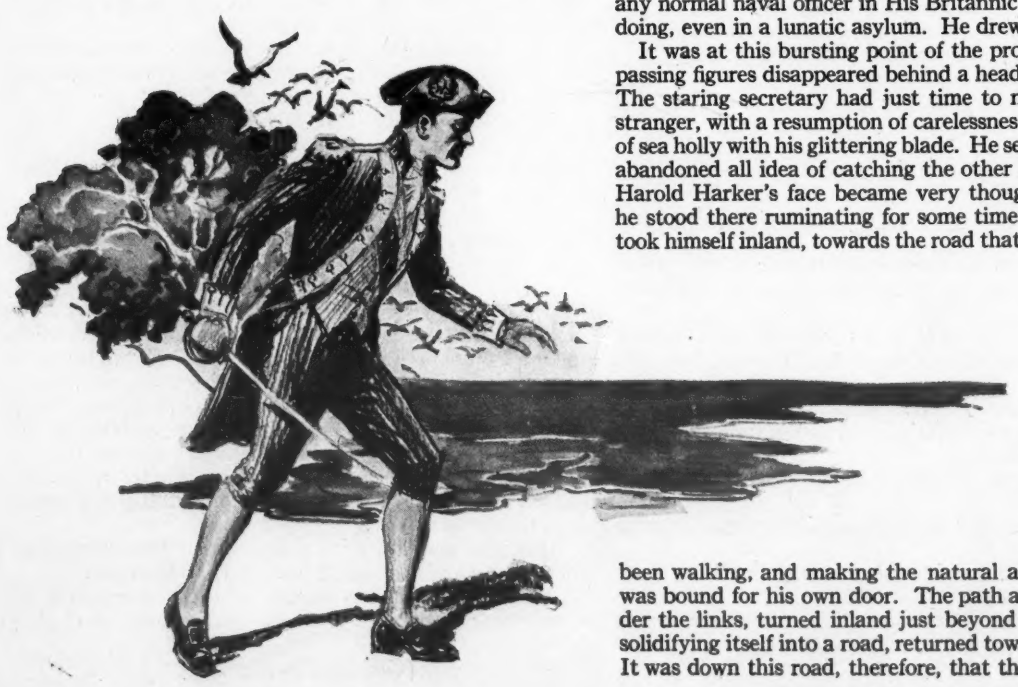
With an athletic stride the young man, whose name was Harold Harker, crested the rise of turf that was the rampart of the links and, looking out across the sands to the sea, saw a strange sight. He did not see it very clearly, for the dusk was darkening every minute under the stormy clouds that were piling up; but it seemed to him, by a sort of momentary illusion, like a dream of days long past or a drama played by ghosts out of another age in history.

THE last of the sunset lay in long bars of copper and gold above the last dark strip of sea that seemed rather black than blue. But blacker still against this gleam in the west, there passed in sharp outline, like figures in a shadow pantomime, two men with three-cornered cocked hats and swords—as if they had just landed from one of the wooden ships of Nelson. It was not at all the sort of hallucination that would have come natural to Mr. Harker, had he been prone to hallucinations. He was of the type that is at once sanguine and scientific; and would be more likely to fancy the flying ships of the future than the fighting ships of the past. He therefore very sensibly came to the conclusion that even a futurist can believe his eyes.

His illusion did not last more than a moment. On a second glance, what he saw was unusual but not incredible. The two men who were striding in single file across the sands, one some fifteen yards behind the other, were ordinary modern naval officers; but naval officers wearing that almost extravagant full-dress uniform which naval officers never do wear if they can possibly help it—only on great ceremonial occasions such as the visits of royalty. In the man walking in front, who seemed more or less unconscious of the man walking behind, Harker recognized at once the high-bridged nose and spike-shaped beard of his own employer, the admiral. The other man following in his tracks he did not know. But he did know something about the circumstances connected with the ceremonial occasion. He knew that when the admiral's ship put in at the adjacent port, it was to be formally visited by a great personage; which was enough, in that sense, to explain the officers being in full dress. But he did also know the officers; or at any rate the admiral. And what could have possessed the admiral to come on shore in that rig-out, when one could swear he would seize five minutes to change into mufti or at least into undress uniform, was more than his secretary could conceive. It seemed somehow to be the very last thing he would do. It was indeed to remain for many weeks one of the chief mysteries of this mysterious business. As it was, the outline of these fantastic court uniforms against the empty scenery, striped with dark sea and sand, had something suggestive of comic opera and reminded the spectator of The Pinafore.

The second figure was much more singular, somewhat singular in appearance, despite his correct lieutenant's uniform, and still more extraordinary in behavior. He walked in a strangely irregular and uneasy manner—sometimes quickly and sometimes slowly—as if he could not make up his mind whether to overtake the admiral or not. The admiral was rather deaf and certainly heard no footsteps behind him on the yielding sand; but the footsteps behind him, if traced in the detective manner, would have given rise to twenty conjectures from a limp to a dance. The man's face was swarthy as well as darkened with shadow, and every now and then the eyes in it shifted and shone as if to accent his agitation. Once he began to run and then abruptly relapsed into a swaggering slowness and carelessness. Then he did something which Mr. Harker could never have conceived any normal naval officer in His Britannic Majesty's Service doing, even in a lunatic asylum. He drew his sword.

It was at this bursting point of the prodigy that the two passing figures disappeared behind a headland on the shore. The staring secretary had just time to notice the swarthy stranger, with a resumption of carelessness, knock off a head of sea holly with his glittering blade. He seemed then to have abandoned all idea of catching the other man up. But Mr. Harold Harker's face became very thoughtful indeed; and he stood there ruminating for some time before he gravely took himself inland, towards the road that ran past the gates of the great house and so by a long curve down to the sea.



It was up this curving road from the coast that the admiral might be expected to come, considering the direction in which he had been walking, and making the natural assumption that he was bound for his own door. The path along the sands, under the links, turned inland just beyond the headland and, solidifying itself into a road, returned toward Craken House. It was down this road, therefore, that the secretary darted, with characteristic impetuosity, to meet his patron returning home. But the patron was apparently not returning home. What was still more peculiar, the secretary was not returning home either—at least until many hours later; a delay quite long enough to arouse alarm and mystification at Craken House.

Behind the pillars and palms of that rather too-palatial country house, indeed, there was expectancy gradually changing to uneasiness. Gryce the butler, a big bilious man abnormally silent below as well as above stairs, showed a certain restlessness as he moved about the main front hall and occasionally looked out of the side windows of the porch, on the white road that swept toward the sea.

The admiral's sister Marion, who kept house for him, had her brother's high nose with a more sniffy expression; she was voluble, rather rambling, not without humor, and capable of sudden emphasis as shrill as a cockatoo. The admiral's daughter Olive was dark, dreamy, and as a rule abstractedly silent, perhaps melancholy; so that her aunt generally conducted most of the conversation, and that without reluctance. But the girl also had a gift of sudden laughter that was very engaging.

"I can't think why they're not here already," said the elder lady. "The postman distinctly told me he'd seen the admiral coming along the beach, along with that dreadful creature Rook. Why in the world they call him Lieutenant Rook ——"

"PERHAPS," suggested the melancholy young lady, with a momentary brightness—"perhaps they call him lieutenant because he is a lieutenant."

"I can't think why the admiral keeps him," snorted her aunt, as if she were talking of a housemaid. She was very proud of her brother and always called him the admiral, but her notions of a commission in the Senior Service were inexact.

"Well, he's sulky and unsociable and all that," replied Olive, "but of course that wouldn't prevent him being a capable sailor."

"Sailor!" cried her aunt with one of her rather startling cockatoo notes. "He isn't my notion of a sailor. The Lass That Loved a Sailor, as they used to sing when I was young. . . . Just think of it! He's not gay and free and whatsitsname. He doesn't sing chanteys or dance a hornpipe."

"Well," observed her niece with gravity, "the admiral doesn't very often dance a hornpipe."

"Oh, you know what I mean—he isn't bright or breezy or anything," replied the old lady. "Why, that secretary fellow could do better than that."

Olive's rather tragic face was transfigured by one of her good and rejuvenating waves of laughter.

"I'm sure Mr. Harker would dance a hornpipe for you," she said, "and say he had learned it in half an hour from the book of instructions. He's always learning things of that sort."

She stopped laughing suddenly and looked at her aunt's rather strained face.

"I can't think why Mr. Harker doesn't come," she added.

"I don't care about Mr. Harker," replied the aunt, and rose and looked out of the window.

The evening light had long turned from yellow to gray and was now turning almost to white under the widening

HE CAME STRAIGHT TOWARD HER, AS IF THEY HAD NEVER PARTED, AND SEIZED HER SHOULDERS, SAYING, "NOW I CAN LOOK AFTER YOU, THANK GOD!"

moonlight, over the large flat landscape by the coast—unbroken by any features save a clump of sea-twisted trees round a pool and, beyond, rather gaunt and dark against the horizon, the shabby fishermen's tavern on the shore that bore the name of The Green Man. And all that road and landscape was empty of any living thing. Nobody had seen the figure in the cocked hat that had been observed, earlier in the evening, walking by the sea; or the other and stranger figure that had been seen trailing after him. Nobody had even seen the secretary who saw them.

It was after midnight when the secretary at last burst in and aroused the household; and his face, white as a ghost, looked all the paler against the background of the stolid face and figure of a big inspector of police. Somehow that red, heavy, indifferent face looked, even more than the white and harassed one, like a mask of doom. The news was broken to the two women with such consideration or concealments as were possible. But the news was that the body of Admiral Craken had been eventually fished out of the foul weeds and scum of the pool under the trees, and that he was drowned and dead.

ANYBODY acquainted with Mr. Harold Harker, secretary, will realize that, whatever his agitation, he was by morning in a mood to be tremendously on the spot. He hustled the inspector, whom he had met the night before on the road down by The Green Man, into another room for private and practical consultation. He questioned the inspector rather as the inspector might have questioned a yokel. But Inspector Burns was a stolid character and was either too stupid or too clever to resent such trifles. It soon began to look as if he were by no means so stupid as he looked, for he disposed of Harker's eager questions in a manner that was slow, but methodical and rational.

"Well," said Harker—his head full of many manuals with titles like Be a Detective in Ten Days—"well, it's the old triangle, I suppose: accident, suicide or murder."

"I don't see how it could be accident," answered the policeman. "It wasn't even dark yet and the pool's fifty yards from the straight road that he knew like his own doorstep. He'd no more have got into that pond than he'd go and carefully lie down in a puddle in the street. As for suicide, it's rather a responsibility to suggest it, and rather improbable too. The admiral was a pretty spry and successful man, and frightfully rich—nearly a millionaire, in fact—though of course that doesn't prove everything. He seemed to be pretty normal and comfortable in his private life too; he's the last man I should suspect of drowning himself."

"So that we come," said the secretary, lowering his voice with the thrill, "I suppose we come to the third possibility."

"We won't be in too much of a hurry about that," said the inspector, to the annoyance of Harker, who was in a hurry about everything. "But naturally there are one or two things one would like to know. One would like to know about his property, for instance. Do you know who's likely to come in for it? You're his private secretary; do you know anything about his will?"

"I'm not so private a secretary as all that," answered the young man. "His solicitors are Messrs. Willis, Hardman and Dyke, over in Sulton High Street; and I believe the will is in their custody."

"Well, I'd better get round and see them pretty soon," said the inspector.

"Let's get round and see them at once," said the impatient secretary.

He took a turn or two restlessly up and down the room and then exploded in a fresh place.

"What have you done about the body, inspector?" he asked.

"Doctor Strake is examining it now at the police station. His report ought to be ready in an hour or so."

"It can't be ready too soon," said Harker. "It would save time if we could meet him at the lawyer's." Then he stopped and his impetuous tone changed abruptly to one of some embarrassment.

"Look here," he said, "I want—we want—to consider the young lady, the poor admiral's daughter, as much as possible just now. She's got a notion that may be all nonsense, but I wouldn't like to disappoint her. There's some friend of hers she wants to consult, staying in the town at present. Man of the name of Brown—priest or parson of some sort; she's given me his address. I don't take much stock in priests or parsons, but ——"

The inspector nodded. "I don't take any stock in priests or parsons, but I take a lot of stock in Father Brown," he said. "I happened to have to do with him in a queer sort of society jewel case. He ought to have been a policeman."

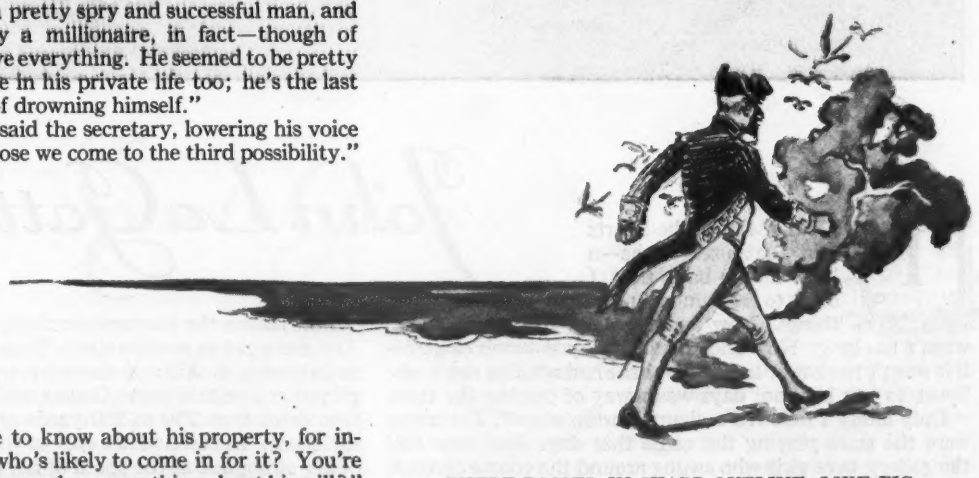
"Oh, all right," said the breathless secretary as he vanished from the room. "Let him come to the lawyer's too."

THUS it happened that, when they hurried across to the neighboring town to meet Doctor Strake at the solicitors' office, they found Father Brown already seated there, with his hands folded on his heavy umbrella, chatting pleasantly to the only available member of the firm. Doctor Strake also had arrived, but apparently only at that moment, as he was carefully placing his gloves in his top hat and his top hat on a side table. And the mild and beaming expression of the priest's moonlike face and spectacles, together with the silent chuckles of the jolly old grizzled lawyer, to whom he was talking, were enough to show that the doctor had not yet opened his mouth to bring the news of death.

"A beautiful morning after all," Father Brown was saying. "That storm seems to have passed over us. There were some big black clouds, but I notice that not a drop of rain fell."

"Not a drop," agreed the solicitor, toying with a pen; he was the third partner, Mr. Dyke. "There's not a cloud in the sky now. It's the sort of day for a holiday." Then he realized the newcomers and looked up, laying down his pen and

(Continued on Page 205)



THERE PASSED IN SHARP OUTLINE, LIKE FIGURES IN A SHADOW PANTOMIME, TWO MEN WITH THREE-CORNERED COCKED HATS AND SWORDS—AS IF THEY HAD JUST LANDED FROM ONE OF THE WOODEN SHIPS OF NELSON

John LaGatta and Grantland Rice

I REMEMBER the Sports Girl that used to be—a little longer back than I care to remember most things. Now and then she rode—if the trail wasn't too long. Now and then she played tennis or golf—if it wasn't too hot or too cold—or she had nothing else to do. Sport to her in those days was a way of passing the time.

Only lately I followed a championship at golf. The males were the stars playing the game that day. But over half the gallery were girls who swung around the course through broiling heat. They were in the main strong limbed and wiry and wonderfully built. They gave the appearance of athletes and they stuck to the chase where hundreds of males wilted and collapsed. Here, I thought, is the modern American girl. This is what sport has done for her.

Few realize the tremendous change that has come to the American girl in modern sport. Today she has added power and stamina to skill and dexterity, to rhythm and charm. I played golf with Glenna Collett and saw her on hole after hole drive from 230 to 250 yards as straight as a rifleman can shoot. I marveled not only at the smoothness and form of her swing but at the speed of her club head as it crashed into the ball where she turned in a 78 on a golf course 6400 yards in length. That isn't just women's golf. It is golf almost any male would envy.

A little later I sat and watched Helen Wills Moody hit a tennis ball harder than most men can hit it. She was not playing the tennis that most of the women used to play. Strong and wiry, powerfully built, alert and aggressive, she was smashing the ball across the net with all the force of a strong man. There was leg power and arm power—there was body power that indicated a real athlete in action.

There was Stella Walsh, who ran the hundred under 11 seconds, a racing figure driven by two flying legs that literally ate up ground. This was not merely women's sprinting—it was real sprinting, whatever the sex.

What about polo? Isn't that too fast and rough for any girl? Not a bit. I watched two women's teams battle over the green turf of Westchester, and they rode and hit with all

Portray Our Glorious Sports Girls

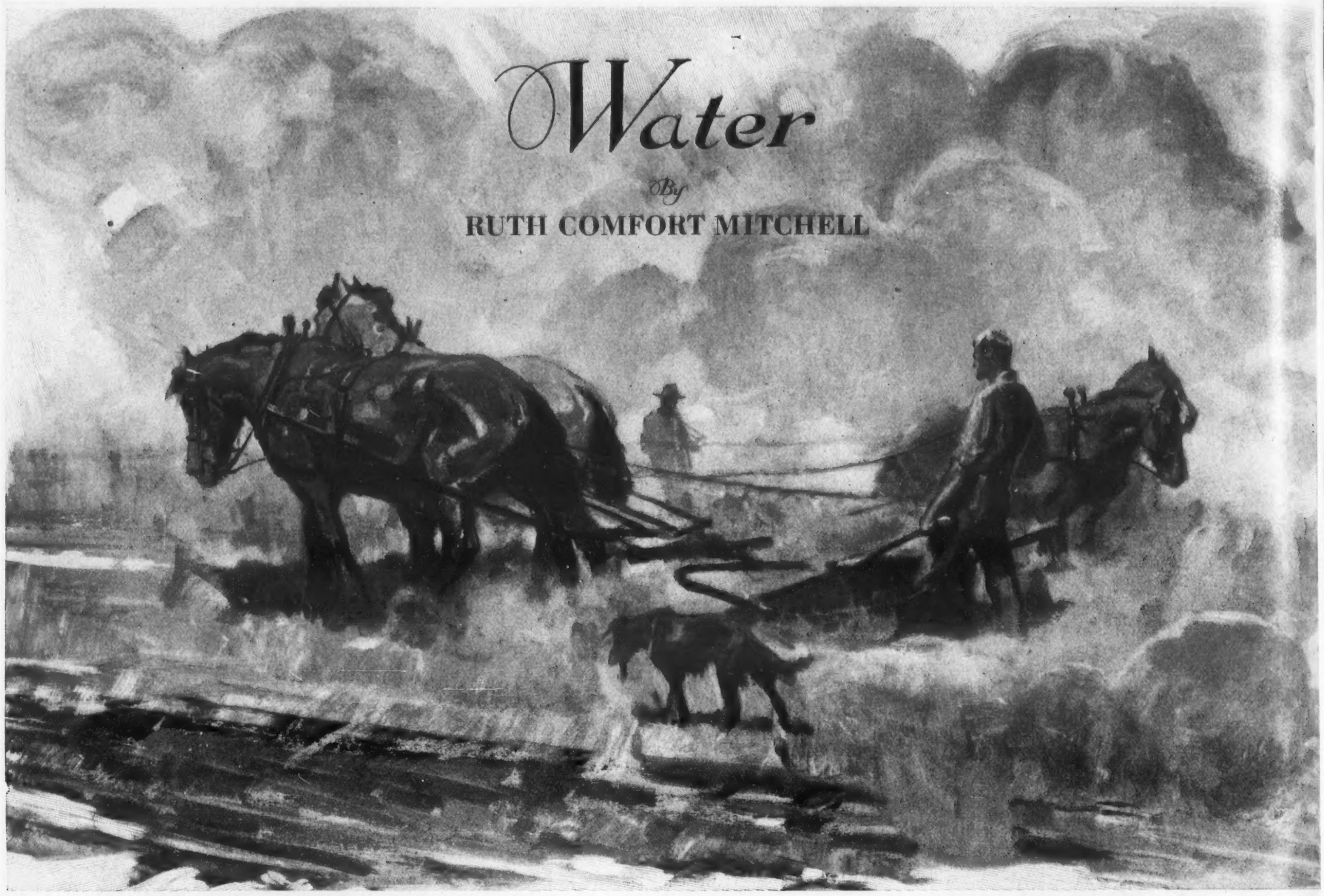
the vim and dash of the male. They were not internationalists. They were not up to the Meadowbrook standard. But they could handle a pony at top speed and hit as they rode—and there was no shirking when crash or clash came.

And then I talked to Elinor Smith. She is only eighteen or nineteen. But she had flown an airplane close to 30,000 feet above the world she knew. She had reached a height where the oxygen apparatus failed and she dropped 5000 feet while unconscious—only to regain her breath and bring the ship back to earth with all the coolness and craft that any male aviator might know. Here was something more than brains and courage. Here also was mastery of a difficult technic at a time when life and death were less than seconds apart—twin marionettes directed by the strings of fate.

This means the competitive spirit to the highest degree. And this is what the American girl is getting from sport. She is not only getting a finely molded body, an underpinning of power and grace, arms and shoulders to match, but she is also getting the virility of will to battle against odds—to play the game to the final step.

Sport has brought her from the ease of living and the lassitude she once knew. It has brought her something more than physical fitness, a strength and beauty of body form that has never been equaled before.

It has also brought her the deeper value of competition—of facing long odds with a stout heart and a cool head. For a long, long time the average girl had no inheritance that one gets from the competitive side. Her nerves were dominant factors in her downfall. But today she rides and shoots with men—plays tennis and golf with men—goes in for polo—and when the test comes helps to fly a plane across the Atlantic or higher above the earth than most male aviators will travel. She has brought to the world a new breed—a new type—a new and somewhat startling and most attractive addition. There are thousands now who can meet the male upon even terms upon almost any field where speed and strength, where nerve and skill are to tell the story. To their long leap forward in body building they have added the vital spark of battle under fire.



Water

By

RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

DARROW HADN'T SUPPOSED ONE HUMAN BODY COULD PRODUCE—AND CONTINUE TO PRODUCE—SUCH QUANTITIES, SUCH QUANTITIES OF SWEAT

Illustrated by Herbert M. Stoops

DARROW BRANT, former Stanford football star, suddenly finds himself supervising the development of a large dairy ranch in the San Joaquin Valley—much against his will and without enthusiasm for the task. The ranch is his inheritance as the sole heir of his adored Uncle Jerry, and the elder Brant has chosen to pass the property on while he is still hale and hearty. Darrow is too fond of his only relative to refuse.

But his aim is to get the ranch into shape and to go back to San Francisco and the gay life of the Peninsula—back to sophisticated Ty de Laine in particular—as soon as possible.

His energy rather startles his partner and manager, Jed Kehoe, and as he makes friends and acquaintances he is drawn more and more into the life of the community round Willowvale. He has mentally classed all ranchers as hicks, but he comes to like June Gale, daughter of a neighboring rancher awfully well—June, who hopes to teach the local school and who, report has it, will some day marry Jim Corey.

June has a passion for irrigation. She sees the desert blooming like the rose and tries to interest Darrow in the magic power of water—and is snubbed for her pains. But she sends Brant some books and reports on irrigation.

Darrow learns how the community is under the domination of a local tyrant, a Swiss named Gusberger, who rules the school board and controls the water supply, and who lets a savage pack of hounds run wild over the countryside to butcher other ranch dogs. Darrow learns also how Gusberger refuses to let the American flag hang over the schoolhouse in order to save wear and tear on the bunting.

Darrow's indignation is aroused. With his old football fighting spirit he vows to put the flag up, to get a dog and a gun, and even, perhaps, to become a school trustee!

XIV.

DARROW headed his car for Fresno, driving fast. "Well for crying out loud!" he communed with himself. "So my jolly old jelly bean is Gyp the Blood! The old fat son of a gun! Guess I'd have simplified life in these parts if I had run him down—and then run over him. That's an idea. Next time, I will, though perhaps it would be simpler just to stick a pin in him and watch him deflate!"

What a character part! And how Uncle Jerry would enjoy him! Four counts against him: The domination of the school situation, climaxing in the flag and in his dimpled threats to the Gales about the girl; his strangle hold on the little ranchers by reason of his loans to them; his gang of canine killers; and his crooked control of local irrigation, according to Jed Kehoe.

It was the matter of the shaggy hounds which roused the young man's ire most hotly. Without an instant's hesitation he had set forth on his hasty way to Fresno to purchase at the pound a pooch—the unloveliest, unlikeliest specimen he could find, so that there should be no possibility of getting fond of the thing—to use as bait. He was a rather exceptionally good shot. With patience and luck he should be able to clean up the whole sinister frieze of killers, and that would be a pretty nice souvenir and service to leave behind him when he had shaken the hot dust of Willowvale from his feet. Of course, he might have to use up several pooches before he got the whole gang, but it would be worth it. The curs would be dying to some purpose then; far better than snuffing out ingloriously in the lethal chamber.

And he would most certainly get that flag up, and keep it up, for the ex-soldier, whom he disliked less at every meeting. There was a dignity about the fellow which sort of got to you somehow. But, naturally, the stuff about being a school trustee was pure hooey. He hadn't meant that seriously, at least not on second thought. Darrow Brant, trustee, Deerfoot School, Willowvale, Fresno County. Let the gang laugh that one off. The thing was impossible on the face of it, because a school trustee had to be and remain in the vicinity of said school, and he was soon going extremely hence. But it would be fun to get behind somebody and shove. The lad who wanted to marry the Gale girl, for instance.

He was running into Fresno, and remembered that he was hungry. The pooch, destined for drama, could wait patiently in the pound while he ate. He went into the California Coffee Shop and found, with an unfailing instinct, the pretty girl who had waited on him and his Ancient Mariner.

"How do you do?" she inquired warmly, a little extra color rising to reënforce the nice restraint of her make-up. "And how's your grandpa?"

"He's very chipper, thanks, and he sent his love to you."

"He's the cutest little old thing!"

"Isn't he, just?"

"And he simply adores you."

"Well," the youth conceded gravely, "the Splivens family has always cherished a high degree of congeniality and tribal cohesion."

SHE called his attention to the fact that an exceptionally attractive Merchants' Lunch was to be had for the sum of sixty-five cents.

"Ah, but you see I'm not a merchant," Darrow regretted. "So that's out. What are you showing today in the line of Dairy Ranchers' Dinners—say, about two dollars to two and a half?"

She departed gleefully with his lavish order, but told her friend at the other end of the room that she simply couldn't bear it to have his name Splivens. And a dairyman!

The keeper of the pound listened soberly to Darrow's requirements and nodded his head. "I got you," he said. "And I got the dog you're looking for. He was due to go for a ride today, but I was kind of hankering to hold him out, at that, for a curiosity."

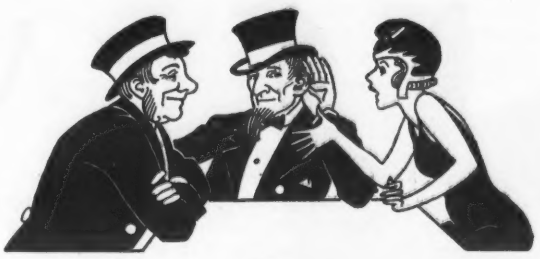
"What breed is he?" Darrow asked, following him.

"Breeds," said the man succinctly. "Looks to me like he hadn't skipped any. Although," he amended reasonably, "come to think of it, I don't believe he's got a bit of St. Bernard in him. And maybe not any cocker spaniel either. But I betcher that's all his mamma overlooked." He stopped and pointed. "That's him. Or, that's them, in a manner of speaking. Come here, bozo!" He snapped his fingers and the canine curiosity came closer, warily, with a caution born of bitter experience, but without cringing. He met Darrow's incredulous gaze steadily, with a mournful expression in his amber eyes which steadily expected the worst.

"Can you beat that?" the keeper demanded. "Airedale, and a dash of bull, and some collie, of course, and those legs kind of suggest dachshunds or whatever you call those

(Continued on Page 172)

Gossip From the Capitals of Europe



By
REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

HERE is a round of current European news and gossip in the fewest words possible—just a quick glance at the political and economic conditions of nations and the men who sit sometimes uneasily on their thrones, or in seats of power that too often seem to shift with almost kaleidoscopic rapidity.

Will Wales Marry?

"WILL the Prince of Wales marry?"

Everybody is asking that, more than ever since the Duchess of York's second child was also a girl. King George's health improves, but he is frail. The country wants his heir to take a wife; the heir shows no inclination to do so. Besides, his wife must be royal and non-Catholic—and eligibilities are scarce. Should he die childless, his brother, the Duke of York, would come to the throne.

Gossips recall an old prophecy—that England's fifth George would be her last king.

Unemployment is the first of Great Britain's real problems. Thousands of British high-school children have parents that do not work, but live on the dole.

The Labor Party—socialistic and friendly to Russia, yet scorned by Moscow—continues in o ice, but its parliamentary majority depends upon help now from the Liberals and again from the Conservatives. Such support may fail at any time, and the Labor Cabinet fall.

Mussolini's Successor

SOMEBODY lately inquired of Mussolini whom he was training as his successor. He replied:

"My successor isn't born yet."

He is forty-seven—expects to live, and rule, for thirty years to come. His physicians say his health, once bad, is good. His friends dread his enemies.

Italy was neglected when the other World War victors divided among themselves their late adversaries' colonies. So Mussolini has claimed for Italy naval parity, or equality, with France on the Mediterranean. France says no. Therefore both these powers refrained from agreeing to anything of importance at the London Naval Conference.

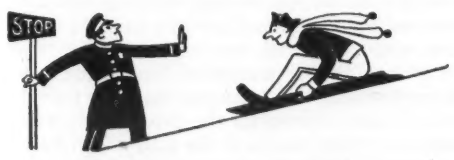
Briand is France

WHEN Holland's Queen Wilhelmina gave a solemn state dinner for the delegates to The Hague reparations conference, she forbade, as always, smoking at the table. Monsieur Briand left the dining room between the courses.

"Naturally I won't disobey Her Majesty," he explained, "but naturally I can't omit smoking."

Just now Briand is France.

Externally, France dreads a strengthened Germany. So—having lost now neutral Britain and now Germanophile Italy from among her allies—she is trying to bind tighter to her those of her allies still remaining loyal: Belgium, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, possibly Greece.



Belgium's King Albert

JUST as England's doctors-to-royalty fear an illness for their constitutional monarch, so do Belgium's ministers fear an accident for theirs. During the war they begged him to keep away from the trenches, yet he went there almost daily. Today they want him, at fifty-five, to terminate his annual indulgence in Switzerland's winter sports, but he says, "Not yet."

At Swiss St. Moritz he is a mere streak of light shooting down the bobsled run. They warned him recently:

"There are few kings left."

Said he: "All the more reason why God, who notes each sparrow's fall, should preserve even a king."

Germany Will Move for Revision

THE monarchy is dead in Germany. But other dangers thrive.

"Once," the Princess Elizabeth of Saxe-Altenburg confessed to me, "we might have got the Crown Prince on the Prussian throne, but his father spoiled it. Wilhelm II said it had to be himself or nobody."

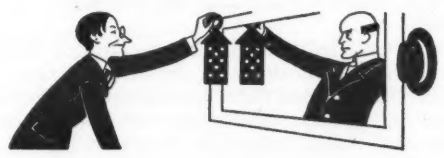
Nevertheless, hedged in, shrunken, disarmed, the old Central Powers—Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria—are soon going to move for revision of the postwar treaties. Italy will back them, and her support may save the German Republic from choosing between dictatorship and communism.

East Prussia was separated from Prussia proper by the manufacture of the Polish Corridor, giving Poland access to the Baltic Sea. To a friend of mine, Stresemann, new-Germany's best statesman, averred:

"Germany will never try to recover Alsace and Lorraine, but will never admit that justice formed the Polish Corridor or inflicted those other injuries to our Eastern frontiers."

His successor, Dr. Julius Curtius, is committed to the late Doctor Stresemann's policy.

Moreover, Germany wants to absorb Austria. What remains of Austria is willing. Italy agrees. Front-page news if it begins to happen.



Jugo-Slavia's Dictator

AWHILE ago, when everything seemed flying to pieces in Jugo-Slavia, the loyalist leaders came to their King.

"Sire," said they, "you should seek a Mussolini."

King Alexander blinked behind his glasses. "True," he finally replied, "and I shall find one—within myself."

France's second ally and a potential foe of Italy, Jugo-Slavia—an expansion of Serbia, whose population totaled less than 5,000,000—was war-enriched until her territory nearly equals Germany's. She has grown as large as old Stephen Dushan made her in the Middle Ages. She embraces over 14,000,000 people. But 75 per cent of these belong to three antagonistic races.

Only forty-one years old, Alexander is happily married to the Princess Marie of Rumania and is regally proud of his son and heir, Prince Peter, aged seven.

They dine from gold plates with gold "silverware" in their palace in Belgrade.

King Alexander has blithely undertaken the task of welding the triple race troubles of his country, and the remaining 25 per cent, into a harmonious whole. He is one of the few kings left who is a real king. He should either win or lose some time between this fall and next spring.

Diplomats differ in their guesses. His personal acquaintances are unanimous.

"He will succeed," the Grand Duchess Tatiana Constantinovna of Russia assured me.

"Do you know him well?"

"I was once engaged to marry him."

Carol—and Titulesco

ONE'S first Rumanian thought oughtn't to be about King Carol, or his nine-year-old son ex-king and present heir-apparent Michael. Not about Madame Lupescu, the reigning monarch's sometimes-red-haired favorite; unwillingly quiescent Princess Helen of Greece, his queen; nor yet the dispossessed Queen-Mother Marie. It ought to be about:

NICHOLAS TITULESCO, ex-Minister of Foreign Affairs and Finance, now minister to London, aged 47; once a professor of mathematics.

For, if the near future gives France's third ally a successful monarch, Titulesco—somewhere in the background or middle-distance—will be that future's instrument.

Apparently, Carol's return justified Anthony Hope's novels; actually, the King could come back simply because his country, doubled in area and wealth by the war, was in danger of disruption from within and Soviet Russian attack from without.

He is patriotic, politically liberal and forgiving, an excellent soldier. But his throne is still unsteady; he must soon summon an adviser who can enough unify quarreling factions at home to present a solid front abroad.

Titulesco alone seems qualified.

The first day I called on him was warm. He got up fully dressed from a down-quilted, double-blanketed bed and admitted to wearing two suits of underclothes.

"I'm always cold," he explained.

Will Otto Rule Hungary?

EXILED eighteen-year-old Otto Hapsburg, with the handsome Hapsburg blue eyes and the ugly Hapsburg mouth—son of the last Austro-Hungarian Emperor, who was "Apostolic King" of Hungary—wants to reign in Hungary himself. The majority of the Hungarians want him to, and the royalists are rumored planning a restoration this autumn. But neighbors Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia don't; they prefer Hungary to continue a confused kingless kingdom under Regent Nicholas Horthy.

Otto's mother, the ex-Empress Zita, was a Bourbon—and "the Bourbons never learn and never forget." During her husband's and her own exile in Switzerland, her children's governess was Julia Herzele, who later was governess to my children. Fräulein Herzele says the first lesson his mother taught Otto consisted of four words:

"*You—are—the—King.*"

He learned it soon; but she never stopped repeating it. Otto's clothes might be patched, but servants bowed thrice in approaching him, stood in the boy's presence, dared not leave till he bade them, and then walked from the room backward.

A King to Visit America

THERE is one European monarch who constitutionally could, if he cared, be as absolute as a couple of others are alleged to want to be. Boris III of Bulgaria is officially its czar, empowered to make all treaties and some laws.

Bulgaria's chief difficulties are Bolshevik.

When a party of communists fired on the King's car in a deserted district, killing his chauffeur, unarmed Boris took the wheel and speeded to the nearest police station. The police asked just where the shooting had occurred.

"Jump in," said His Majesty. "I'm going to take you there and help make the arrests."

He is thirty-six, good-looking, healthy, practices the simple life—is a bachelor. He is not required to marry royalty, and he likes Americans. The story goes that he may visit America next spring.

"IT IS THE ONLY FLAW IN CHIPS' CHARACTER—THIS LOW FONDNESS HE HAS FOR ROMPING WITH OTHO"

A Hero Named Chips

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Illustrated by Robert L. Dickey

"CHIPS," said Miss Ginevra Garrod, "this is Blayne. Blayne is my new maid. She is taking Merriam's place." The fragile old lady made the announcement as though she were introducing one human to another. Chips, disreputable and rag-bag-reminiscent little mongrel, blinked appraisingly at the angular newcomer.

Blayne's wooden face was a mask as she answered primly: "Yes, ma'am." Ragingly, in her heart, she was muttering: "The old mummy introduced *me* to the measly tike; not him to me. Like he was my betters. What sort of goings-on is it, anyhow, speaking to a cur like he was folks?"

"Chips is my dog," Miss Ginevra added, somewhat unnecessarily, stooping to lay a benedictory hand on the mongrel's tousled head. "A very remarkable dog, Blayne. By far the most remarkable dog I have known. He is as wise as any judge. Wiser than most judges I have known. Also, he is an honored member of this household. It is well to explain all this to you at the beginning."

"Yes, ma'am," repeated Blayne, with precisely the right note of respect in her contralto voice.

"He has the run of the whole house," continued Miss Ginevra, "and he sleeps on a pink blanket beside my bed. He ——"

HERE Chips created a mild diversion. Ever since Miss Ginevra had called him into the room he had been sniffing at the tall and bony English maid with the neat black dress and the neat black hair and the masklike homely face and icily irreproachable manner. Something about Blayne had seemed to puzzle him.

Now he gave vent to a single short high-pitched squeak, a squeak uncannily like an attempt at a human hoot of laughter. His ample mouth stretched into a grin which could not well have been wider unless his moth-eaten ears had been set back an inch or two. Nobody could have doubted that he was reveling in elfin enjoyment of some rare joke.

HE GLOWERED AT BLAYNE, THIS TIME IN NO JEST AT ALL

He rolled one eye back at his mistress, as though to see if she was sharing the rich jest with him. Apparently finding she was not, his gleeful smirk took on a tinge of contempt at her stupidity. Then he stared afresh at the lanky black-clad maid, as some child might peer expectantly at a conjurer. There was a world of expression in his furry yellow face; and every glint of that expression spoke of sardonic merriment.

"I am glad to see he appears to like you, Blayne," said Miss Ginevra, misreading as ever her adored pet's aspect. "See, he is actually smiling up at you, the little darling! I am glad, because I have a strong belief in the theory that people to whom dogs take a fancy are to be trusted. I have never known it to fail. I hope you and he will be very good friends."

Seldom was Miss Ginevra Garrod so loquacious with any servant of hers. But, on the theme of Chips, she was loquacious with everybody. The dog's keen and delighted interest in this new maid pleased Miss Ginevra, whose life rule it was to distrust anybody and everybody on general principles.

The severe old lady was the last survivor of THE Philadelphia Garrods. Incidentally, she was the ninth richest woman in America; and the humbly obeyed arbiter of whatsoever social element she might honor with her grim semiapproval. Chips alone she loved. Chips alone she trusted. Chips was her One Weakness, her Blind Side, the sole outlet for her atrophied affections. No dog, or million dogs, since the days of Argus and of Cerberus, could have combined a tithe of the wisdom and loyalty and all-around genius she attributed to this one shaggy and shabby little crossbred. The axiom, "Love me, love my dog," might well have been coined for Miss Ginevra Garrod.

Wherefore, Chips' grinning interest in Blayne raised the faultlessly stony lady's maid to sudden heights of favor in Miss Ginevra's esteem.

The mischievously leering grin of the mongrel and the fixedness of his sniffing stare began to do things to the overtense nerves beneath Blayne's stolid exterior. There was something about Chips' leer which puzzled and worried the new servant. For Blayne was in a chronic state of mind to be worried by trifles.

TO PUT a merciful end to the element of suspense, this is as good a time as any to clear up the mystery of Chips' widemouthed grin and of his regarding Blayne as a highly entertaining joke. He had every reason for appreciating the rare jest.

For he knew that this tall and bony and big-featured woman was no woman at all, but a man in woman's attire.

Any dog can tell instantly a man from a woman. Costume has less than nothing to do with this recognition. To canines, a man in woman's garb is a man, even as a woman dressed in masculine raiment is still a woman. Moreover, three dogs out of four regard women in a wholly different way from men. Dogs, for example, which are savagely willing to bite men, will not as a rule bite women. This has been proved over and over.

Yes, Chips knew Blayne was a man, would have known it in the dark. For one of several reasons, the acrid reek of strong English shag tobacco on Blayne's hands and hair—too faint by far for human nostrils to detect—was distinct to Chips' canine sense of smell. Women do not smoke numberless pipefuls of rank shag tobacco and become permeated with its aroma.

Herb Blayne had begun his professional career as a feminine impersonator in small provincial music halls in England. There was nothing feminine or effeminate about him, but he was a fairly good actor of such parts. His success was slight and he drifted into association with a gang of rural English crooks.

Here he fared somewhat better financially. So much talent did he display, indeed, that in time he was admitted to membership in a London "mob" of jewel thieves. But presently the law was hot on the mob's heels. In woman's clothes Blayne escaped to the States.

THROUGH the help of a clever forger friend, he was able to bring along a thick sheaf of references—references which would have given employment to Benedict Arnold. More than once, in England, he had masqueraded profitably as a lady's maid, a rôle he had learned to perfection through his boyhood employment in several British families of note and from the teachings of his wife who followed that calling. With his splendid references as a backing, he resolved to try his luck at the same trade in some jewel-incrusted house in jewel-incrusted America.

EVERY GLINT OF THAT EXPRESSION SPOKE OF SARDONIC MERRIMENT

Fortune and deft wire-pulling and a careful study of society pages led him at last by devious routes to seek and win employment as Miss Ginevra Garrod's maid, to supersede one Merriam who had left service to be married.

Here at last, Blayne seemed to have come into his own. The Garrod jewels were worn sparingly by their owner and the bulk of them reposed for the most part in a bank vault. But some were kept always in the wall safe in the library, an old-fashioned hiding place whose door's combination Blayne found without difficulty among the papers in Miss Ginevra's private desk.

All that remained to do was to wait until some semiregal dinner or reception should cause Miss Garrod to send to the bank for a quantity of her jewels; then to clean up the lot and escape with a fortune.

Foremost among the collection, of course, was the historic Faith Diamond—fourth largest in the United States—and next in value was the triple rope of graduated pearls, insured at $400,000. These two treasures, apart from any lesser loot,

would make Blayne glitteringly rich for life. The danger of capture, too, would be laughably slight. A woman would sneak out of the house with the plunder. That woman would vanish forever. In her place a very genuine man would walk the world, safe from suspicion. There could be no link of identity between the two persons.

Yet, simple as the venture seemed, Herb Blayne was on edge, perpetually, as to nerves. Thus, the odd behavior of his employer's dog toward him did not add to his peace of mind. Blayne disliked and feared dogs. He knew little about them, and cared to know less. They filled him with an illogical terror, the smallest and meekest of them.

Chips, from the first, sensed this fear. To him it opened lovely vistas for teasing. His victim's fright added sweet zest to such pranks.

As Blayne entered Miss Ginevra's room, in the mornings, to awaken his employer and to raise the curtains and shut the windows and to give her her tea and dry toast, Chips would start up dramatically from his folded pink blanket beside the bed and would charge growling at the supposed maid, snarling in pretended fury and making as though to nip Blayne's stodgy black-clad ankles.

The first morning that Chips did his growling charge, Blayne hopped backward with such nervous vehemence that the tea tray was upset.

OTHO AND CHIPS TOUCHED NOSES IN GREETING

"Sorry, ma'am. I beg your pardon, I'm sure," mumbled Blayne, flopping to his knees and seeking to sop up the spilt mess with the napkin.

Apprehensively, he glanced sidewise at the shrunken figure in the bed, as he sopped. Awkwardness in a lady's maid, he knew well, is not tolerated in houses like Miss Ginevra's. The offender might readily lose her position for such a clumsy performance, and this before the gem harvest could be reaped.

But Miss Ginevra was leaning back among her pillows, laughing in childlike amusement.

"IT'S quite all right, Blayne," she said. "It's just Chips' idea of fun. You see, he knows you're afraid of him. I knew it myself from the way you looked at him when you and he met. Yes, Chips knows it. He knows everything. There never was such another dog! So he tried to scare you, just for a joke. But he wouldn't harm a hair of your head, or of any other woman's. He has bitten offensive men, once or twice, I'm proud to say. But he has never even snapped in earnest at a woman. So stop being afraid of him."

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now if he were Otho," continued Miss Ginevra, her amused smile merging into a majestic frown, "I couldn't guarantee that so certainly. Otho is a menace. Why, once he so far forgot himself as to growl at *me*. Just because I chanced to strike him with my parasol, to make him stop romping with Chips. But darling little Chips is ——"

"Otho, ma'am?" faltered Blayne, staring apprehensively about, as though in fear lest the house might contain still another dread-inspiring dog.

"Yes. Young Carryl Deane's great brute of a police dog, next door. He insists on coaxing Chips into silly romps with him, whenever the two happen to meet outdoors. I will do him the justice to say that thus far he has always played very gently with my dear little dog. But there is no knowing when he may get rough and hurt Chips cruelly. I told Carryl Deane very plainly that if ever Otho does that, I shall lodge a complaint against him with the authorities. It is the only flaw in Chips' character—this low fondness he has for romping with Otho. . . . Come here, Chipsy, and lie down," she continued, her severe voice becoming tender. "Lie down and stop prowling around Blayne's ankles. Shame on you for being such a bully! I was going to give you some nice delicious toast. But now I'm—I'm going to give it to you anyhow, I suppose."

After three mornings of similar abortive attacks from Chips, after three days of growling rushes from dark corners and on the stairs, Blayne's resolve was taken. Chips must go, unless Blayne's indispensably valuable nerve was to go. And the lady's maid went into subtle action.

One evening Blayne made excuse to be alone in the pantry when Chips trotted in to get the dinner which Jerram, the antique English butler, always prepared for him at this hour. Blayne had arrived in the pantry a bare half minute ahead of the mongrel. But there had been time enough to do what was to be done.

Two ounces of poison were poured over the contents of the food dish—enough to kill several dogs of Chips' size.

Blayne had watched him at meals and had noted how eagerly he wolfed down every mouthful, clearing his dish in a mere handful of seconds. Undoubtedly he would do the same thing now. Blayne could wash the dish carefully, afterward, to remove any possible trace of the drug. Chips would be found dead. There would be much mourning but no suspicion. There are plenty of natural causes, acute indigestion among them, which could account for his sudden demise.

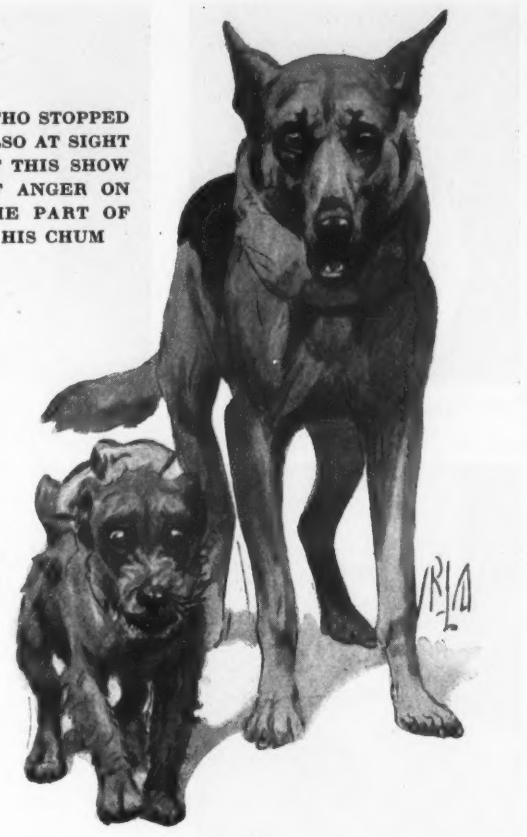
In trotted Chips, making avidly for his evening meal on the floor in the pantry corner. He was even hungrier than usual. For he had sneaked out onto the lawn, a few minutes earlier, for a rollicking and appetite-evoking romp with his gigantic chum, Otho—a romp which Miss Ginevra had interrupted, most inconsiderately at its very height, by catching sight of the galloping pair, and sending Jerram out to capture and bring indoors the loved offender.

Dinner would be a delight just now. Chips was in fine mood to perform prodigies of wolfing. Over to the dish he ran. There he came to a sliding halt. A nastily pungent smell, which had offended his nostrils from the instant he had crossed the pantry threshold, grew stronger and more nauseating at each step. Now he realized that it emanated from that food dish of his.

The plate was heaped with cut-up raw chuck steak, fare that Chips reveled in. But there was no raw-meat savor to lure him. There was nothing but that gagging and nostril-torturing pungency. Had Blayne possessed the wit or the time to poison the meat in such way as to leave it odorless, Chips would have tackled it ravenously. But no dog would have eaten stuff that smelled as did this dinner.

The mongrel backed away in angry disgust. He glowered at Blayne, this time in no jest at all. Somehow he connected the pseudo maid with the trick played on him. Snarling, he stalked off; and into the farther reaches of the servants' quarters in search of Jerram.

With deft speed Blayne emptied the dish out of the pantry window, left the window open to air the room, and



OTHO STOPPED ALSO AT SIGHT OF THIS SHOW OF ANGER ON THE PART OF HIS CHUM

washed the plate shiningly clean. The first attempt at getting rid of Chips had failed. But there might be other chances.

It was less than a week later that Miss Ginevra Garrod gave one of her semioccasional state dinners—this time to the British Ambassador, with whose father she had danced in London a full half-century earlier. These state dinners of Miss Garrod's were Occasions. Members of younger and smarter sets sneered at them as funereal—and would have parted with three eyeteeth and a finger to have been invited to one of them.

FROM the bank, on the day of the dinner, an armed messenger brought a few of the most supercostly of the Garrod jewels, including the great Faith Diamond, aswing on its severe pendant-chain of platinum, and the triple rope of pearls. These and one or two rings comprised all the jewelry Miss Ginevra planned to wear.

On their arrival, Miss Garrod herself received them from the messenger and shut them into the library wall safe. Thence she planned, as usual, to bring them forth and don them when she should be dressed for the evening. Miss Ginevra felt toward none of her dependents that simple faith which the poet assures us is better than Norman blood. Not even toward Jerram, the wise if asthmatic butler who had grown stiff and ancient in her service. Hence, her habit of receiving the jewels in person from the bank messenger and putting them into the safe with her own hands and taking them out again in the same manner.

Blayne watched unconcernedly, his wooden face bearing no faintest sign of the most casual interest, while his employer thrust the velvet cases into a compartment and shut the safe door on them and twirled its handle. But in his

(Continued on Page 191)

BETWEEN HIS JAWS CHIPS CARRIED A LUMPY YELLOW CHAMOIS SACK

MISS MAE D. SUTTON
BUYER OF COSMETICS

MISS MARY ELIZABETH JOHNSON
SALES INSTRUCTOR

PHOTO. BY LEONETTI
MISS LOUISE WESTING
ADVERTISING MANAGER

PHOTO. BY GESSFORD
MRS. BEECHAM
COSMETIC CHEMIST

PHOTO. BY BLANK & STOLLER
MME. HELENA RUBENSTEIN
MANUFACTURER OF COSMETICS

MISS MARJORIE DORK
FORM SPECIALIST

Women in Cosmetics

By CATHARINE OGLESBY

PHOTO. BY VAN DANN
MISS PATRICIA MURRAY
SALON MANAGER

THE business of cosmetics is a comparatively new profession for women. Only a score of years ago its sole disciples were men, who generally combined tonsorial duties with those of hairdressing. Then, surreptitiously, the beauty shop came into being. At first a back-parlor affair. And over it hovered the taint of charlatanism. In those not-distant days the accepted badge of the profession was a black apron—because it did not show dirt—and the time of its wearers was divided between the making of false-hair pieces and occasional shampoos. For this they received a meager pittance.

Today, many of the best locations in mercantile and residential districts are occupied by beauty salons. They are governed by strict sanitary laws and their decorations delight the eye. They are peopled by girls gowned in starched white frocks, and their owners are said to pay high amounts of income tax.

Government records show that the business of cosmetics ranks high among America's industries. Its volume last year amounted to $350,000,000. And year by year the profits are increasing; year by year the business is expanding within the United States and America's exporting business is growing by leaps and bounds. Americans are establishing branch factories in foreign countries for cosmetics as well as automobiles. Still, almost everyone can count on her fingers the names of a couple of dozen women who haven't yet used cold cream. It is obvious, therefore, that the cult of Venus is on the up-and-up, and that we are living in what might well be termed the cosmetic age.

How, then, can one get into this new profession, which promises such high financial rewards amid such pleasant surroundings? Let's consider its requirements.

A New Profession

THE first thing to do is to discover if you are fitted for it. Look into your own mirror and take stock of your looks. Frankly, honestly, with an accurate balance of pride and humility. Unusual beauty is not essential. Healthy good looks are. Your way will be difficult indeed if you haven't a normal body, clear, unblemished skin and strong hair.

Your hands must come in for a share of consideration. For no matter what branch of this profession you adopt, your hands will play an important rôle. They must not be too small. The finger tips should be well cushioned. They should be strong, firm, flexible, deft hands, even before you start in the training that will make them more so.

As to mental qualifications—the prime requisite is a flair for perfection in detail. For, contrary to general belief, the business of cosmetics is based not on volume sales, but on detail. On the art of making one woman better-looking. The volume matter follows. You must have an insatiable longing for beauty. You must yearn over it. You must be one of those girls who will spend their lunch money for a bottle of expensive perfume, and go along their way heedless of their stomach's reproach, while exulting in their nose's delight. You must not be thrifty-minded, but extravagant-minded, unconsciously so. Then, too, you must be what the Italians call *sympatico*. Responsive, interested, understanding toward the hopes, ambitions, problems of women. You must lose yourself in the aims of others and enjoy the doing of it. And you must have the faculty of passing along your ideas, enthusiasms and convictions to women, so that they will heed your advice and instructions and return for more.

As to education—the more the better. A quicker entry and more rapid progress are assured by it. For the social attitude toward the beauty specialist is advancing. Today, more and more women of culture—traveled, educated women—are enrolling in the lists, thus making it difficult for the untutored ones to get ahead or even a hearing. This is especially true since the highest social circles now deem it smart to be professional. A skin specialist of international renown now numbers on her staff several leaders of New York and Continental society. Countesses, princesses, and graduates of America's colleges give advice and treatments and gymnastics in her salons, and travel from store to store inducing other women to practice her method. Furthermore, one must be a student of style, of color, of line, of feminine psychology and of selling, and inherently possess a keen æsthetic sense. Good taste is a prerequisite of the profession.

But such a background merely prepares one for the technical education necessary to the practice of the profession.

There are many niches in the beauty profession. It isn't just a business of fixing faces and waving hair. Though it is usually thought of in terms of a beauty shop, it does not end there. It goes far afield. But as it is the beauty shop itself which comes in for the greater and wider share of interest, it might be well to consider first its opportunities.

The beauty salon numbers in its personnel an owner and a manager, operators who give facial treatments, operators who do hair work, manicurists and apprentices.

PHOTO. BY DIONIZY
MISS JESSICA OGILVIE
HAIR SPECIALIST

PHOTO. BY MURILLO
MISS CHARLOTTE JENKINS
SALESWOMAN

No matter how much money one has, no matter how many friends one may count upon as prospective customers, it is the height of foolishness to believe that you have only to go to a beauty school for a few months, get a diploma, and that you are then adequately prepared to open your own beauty shop. The successful management of a beauty shop demands more than friends and funds and a license.

The first thing to do is to write to your own city or state board of health and ask what legal requirements govern the practice of beauty culture in your state. Twenty-two states now have such regulations. They are Arizona, Arkansas, California, Connecticut, Idaho, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin and Missouri.

When you have learned what the requirements of your state are, then look about for a school of beauty culture. Check the opportunities it affords against the state requirements. Visit the school, attend some of the classes, meet the instructors, and when one measures up to the state requirements and your personal ones, enroll.

The Beauty Shop

PERSONS living in states that exercise no jurisdiction over the practice of beauty culture can secure assistance in selecting a good school by calling upon the owner of the best beauty shop in their city. Usually she will gladly advise as to which schools give the best instruction, and as she may be your future employer, her advice is well worth while.

If you expect to have your own shop, you should take a complete course in beauty culture. If such an ambition is not soon to be realized, you may specialize in whatever branch of the work is most appealing to you, and go back later for more complete instruction.

The usual course of instruction costs from $150 to $250 and requires about a thousand hours—four to six months. Many schools have evening classes and thereby enable those who work during the day to prepare themselves for their new profession simultaneously.

Equipped with the necessary credentials for practice, the wisest thing to do is to get a position with the best beauty shop you know. Far better to be a mere apprentice in a well-run shop than an important operator in a second or third rate one.

The usual salary of an apprentice is from fifteen to twenty dollars a week in a city, and from ten to fifteen dollars in smaller towns. Commissions and bonuses are usually given on the sale of preparations. Tips cannot be counted upon until you have established your own following. In six months you should be able to acquire the nucleus of a dependable clientele. It is not unusual for an operator of average ability with an average following to make forty dollars a week. Those employed in the more important

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"PLEASE, REBECCA, DON'T SLIDE DOWN. . . ." "SAM, I JUST HAVE TO, LIKE I USED TO WHEN I WAS A KID"

Canyon Walls

By ZANE GREY

Illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover

RECENT escapades, owing to bad company and a bottle, make it prudent for Monty Mason, Arizona cowboy, to seek a change of scene. He nears the Utah line and is undecided whether to ride on to Kanab in the chance of getting a job of one of the big cattle companies or to find a hiding place on one of the small canyon ranches nearer at hand. He determines on the latter course, and zigzagging down from the rim he finally reaches Canyon Walls Ranch, with its verdant fields and fertile acres, just inside the Arizona line.

Here live the Widow Keetch and her beautiful daughter, Rebecca, who run the ranch as best they can with such occasional help as they can get. Monty strikes the widow for a job for his board and keep and is hired on the spot, even though she shrewdly guesses that he is in trouble. She sizes him up, however, as a thoughtless boy who is not bad at heart, and as Sam Hill, rather than Monty Mason, the cowboy pitches into his new responsibilities with a will. Within a year he has doubled the ranch's tillable acreage and increased immeasurably its market value. The widow is ready to talk of a partnership, but Monty puts her off.

Rebecca treats Monty as a small hired boy, and he is content with this valuation. The cowboy has fallen for the girl's charms, but he makes every effort to conceal his infatuation. Rebecca wants to go to Salt Lake on a shopping trip, but the widow refuses her consent. Monty backs her up in her refusal, but offers to take Rebecca to Kanab. The widow is perturbed by Rebecca's attitude toward Monty, but nevertheless plans for the trip go ahead.

III.

MONTY had his doubts about the venture to which he had committed himself. But he undertook it willingly enough, because Mrs. Keetch was tremendously pleased and relieved. She evidently feared this high-spirited girl. As it chanced, however, Rebecca rode to Kanab with the Tylers, with the understanding that she would return on Monty's wagon.

The drive took Monty all day and there was a good deal of upgrade. He did not believe he could make the thirty miles back in daylight hours unless he got a very early start. And he just about knew he never could get Rebecca Keetch to leave Kanab before dawn. Still, the whole prospect was one of adventure, and much of Monty's old devil-may-care spirit seemed roused to meet it.

He camped on the edge of town, and next morning drove in and left the old wagon at a blacksmith shop for repairs. The four horses were turned into pasture. Then Monty went about executing Mrs. Keetch's instructions, which had to do with engaging helpers and making numerous purchases. That evening saw a big, new, shiny wagon at the blacksmith shop, packed full of flour, grain, hardware, supplies, harness, and what not. The genial storekeeper who waited upon Monty averred that Mrs. Keetch must have had her inheritance returned to her.

Monty ran into Rebecca almost every time he entered a store. She spent all the money she had saved up, and all her mother had given her and she borrowed the last few dollars he had.

"Shore, you're welcome," said Monty, in reply to her thanks. "But ain't you losin' your haid?"

"Well, so long's I don't lose it over you, what do you care?" she retorted gayly, with a return of that dark glance which had mystified him.

Monty replied that her mother had expressly forbidden her to go into debt.

"Don't you try to boss me, Sam Hill," she warned, but she was still too happy to be angry.

"Rebecca, I don't care two bits what you do," said Monty shortly.

"Oh, don't you? Thanks. You always flattered me," she returned mockingly.

It struck Monty then that she undoubtedly must know something about him or about herself which he did not share.

"We'll be leavin' before sunup," he added briefly. "You'd better let me have all your bundles, so I can take them out to the wagon an' pack them tonight."

REBECCA demurred, but would not give a reason, which must have been that she wanted to gloat over her purchases. Monty finally prevailed upon her; and it took two trips for him and a boy he had hired, to carry the stuff out to the blacksmith's.

"Lord, if it should rain!" ejaculated Monty, happening to think that he had no extra tarpaulin. So he went back to the store and got one, and hid it, with the purpose of having fun with Rebecca in case a storm threatened.

After supper Rebecca drove out to Monty's camp with some friends.

"I don't like this. You should have gone to the inn," she said loftily.

"Wal, I'm used to campin'," he drawled.

"Sam, they're giving a dance for me tonight," announced Rebecca.

"Fine. Then you needn't go to bed a-tall, an' we can get an early start."

The young people with Rebecca shouted with laughter, and she looked dubious. "Can't we stay over another day?"

"I should smile we cain't," retorted Monty with unusual force. "An' if we don't get an early start we'll never reach home tomorrow. So you jest come along heah, young lady, aboot four o'clock."

"In the morning?"

"In the mawnin'. I'll have some breakfast fer you."

It was noticeable that Rebecca made no rash promises. Monty rather wanted to give in to her—she was so happy and gay—but he remembered his obligations to Mrs. Keetch and remained firm.

As they drove off, Monty's sharp ears caught Rebecca complaining —— "and I can't do a solitary thing with that Arizona cow-puncher."

This rather pleased Monty, as it gave him distinction and was proof that he had not yet betrayed himself to Rebecca. He would proceed on these lines.

That night he did a remarkable thing, for him. He found out where the dance was being held and peeped through a window to see Rebecca in her glory. He did not miss, however, the fact that she did not outshine several other young women there. Monty stifled a yearning that had not bothered him for a long time. "Dog-gone it! I ain't no old guffer. I could dance the socks off some of them people." He became aware presently that between dances the young men came outdoors and indulged in fist fights. He could not see any reason for these encounters, and it amused him. "Gosh, I wonder if thet is jest a habit with these *hombres*. Fact is, though, there's shore not enough girls to go round. . . . Holy mackerel, how I'd like to have my old dancin' pards heah! Wouldn't we wade through thet corral? . . . I wonder what's become of Slim an' Cuppy, an' if they ever think of me. Dog-gone!"

MONTY sighed and returned to camp. He was up before daylight, but not in any rush. He had a premonition what to expect. Day broke and the sun tipped the low desert in the east, while Monty leisurely got breakfast. He kept an eye on the lookout for Rebecca. The new boy, Jake, arrived with shiny face, and later one of the men engaged by Mrs. Keetch. Monty had the two teams fetched in from pasture and hitched up. It was just as well that he had to wait for Rebecca, because the new harness did not fit and required skilled adjustment, but he was not going to tell her that. The longer she made him wait the longer would be the scolding she would get.

About nine o'clock she arrived in a very much overloaded buckboard, gay of attire and face, and so happy that Monty,

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VERMONT IS A TRUE JAPANESE INCURVED TYPE

Chrysanthemums

Photographed in Natural Color

THERE is a chrysanthemum for every purpose. The species is one of the most numerous in the plant world, and the color range is second to none. These lovely "mums" were photographed in natural color at the Missouri Botanical Garden last season especially for you. They bring the romance of the Orient to your home!

THE chrysanthemum of today is proof of the ingenuity and persistence of the plant hybridist in China, Japan, France, England and the United States. All its complex and lovely forms, its nearly infinite range of color, have been developed from daisylike flowers which bloomed in China before the dawn of the Christian era. From these two undistinguished varieties of the field, *Chrysanthemum indicum* and *C. morifolium* or *sinense*, hybridists of successive centuries derived the four hundred types which attracted as many as twenty thousand visitors to Missouri Botanical Garden between nine o'clock in the morning and five in the afternoon of a November Sunday.

Chrysanthemums have been admired for two thousand years and probably centuries longer. Although a sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum is the Japanese emblem and the flower is called "the flower of Japan," there is every indication that it was native to China and later imported to Japan, where, like the prophet in the adage, it achieved a popularity far beyond that accorded it in its own country. But it was not unnoticed by the artists and philosophers of China. It appears in Chinese histories of dates before the birth of Christ. Confucius, who is believed to have lived about 500 B.C., mentions it as the "Li-Ki," and Chinese pottery of dates as far back as 1426–1436 B.C., preserved in the British Museum, bears an exact replica of one of the early chrysanthemum forms.

Thus it seems probable that years before Confucius the uniformly yellow *C. indicum* nodded in the fields from Hong-Kong to Peking and the *C. morifolium* in Hupeh and the Luchu Archipelago, like their relatives elsewhere, the marguerite, costmary and oxeye daisy, and just as they were found growing wild at Ichang a few years ago by Mr. E. H. Wilson. Long before they were imported to Europe, they were undergoing transformations under the care of ancient Chinese gardeners, who grafted certain types and cultivated a form similar to the single-stemmed varieties which develop such huge blossoms today. They had their own names, very different from ours. A favorite sort, with petals which drooped during the day, was called The Drunken Lady.

Not until the seventeenth century of this era is there any recorded importation of the chrysanthemum to Europe. In 1688, centuries after the earliest record of the chrysanthemum in China, it was brought into Holland by Breynius, a Dantzig merchant, who gave accurate descriptions of varieties growing in Holland in his Prodromus Plantarum Rariorum, published in the following year. Some ten years later the Oriental flower reached England in the dried state.

James Cunningham, surgeon to the East India Company in Amoy, China, imported the dried flowers into England sometime between 1689 and 1703. More than half a century later, in 1764 living plants were introduced into England. They came from "Nimpu," which probably was Ningpo, China, and were cultivated by Philip Miller and in the famous Chelsea Garden in London.

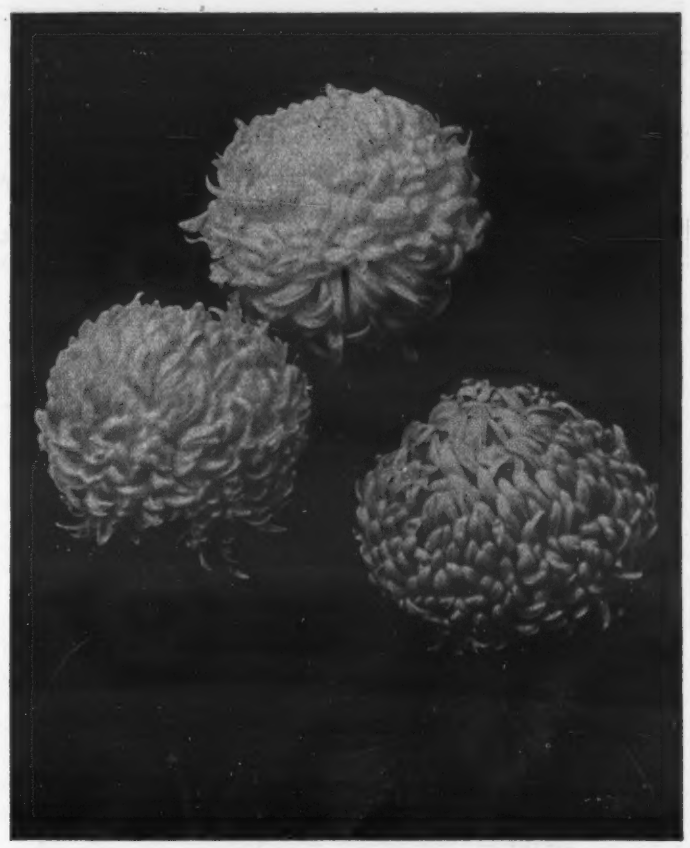
In 1789 M. Blanchard returned from China to his home in France with three varieties, described as severally white, violet and purplish. Within three years chrysanthemums bloomed in nearly every garden of Versailles, and a period of active development, which culminated in the production of seedling varieties in 1827, was under way.

Within ten years came the most notable advance of the period. For years French and English gardeners had been attempting to raise

THE TINY FLOWER IN THE LOWER RIGHT IS THE ORIGINAL CHINESE SPECIES, C. INDICUM, FROM WHICH THE LARGE EXHIBITION VARIETY, MRS. E. KERSHAW, WAS DEVELOPED

By George H. Pring

Superintendent
Missouri Botanical Garden

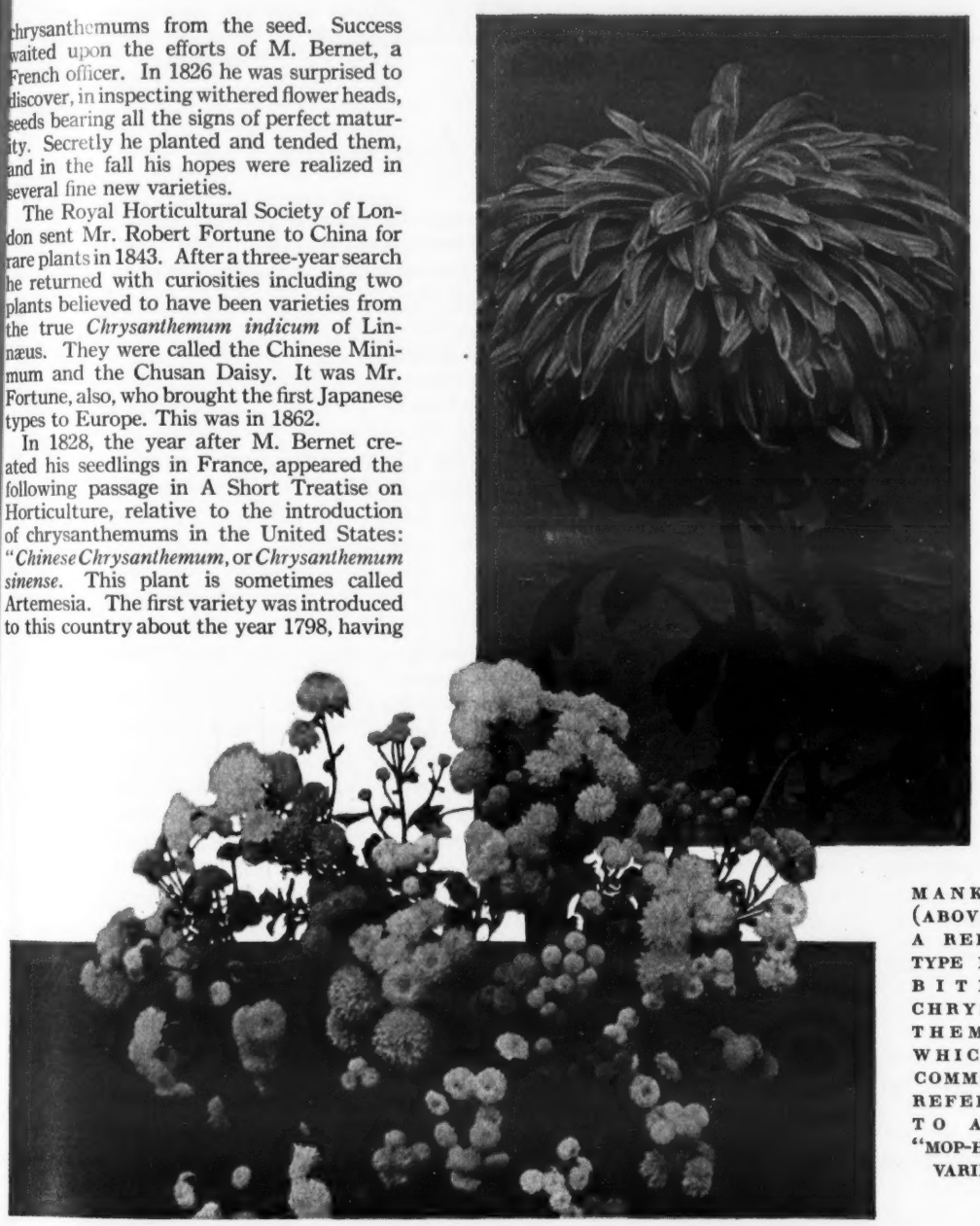


THE INCURVED TYPES ARE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL FOR COMMERCIAL USE, OWING TO THEIR SPLENDID SHIPPING QUALITIES. THE VARIETIES ABOVE ARE: LOUISE POCKETT (WHITE); HONEY DEW (YELLOW); NERISSA (MAUVE PINK)

Chrysanthemums from the seed. Success waited upon the efforts of M. Bernet, a French officer. In 1826 he was surprised to discover, in inspecting withered flower heads, seeds bearing all the signs of perfect maturity. Secretly he planted and tended them, and in the fall his hopes were realized in several fine new varieties.

The Royal Horticultural Society of London sent Mr. Robert Fortune to China for rare plants in 1843. After a three-year search he returned with curiosities including two plants believed to have been varieties from the true *Chrysanthemum indicum* of Linnæus. They were called the Chinese Minimum and the Chusan Daisy. It was Mr. Fortune, also, who brought the first Japanese types to Europe. This was in 1862.

In 1828, the year after M. Bernet created his seedlings in France, appeared the following passage in A Short Treatise on Horticulture, relative to the introduction of chrysanthemums in the United States: "*Chinese Chrysanthemum*, or *Chrysanthemum sinense*. This plant is sometimes called Artemesia. The first variety was introduced to this country about the year 1798, having been carried from China to Europe in 1790. This was the Dark Purple, and was imported by John Stevens, Esq., of Hoboken, N. J."



A COLLECTION OF POMPONS. THE POMPONS ARE VERY POPULAR FOR GARDEN CULTURE AND COME IN ALL COLORS. THEY ORIGINATED IN FRANCE

MANKATO (ABOVE) IS A REFLEX TYPE EXHIBITION CHRYSANTHEMUM, WHICH IS COMMONLY REFERRED TO AS A "MOP-HEAD" VARIETY

ILLUSTRATING (BELOW) HOW CHRYSANTHEMUMS MAY BE USED IN HANGING BASKETS. ANNA, THE VARIETY SHOWN, IS A SINGLE POSSESSING PENDENT GROWTHS

AT LEFT—A COLLECTION OF CHRYSANTHEMUMS OF ALL TYPES DISPLAYED IN A JAPANESE SETTING AT THE MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN EXHIBITION IN 1929

A year after publication of the "short treatise" with the long descriptive title, when the famous Massachusetts Horticultural Society was incorporated, interest in the chrysanthemum was great. Certainly some eighteen varieties were recognized, and the popularity of the flower steadily increased from that time forward. Dr. H. P. Walcott, of Cambridge, is usually credited with producing the first seedlings in this country, as antedating John Thorpe, of Long Island, by three or four years, but on November 16, 1841—probably thirty-five years before Doctor Walcott was successful—the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society awarded a prize for the best American seedling to Robert Kilvington, of Philadelphia, for his new chrysanthemum, the William Penn.

Not until 1850 did Western horticulturists turn to the chrysanthemum. Prior to that time it was not regarded as a greenhouse plant and was grown almost exclusively in gardens, in regions where the fall season was favorable to it. In 1833 Mr. Samuel Brookes, of London, settled in Chicago. He soon became interested in the "old autumnal favorites" of the

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Other articles on Gardens are on pages 167 to 170.

Ladies' Home
JOURNAL
Loring A. Schuler
Editor

Women Before the Law

AN OLD legal joke was to the effect that "man and woman are one, and man is the one." The old common law, that venerated repository of "rights" upon which all good Englishmen have ever prided themselves, bristled with such quaint, even cruel, absurdities.

Common law arose through the Englishman's desire to protect his property and himself. Statute law has arisen entirely through the necessity of covering some situation the common law failed to provide for. And it has been through this loophole that the legal status of woman has been viewed. She had scant rights under the common law, and as a married woman she may be said to have had none whatsoever.

The struggle of women for legal recognition has been a long, laborious effort that has even yet not resulted in complete emancipation. The National League of Women Voters has recently published a survey of the legal status of women in the United States which enumerates the progress that has been made.

Women now have an absolute right of contract, as if unmarried, in twenty-three states. In six additional states woman has full capacity to contract, except that she cannot convey real estate unless her husband joins in the conveyance. In four other states she has full rights except that the husband must join in the conveyance of the homestead. Three other states give her the absolute right of contract only in regard to her own estate.

In thirty-one states husband and wife have an equal interest in each other's real estate. In seventeen they do not. Only eight states give the wife any share in property acquired by their joint efforts after marriage, but even here the effect is nullified because the husband is given control of it during his lifetime. And no state accords the wife a share in the family income except as she earns it outside the home.

In thirty-nine states the husband has no authority over the wife's separate estate, but in twenty-two states she can be made to pay for family necessities ordered by her.

Forty-two states hold that the wife owns wages earned by her outside the home. In five states the wife's earnings are deemed part of the community property and subject to the husband's control.

In thirty-one states the mother shares equally with the father in their children's earnings. In forty-five states they inherit equally property from a deceased child.

In no state is the wife entitled to determine the choice of the family home. In eight states wives may establish a separate domicile for the purpose of voting, jury service, and the like.

Common-law marriages have been abolished in sixteen states. In twenty-four states they are valid; eight do not recognize them.

Well-defined laws are in effect regulating the age at which men and women may marry without consent of parents or guardians. It is in no instance over twenty-one years, and not less than eighteen for both men and women. Where consent is obtained, boys may contract marriage as young as thirteen years of age and girls twelve years of age, although the average low point is sixteen and fourteen.

Divorce may be obtained in all states on grounds enumerated by statute, except in South Carolina. New York recognizes only infidelity as a cause.

Although grave inequalities still remain, and few states agree as a whole upon specific rights, further enlargement of the legal status of women is being made at almost each legislative assembly. And the effort will doubtless continue until women become in fact the equal of men before the law.

Home Financing

PRESIDENT HOOVER has recently announced a conference on home building and home ownership made up of informed men and women from all parts of the nation and representing the principal private agencies familiar with the subject. The whole project is very near to the heart of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

It is so easy to get sentimental about the home and fireside that one may forget that far too many homes have nothing about them to arouse sentiment; they are too often just places where women drudge. And daily there are going up in this country hundreds of houses which ought to be homes but which never will be except in the purely legal sense. They are constructed as if to try men's souls. We need some practical home ideals—and ideals of home construction—to supplement the poetic and visionary ones.

In the aggregate we know a great deal about neighborhood planning, home financing and home building, but this great mass of information has never been sifted, even by a central group in the industry itself, so that abuses could be corrected, more progressive standards adopted and the whole rendered available to anyone.

Though, in Mr. Hoover's words, "the conference will deal with the whole broad question of home construction and home ownership," the emphasis will be placed upon the subject of home financing. Our credit facilities for home ownership are inadequate and inferior to our needs. The whole structure needs to be rebuilt along more adequate and economical lines. Lack of proper credit facilities, not lack of incentive, is the chief factor in preventing a more widespread acceptance of home ownership. A more scientific and nation-wide application of funds, at less cost to the owner, will go far in relieving periodic slumps in the building industry.

No conference Mr. Hoover has called can have more far-reaching effects upon industry, and the welfare of our people, than this one. Provided it does not lose sight of the important point—finance.

Thankfulness

Ecclesiasticus xliv: "Let us now praise famous men and our fathers that begot us."

THANKSGIVING DAY comes again with the question often asked: "For what am I thankful?"

Thankfulness is an attitude that comes from a reasoned consideration of our past life with its bright periods, a careful summing up of our present condition with its responsibilities, and a vision of the great opportunities for which we have been put here in this world.

As we look to the past and contemplate the present, have we ever stopped to thank God for the great and good men who have influenced the world? The power of a good life is eternal, and we give thanks for the streams of goodness flowing from great lives, as well as for the goodness of those who may be known only to ourselves—a father or mother, someone who has shown us a little of the beauty and glory of living. For the future these lives are our ideals and incentives.

We thank God for the spirit of fatherhood and motherhood, for the spirit of faithfulness between husband and wife, for the spirit of goodness in the lives of many, reflecting the spirit of Jesus.

As life is more important than words, so we thank God for a chance to emulate the great souls, that in following them we, too, may "bring forth the fruit of good living" so that someone may be thankful for us later on.

Headlines of Politics

By DAVID LAWRENCE

HARDLY anybody has a kind word to say about Congress. The favorite topic of conversation on things political is how cumbersome, long-winded, clumsy and ill-tempered is the Senate or its coördinate—the House of Representatives. And yet, if you had a friend in every congressional district and every state in the Union and you had faith in the judgment of said friend, you would find that no such unanimity of opinion prevails about any member of Congress when you reduce the question to a personal basis.

Impersonally, therefore, Congress is unpopular. Personally and concretely, the members of the national legislature are popular enough to get themselves reëlected in as great proportion as in any other legislative body in the world.

I have long felt that if more people knew the true meaning of parliamentary law and the safeguards that have been built up through it in the centuries that democratic government has been developing, there would be far less criticism of Congress. Instead there would be applause for the remarkable amount of work Congress really gets done, in spite of the fact that there are four hundred and thirty-five members of the House and ninety-six members of the Senate, a majority of whom have to agree before there can be any law-making.

Notwithstanding the fact that the public seems to have the impression that Congress talks too much and does not expedite legislation, the law courts are filled every year with suits that result from hastily made laws in which ambiguities abound. The truth of the matter is that people generally do not watch the work of Congress very closely, and bestir themselves over such major affairs as tariff and farm relief only because the headlines single them out for special attention.

This works in nicely with the American habit of thinking in slogans. Many a legislative proposal has been killed because it had a poor nickname, while many a bill has gone through because it had a popular name that fitted in the column width of the newspapers.

Two headlines have become national in meaning. "Farm Relief" is one of them and "Repeal" is the other. The newspapers already take it for granted that whenever they use the word "repeal" everybody knows the Eighteenth Amendment is meant, just as the words "dry" and "wet" have now become part of our everyday vocabulary and even distinguish the opposing factions in a political party.

Senators—Then and Now

CONGRESS is essentially political. It must be, perhaps, because every two years the entire membership of the House of Representatives and one-third of the United States Senate must go before the people and be judged.

Our forefathers had the idea that every congressional district would have a chance biennially to approve or disapprove of its representative, but that the Senate, being a more conservative body, containing elder statesmen, so to speak, would need at least two-thirds of its membership to keep things going, and thus maintain a continuity of public policy. This was possible in a measure when the United States senators were elected by state legislatures, but ever since the popular election of United States senators, through an amendment to the Federal Constitution, the senators feel they are just as close to their large constituencies, namely, their respective states, as members of the House of Representatives are to the people of their districts.

Many notable changes have occurred since the popular elections of the United States senators, and it is by no means easy to answer the numerous questions that have been raised as to whether the same caliber of individual now comes to the United States Senate under the popular-election method as did before. This much is true—various state governments are complaining that the members of Congress are much more "Federal" in their point of view than they used to be.

Governor Caulfield, of Missouri, was talking to me about this at the Conference of Governors at Salt Lake City last summer. He seemed to think the states are not adequately represented at Washington. He was speaking, of course, of the interests of state governments as contrasted with the Federal Government. President Hoover is inclined to believe that this may be one of the results of the abandonment of the system of electing United States senators by state legislatures, for, in the old days, a United States senator had to think of getting himself reëlected by a legislature which contained, as a rule, less than two hundred people, while nowadays he must go before the members of his own party in a primary election and subsequently do battle with the party opponent through the length and breadth of the whole state.

The friends of the popular-election system, of course, have their argument too—namely, that it was possible to buy a seat in the old days and that wealth had much more concentrated power in the upper house of Congress than it does today. To all of this the critics reply by pointing a finger at the various primary elections where hundreds of thousands of dollars are spent to win a seat in the United States Senate.

Certainly, the United States Senate is no longer the conservative body that it used to be, while the House of Representatives is no longer the irresponsible institution that made it necessary for the upper house constantly to correct the mistakes of the lower house.

New forms of publicity may have had more to do with the way Congress behaves than any other single factor. Or one might say the power of the headline is greater than the old-fashioned speech on the stump. The American citizen has changed his political habits in many ways. He does not attend mass meetings as frequently as in the past. He does not get feverishly excited in the middle of a campaign; in fact, he usually wishes that campaigns might be shortened to about two weeks of intensive discussion.

Throughout the year nowadays the press reports what Congress does, and every member of Congress watches jealously the dispatches about his individual activity as reflected in the home-town papers. Here and there are members of Congress whose private secretaries see to it that a constant flow of news items goes to the people back home. A member of Congress, to be sure, begins his campaign for reelection on the day after he is elected in the first instance.

Two years, after all, is a short term in which a member of Congress can hope to do anything to impress his personality on the nation, or even to aid the people of his own district. It is essential that many members of Congress be reëlected. Their experience is needed. Actually, a large number hold on to their seats. By doing so, they go up in rank and ultimately become chairmen of committees. The chairmanship of a committee in Congress means leadership and an opportunity to control legislation.

It has always been popular in Congress to lambaste wealth, big business and concentrated influence, and there have been not a few instances in which these powerful groups have arrogantly defied their opposition and brought upon themselves all sorts of criticism. Basically, however, the term "radical," as it is nowadays applied in the American Congress, refers generally to those members, irrespective of party, who not only are ready to pounce upon big business, but who spend a good deal of their time trying to throw a monkey wrench into the plans of big business to get bigger.

It would take a wise man to say that the "radicals" are 100 per cent wrong, for, looking back over the past two decades, it will be found that some of the things which were originally considered radical were ultimately adopted by the majority, including a good many so-called conservatives.

There are few, if any, major issues dominant in every debate in the present congressional campaign—that is, issues which come out of any particular piece of legislation passed or pending. Most of the Republican congressmen from Western states where there is discontent over the farm problem manage to tell their constituents of the strenuous efforts they made to find some other solution, or they are promising to support some other plan. As for the tariff, the Republican or Democratic congressman who did not vote for protection on items manufactured in his district probably did not care about reëlection.

Ready to Vote "Against Things"

THE Democratic Party has bombarded the Republicans on the tariff issue in many an election, but usually it has been coincidentally claimed that the cost of living was going up. This year, with the prices of commodities falling, that phase of the tariff has not been emphasized, but rather the Democrats have taken a leaf out of the Republican book and used an argument that comes about as near being the national issue in the present campaign as anything being mentioned on the stump—it is the theory that Republicans promised prosperity and did not keep that promise.

The politicians have come to the conclusion that the American people when unhappy usually vote "against things." This has made Republicans apprehensive, for they hold a majority of the seats in both the Senate and the House, and when the economic tide is against the Republicans they have not usually been any more successful than the Democrats in avoiding the wrath of an unemployed or unhappy population.

You may say there is no logic in this. Members of Congress will agree with you. But "bad times" and "good times" are loud phrases on the lips of campaign orators.

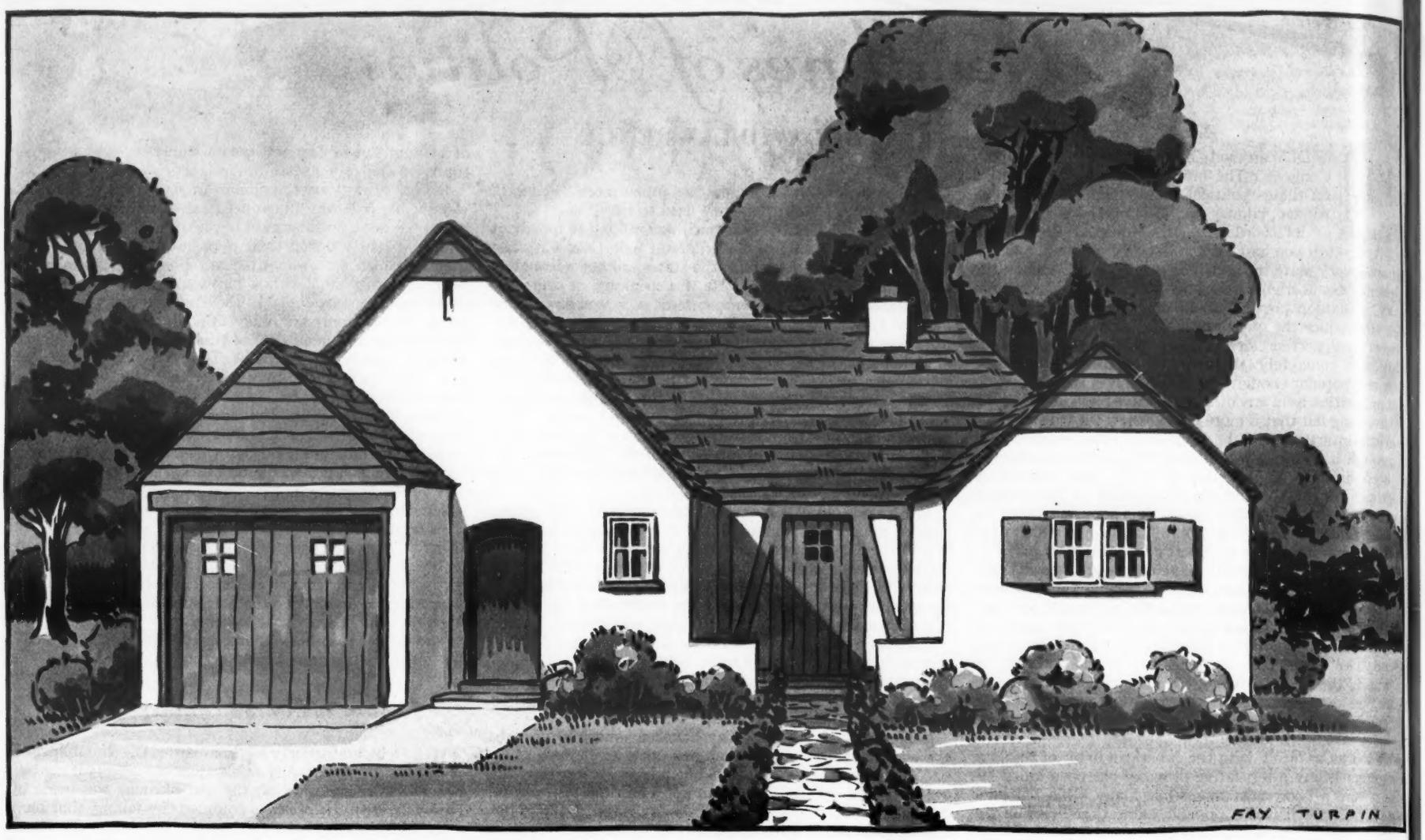
Herbert Hoover has not had any particular hold on his party in the Senate, any more than his predecessor. But both Mr. Hoover and Mr. Coolidge managed to get their legislative policies adopted or else blocked adverse legislation by having in the House of Representatives a comfortable working majority of Republicans.

Both houses have to agree before any laws can be made, so if the President controls one house, it is just as good sometimes as if he had a tight hold on both. So far as veto power is concerned, the President is in a better position to apply it if he has a working majority in one house of Congress, because it is rarely then that a two-thirds vote can be mustered to override his veto.

The congressional off-year election, as it is called, is midchannel for an administration. And while Mr. Wilson's plea for a Congress of his own party was ill-fated, and no Republican President has ventured since to ask the country to give him a Congress of his own colleagues, nevertheless it is an open secret that Mr. Hoover will sit up on election night anxiously watching returns.

SKETCH BY EARL HORTER

SENATE OFFICE BUILDING ENTRANCE



Your House Pattern is Ready

RUSSELL G. FUDGE, *Architect*

THIS is a good house to build. Letters from real-estate dealers have been received from all over the country. Small, less-expensive homes are in demand. Here are four rooms, bathroom and garage. There are ten closets. There is a place for everything. It will be a joy to keep house. When you build a larger home later on this house will sell readily.

THE small house shown on this page is the JOURNAL'S November addition to its group of Garden Homes for which there are House Patterns (trade-mark) available at one dollar each. This house is suitable for practically any climate we have. Its architecture is conservative. The floor plan is laid out along Garden Home lines. Built close to the sidewalk, with its living room and terrace shielded from street noise and confusion by two or more intervening walls, it isn't difficult to imagine the quiet and peaceful atmosphere that will result. A Garden Home just naturally adapts itself to family life. With the now-obsolete front porch, and most of the front yard, eliminated, and therefore the natural temptation for children to play dangerously near the street also eliminated, the garden side of the house is really the front. Here on the terrace and lawn, and in the garden, are safety and privacy.

Most small houses have too few closets. This usual fault has been corrected in this JOURNAL House. To begin with, in the front vestibule is a coat closet, and also another closet that might well hold, among other things, the baby carriage. How many houses have closet space for this necessary family vehicle?

Each bedroom, of course, has a good-sized closet. In the hall is a linen closet. In the bathroom is a closet for towels. A handy closet is shown in the passageway between living room and hall. Card tables, folding chairs, games and other things will find a resting place in the long, narrow closet in the living room. The side wall of this room may be paneled in wood, and the two doors shown on the plan can be almost unnoticeable by being made of the paneling wood.

Perhaps the most-used closet will be the one in the kitchen. This is a big closet, and will hold many things, from cases of canned goods, fruit, larger utensils and equipment to mops and sweepers.

No house should be built nowadays without an attached garage. By having the driveway as short as possible there is a great deal to be saved in cost. Garage doors have changed in design from the old barn-door type to quite decorative ones. With a little added expense—perhaps the amount saved by eliminating the long driveway—garage doors may be operated electrically.

The doorways between attached garages and the houses proper sometimes are necessarily located in awkward places. The architect of this JOURNAL small house, however, hit upon a happy solution. The doorway leads into a hall that connects the living room with the kitchen. Inclement weather guests may be taken into your home without having to expose themselves out-of-doors. A convenience that none will underestimate.

There is an entranceway on the front of the house direct to the kitchen. This simplifies all service deliveries. The usual back-porch clutter of unnecessary features is entirely eliminated. Garbage and trash may be consumed in an incinerator in the basement. An outside bulkhead cellarway may be built as part of the house, or ashes and other material to be carted away may be put through a cellar window and then carried to the ash truck at the curb.

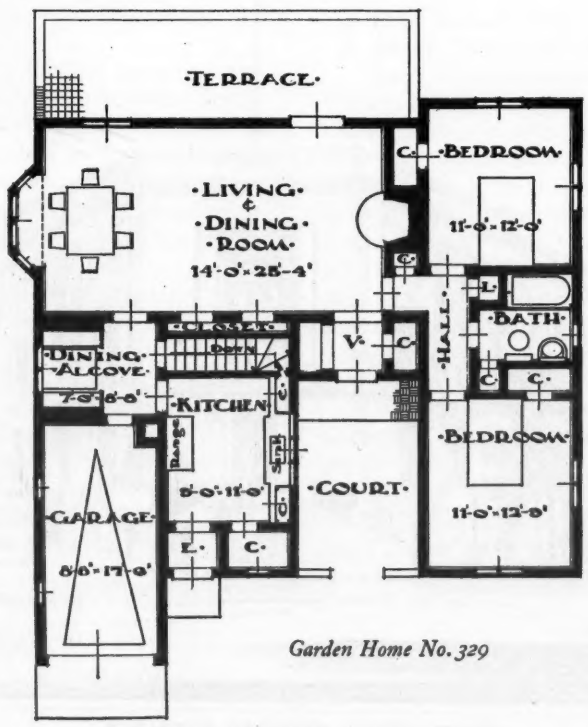
In addition to the house offered this month, the JOURNAL has twenty-five or more other houses for which there are plans available in the form of House Patterns (trade-mark).

A JOURNAL House Pattern (trade-mark) is a complete architectural plan for building the house. The plans include all elevations and floor plans, drawn to the usual one-quarter-inch scale. Necessary details of moldings, cupboards and interior features are given. Several interior sketches of rooms show exactly what the interior of the house will be like when completed and furnished.

A specification outline tells how to use the various materials in the house, what materials to use, and is a guide to follow if you want a well-constructed house. Everything is included for the use of your building contractor.

The completeness of a JOURNAL House Pattern (trade-mark) will surprise you. The number of this house is 329. Send a dollar bill to the Architectural Editor, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and ask for JOURNAL House No. 329.

A House Pattern (trade-mark) Leaflet showing twenty or more houses will be mailed for four cents in stamps.



Garden Home No. 329

Other articles on Home Building are on pages 200 and 202.

Nature has poured her sunshine into this soup!

Ripened in the glorious sunshine until they are fairly bursting with luscious goodness! Those full-fleshed, juice-laden tomatoes that make the most delicious soup . . . Strained through mesh as fine as pin-points . . . to a smooth puree, further enriched with golden creamery butter and seasoned to your appetite's delight . . . by Campbell's famous French chefs . . . Enjoy this world-famous Campbell's Tomato Soup today... and often. And make daily choices from the 20 other Campbell's Soups also...a fascinating variety.

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Chicken	Pepper Pot
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Printanier
	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Vegetable
Consommé	Vegetable-Beef
Julienne	Vermicelli-Tomato

If any one should ask me
What I love a lot,
It's Campbell's when I'm hungry
And it's baby when I'm not!

MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

Variety is the Keynote in Silhouettes

By RICHARD E. MYERS
Paris Editor of the Journal

SINCE the big change in fashions, about two years ago, from short to long skirts, from low waistlines to normal ones, there has not been such an exciting group of collections as those shown in Paris this winter. In the new trends there are six or seven types, so that it is easier to select the kind that is most pleasing to the taste and most becoming to the figure.

Evening gowns portray the most marked variety. Molyneux has set the whole fashion world agog by his sudden departure in silhouette—Empire and French Revolution. There are soft bodices, belted high, and full skirts, shirred or gathered just below the belt or at intervals in the skirt. There are gracious fichus with a rose posed at the top and coats have big shoulder-drooping collars like those worn in French Revolutionary days.

J. Suzanne Talbot enriches fashions with her medieval silhouette, in robes of velvet caught with antique-silver belts, like chatelaines. Redfern is another advocate of themes from the Middle Ages, demonstrated in puff-top sleeves, panels swinging from the elbow, and long skirts with widened hemlines.

The 1830 décolleté, with its shoulder drop brought well over the arm, is another important feature. Lucien Lelong does this admirably in his exquisite evening gowns of rich, heavy, satins and velvets.

Jeanne Lanvin and Martial et Armand and Poiret foster Egyptian themes, with rather long supple body line, and full slashed skirt.

A LONG list of Paris dressmakers have gone in for the Russian theme, seen most frequently in topcoats suggesting the Cossack's, with fitted body, close fur collar and skirt very full at the sides; also in Russian blouses and tunics.

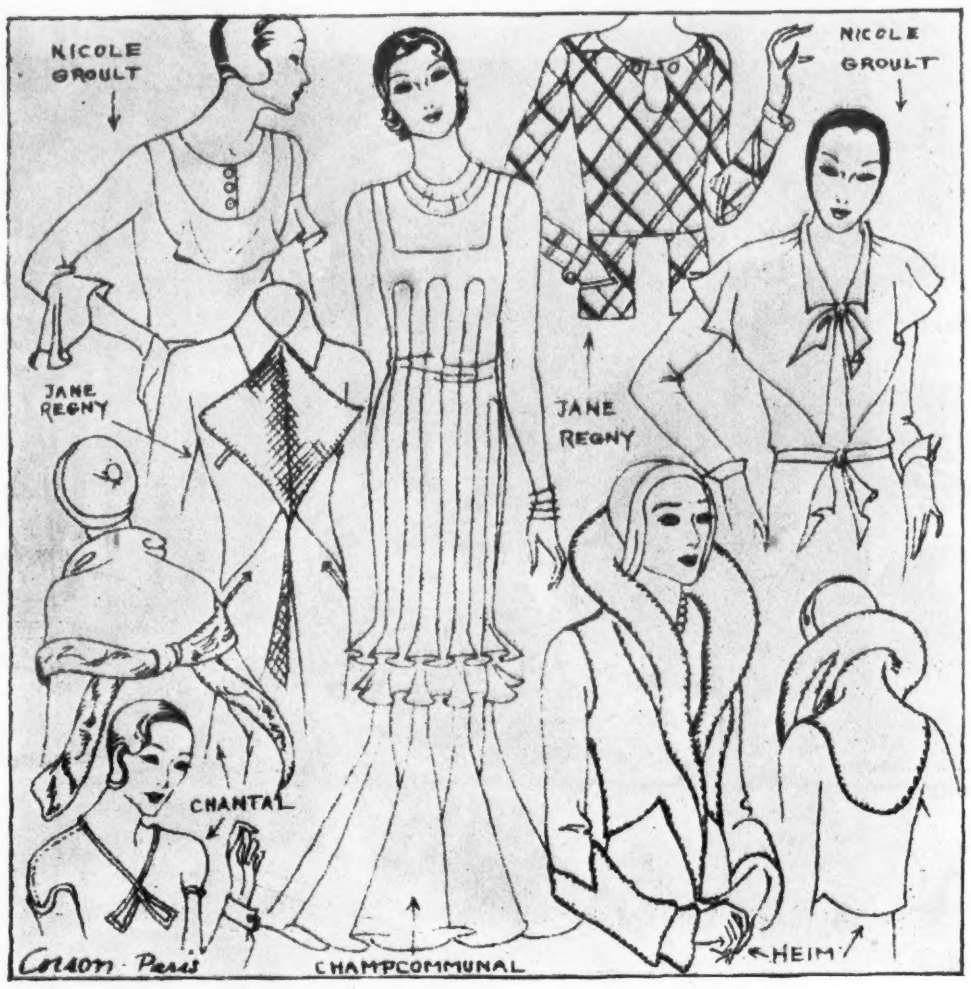
Patou—Evening décolletage, slit up the front. The same line is shown in the backs of many of Patou's new evening gowns.

J. Suzanne Talbot—Spotted black and white velvet muff to match dress. This is one of the new big barrel melon muffs which the house features.

The tunic afternoon dress is an outstanding feature for winter. Jean Patou gives a brilliant group beginning with coat-frocks on to lamé afternoon gowns made with the inner skirt in cloth or velvet to match the coat, which is lined with the brocade or lamé of the dress.

A rival to the tunic-and-peplum day mode is the straighter silhouette—straight in repose, but very often revealing sunray pleats when in motion. The *redingote* makes a play for popularity in coats, and it well deserves success, as it is graceful. Most of these are richly trimmed with fur, large collars, bands or cuffs reaching far up the arm, and sections inlaid in the skirt. Astrakhan, Persian lamb, nutria, caracul, broadtail and real seal are the most important fur trimmings.

Sleeves are the newest things in detail changes. Nearly every house in Paris shows the drop shoulder line, in wide kimono fashion, sometimes set-in, and often raglan. The cape of last summer's success has ceded its place to shoulder frills dropped over the sleeve top, in epaulet manner. Bishop sleeves appear quite often and even the big puffed sleeve coming to the elbow appears for evening. Champcommunal does this in a novel way by attaching the sleeves to a scarf and making them removable. Bias frills, bands and bows are often posed midway on the upper half of sleeves.



By Radio from Paris: Upper left—Nicole Groult's shallow collar with ruffle at sleeve elbow, a detail seen in many varieties; upper right—Nicole Groult's dropped bertha, which is highlighted this winter. Top of page—Jane Régny's Scottish plaid basque, with cutout front in peplum; second Régny figure, left center, illustrates wide coat revers and close turnover collar popular for winter. Central figure—Faille evening gown by Champcommunal, featuring stitched box pleats filled out at the bottom. Left, center—Chantal coat collar indicates fur bands used on collar and sleeves; her blouse below it, the drop shoulder line that is so important this season. The two Heim models in the right corner show varied uses of fur applied on cloth coats through the top.

Necklines are all higher. Patou is emphatic about the evening décolleté being higher in many of his new gowns. Afternoon and street dresses have much higher necklines than seen for a long time, and many blouses have high, close collars. Many woolen morning dresses have low collars close to the throat, and Worth puts military collars on his suit jackets.

Skirt lengths bring a surprise this season. For daytime they are two or three inches longer than they were last summer. This brings them fairly well over the calf of the leg. Formal afternoon gowns remain ankle length, and Molyneux advocates this same length for evening. He shows the instep and heel length too.

Waistlines give us a hint of the future. Quite a few are dropped in the back for daytime. And with many of the pullover blouses, the waist falls according to the figure.

Short fur jackets have never been so successful. They usually appear with matching woolen frocks, preferably broadcloth.

Patou prefers *pèlerines* and shows quantities of them for day wear—in cloth edged with fur. The short jackets develop the muff, which is a requisite for chic this winter. There are all shapes and sizes, in fur, velvet and cloth. Lanvin makes accordion types in cloth edged with fur. Molyneux uses black seal for a big triangular model. Lenief fashions one in the fabric of the coat. Schiaparelli does a clever thing by attaching a small muff to one sleeve. Jane Régny has another good idea—she leaves the fur cuffs on a coat loose enough for one's hands to slide into them.

The short fur jacket gives the matching view about ensembles, but this year one may have a green dress and brown coat if it is lined with green, a black coat and a red dress, or a blue coat and a brown dress. If the afternoon frock is in satin, marocain, lamé, or velvet the coat is in broadcloth, made as long as the dress. If the frock is a tunic type, the coat is two-thirds or three-quarters length. For evening the contrasting idea between wrap and gown is quite as important as for daytime. The short jacket, now replaced by the long wrap, appears only as part of the frock.

Black velvet has had unanimous votes for late afternoon and evening gowns. Dark browns of the tête de nègre, cinnamon and sandalwood tones are among the leading colors for day wear, and many houses employ them for evening gowns in lace or stiff velvet. Greens are tremendously important. There are dark bottle tones, almost black, jade and emerald shades, and for evening there are shades of pale apple green, emerald and water green as lovely as their names.

REDS are prominent for evening, in shades of ruby, geranium and cardinal red. For daytime they are more subdued with brown or purple and mauve casts. Lenief inaugurates a lovely shade of blue which is the color of ink, and in coats made of this the astrakhan trimming is dyed to match.

Plaids have more importance this year than for many a day. Jane Régny presents real Scotch tartans, in their broad patterns.

For the first time in many seasons the French dressmakers are showing quite a few beaded and embroidered evening gowns. Some of these are solid sequins in jet black, or crystal white, as featured by Chanel, and others, equally unusual, have dull black paillettes strewn over lace.

Talbot—White lace and black-velvet frock, hat, velvet gloves with lace tops.

Nicole Groult—Green velvet jacket, embroidered in gold, worn over black crêpe dress, typical casaque, with embroidery, in a Russian feeling; some are shown as the blouse of the dress. Bonnet to match.

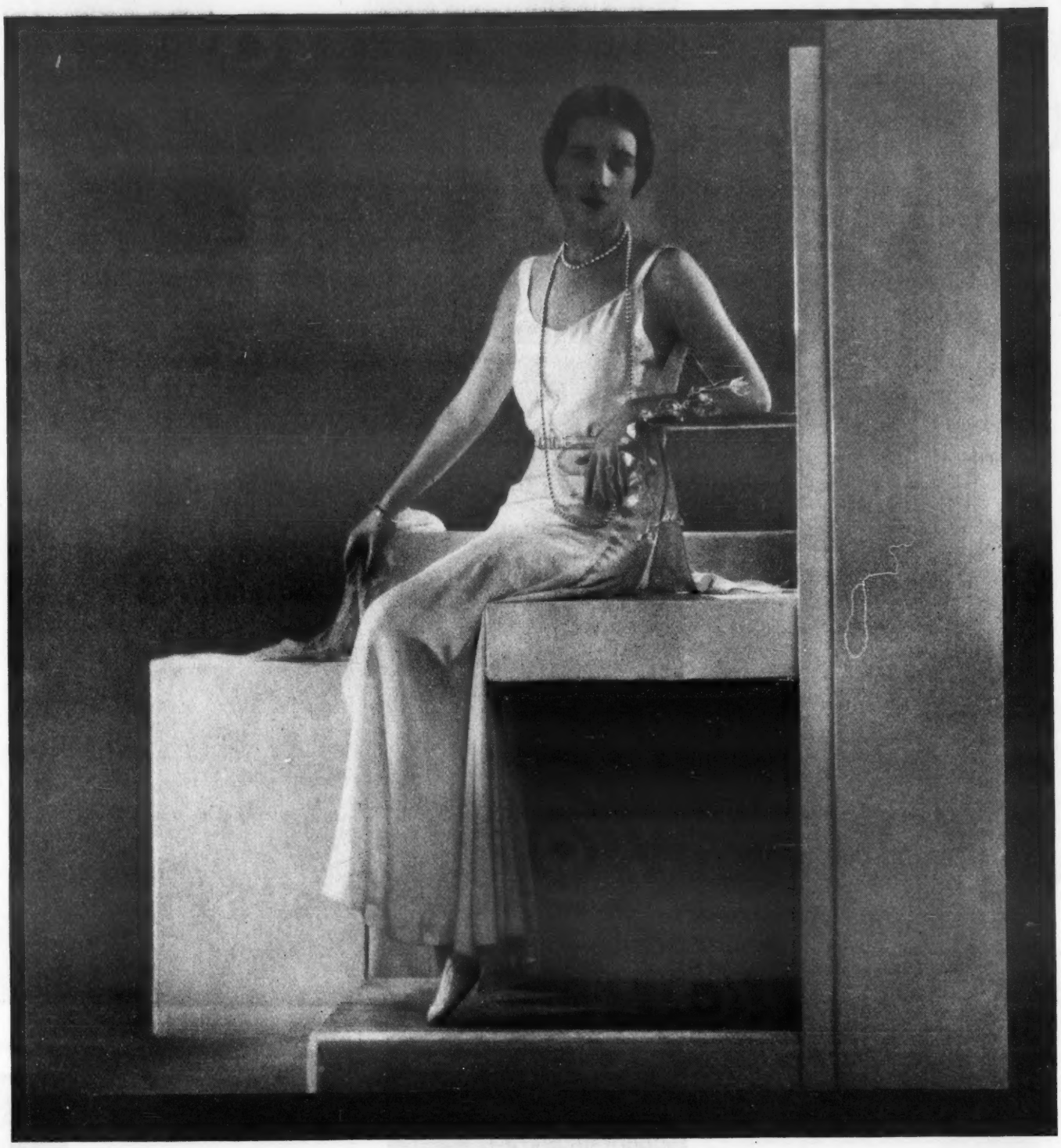
Accessories are interesting and varied. Artificial flowers are in favor again, to be worn on the collar of a fur coat, at the neckline or shoulder of the evening gown. Jewelry is both real and artificial, modern and antique. One of the newest forms is a necklace made of tubes of horsehair, twisted together and caught with clasps of pearls or rhinestones. Maggy Rouff shows jeweled clips worn in the hair. This is a fad as becoming as it is new, and presents all sorts of alluring possibilities in working out different coiffures.

Gloves remain a very important factor in completing the day or evening ensemble. Talbot innovates satin and velvet gloves for afternoon, and chiffon ones held up with a jeweled clasp for evening. Bruyere shows short evening gloves, cuffed in fur like so many of the daytime models. Lenief tops long pink suède evening gloves with a frill of horsehair appliquéd with suède and the motif outlined with strass.

Taken all in all, the winter collections are remarkably brilliant, both in inspiration and execution, and a keynote of individuality in dress is beginning to be felt throughout the houses.

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

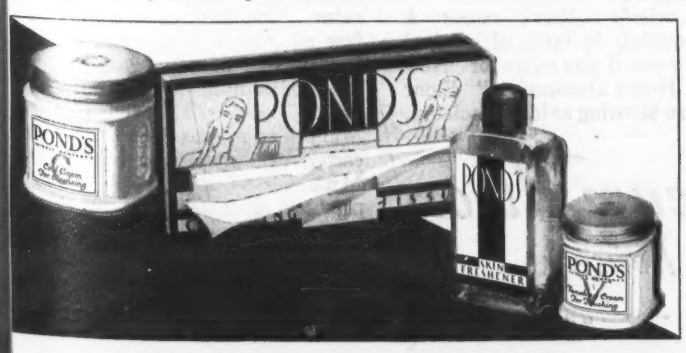
..Paris acclaims her beauty and her chic



Née Gloria Morgan and married at only eighteen to the second son of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT lived as a girl in Spain, Holland, England and France and since her husband's death has returned to make her home in Paris.

BEAUTY . . . with all the poise of a *grande dame* of the old régime . . . slim youth in subtly simple Paris frocks . . . a flower face with the serene young brow and burning dark eyes of a Spanish Madonna . . . Inevitably Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt has captivated French society!

Pearls are her chosen jewels and the gardenia her favorite flower . . . and these accent the incredible whiteness of her skin, smooth as gardenia petals, lustrous as pearls . . . its beauty due to daily care.



Exquisite women both at home and abroad entrust their skin to the sure care of Pond's four delightful preparations . . . famous Two Creams for cleansing and protection, super-absorbent Cleansing Tissues to remove cream, Skin Freshener to brace and tone.

"Even in Paris," she says, "I still use Pond's . . . for not even the beauty-wise French make anything to compare with the famous Two Creams!

"And the new Cleansing Tissues and Skin Freshener are in line with the most advanced French ideas.

"All my congratulations to Pond's!"

Follow the four steps of Pond's Method to keep your own skin smooth and clear:

During the day—first, for thorough cleansing, amply apply Pond's Cold Cream, several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, waiting to let the fine oils sink into the pores and float dirt to the surface.

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At bedtime—cleanse immaculately with Cold Cream and wipe away with Tissues.

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That Stamp of Style

. . . A trimly tailored Armstrong Floor will give it to any entrance hall

ENTRANCE halls *are* a problem! Difficult to decorate. Odd-shaped. Too large or too small. And no matter how hard you try, they never look just right when the front door-bell rings.

Here's a little hint that will help you capture—and hold—that trim, smart look of the well-appointed room. It's a hint that comes from the country's leading decorators, from the country's finer homes. *Dress up the floor*—make it a fashionable foundation for your room scheme.

This was admirably accomplished in the room you see illustrated. The old drab floor is out of sight and out of mind. Over it has been installed a modern floor of Armstrong's Linoleum. The very way this floor was laid—cut and fitted to every nook and cranny, then cemented in place over linoleum lining felt—gives it a custom-tailored look. The very original choice of colors and designs—a bright promise indeed to the woman who likes to be different—gives it the stamp of style.

This room will retain its smart and trim appearance because the Armstrong Floor will: Colors can't scuff off or fade out—they're inlaid. Nor will the surface spot and stain regardless of weather or wear. It's Accolac Processed. Wax and polish it lightly. Or, if it should need frequent washing, renew the surface occasionally with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

More trimly tailored rooms—A whole bookful, in fact, of original rooms is yours if you write for "New Ideas in Home Decoration." Floor effects now showing at local linoleum, department, and furniture stores appear in actual interiors and are discussed by Hazel Dell Brown, decorator. This book also brings you a free offer of Mrs. Brown's personal help when you decorate. Just send 10¢ to cover mailing. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 935 Mary Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Makers of cork products since 1860.

Two eyesores that formerly marred this room's beauty are now completely out of sight and out of mind. A cabinet-work cover—and the radiator became a charming console. A smart, trim effect in Armstrong's Linoleum—and the old floor became the keynote of the whole decorative treatment. Marble Inlaid Design 173 in main hall with feature Linostrip border. Plain linoleum in outer hall with special star Linoset.

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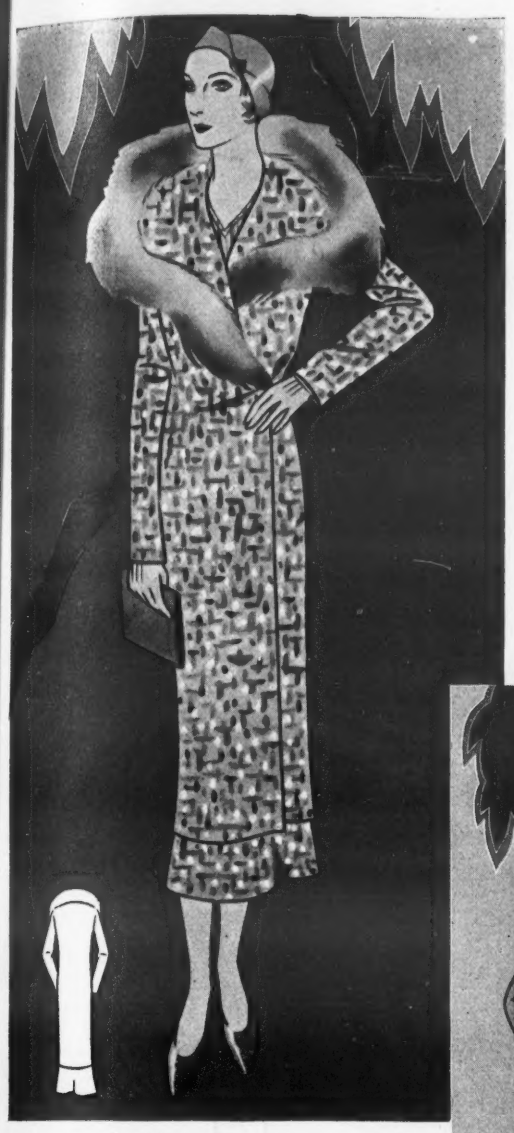
New Lines

Identify the Winter Mode

The couturiers in Paris this fall have made more slender the 1930 waist, by emphasizing such clever details as broad collar revers, interesting beltlines and sleeve fullness. They have accustomed our eyes to skirts longer in proportion to bodices, by intricacies of cut and new applications of fullness. The designs on this page form significant illustrations of this ingenuity.

Lanvin—No. 1562. "Hamlet," a street coat, is slightly fitted and belted at the waistline and subtly flared at the hem; it has stitched belt, flaring fur collar, and mousquetaire cuffs. Crêpe broadcloth or wool velours might be used. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.



Schiaparelli—1554

Schiaparelli—1555 *Lanvin—1562* *Philippe et Gaston—1556*

Schiaparelli—1553

Schiaparelli 1554

Schiaparelli—No. 1555. Tailored street dress with its shoulder yoke becoming a plastron in front. The skirt has a clever heading above the normal belt, and wide box pleats. The original sheer gray-and-white tweed might be substituted by wool crêpe and striped jersey. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

Philippe et Gaston—No. 1556. Luncheon or informal bridge frock with a notched collar and flared cuffs, soft bow tie and circular side panels, set higher at right of skirt. The original is of deep brown crêpe with a tiny crossbar weave; marocain or flat crêpe might be used as well. Designed for ages 13 to 17.

Schiaparelli 1553

Schiaparelli—No. 1554. A three-piece costume, of which the coat, with its wide fur-bordered revers, might be used in its full-length version, as a separate coat. Skirt has a tucked flounce for fullness. The tucked blouse with simple V neck has scalloped turn-back cuffs. Schiaparelli used her favorite color for the original, a "rag-rug" tweed, in gray, black and white; any loosely woven tweed, either monotone, two-toned, or multicolor, could be used. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Schiaparelli—No. 1553. A three-piece suit with a three-quarters-length coat, the scarf of which becomes one of the new fabric muffs; the raglan sleeves are cut in one with the yoke across the back. The wrap-around skirt is cut below the blouse in front, and it buttons on each side. Black, rather smooth-surfaced tweed makes the original coat, with a very curly-surfaced white tweed for collar and muff facing; the blouse is of heavy dull-surfaced white crêpe. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Coats, 75 cents; Dresses, 75 cents; Evening dresses and Ensembles, one dollar.

Philippe et Gaston—1557 *Premet—1565* *Lucile—1567* *Premet—1566* *Joseph Paquin—1572* *Lucile—1568*

Femininity Can be Infinitely Varied

Philippe et Gaston—No. 1557 "Swallow." Simple in line, with circular panels on sides of skirt, sailor collar and flaring gauntlet cuffs. The original of black chiffon velvet has collar and cuffs of black and white stiffened lace; crêpe marocain or satin would be equally smart. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 38.

Premet—No. 1565 "Frivolity." Round rolled collar, with incrustation in front of blouse; five skirt insets flaring deeply at hemline; two-toned flaring cuffs. Original of purplish-blue flat crêpe, white for contrast; any two shades of silk crêpe or faille would be just as chic. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 38.

Lucile—No. 1567. Draped ruffle on the bodice, one-sided effect, in soft jabot; the diagonal seaming of skirt from underarm to hip is echoed in the cuffs, giving sleeve emphasis; circular skirt. Original of caramel beige georgette; a crêpe Elizabeth or romain could be used. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 34 to 44.

Premet—No. 1566 "Parma Violet." Round yoke, softly draped and bow; bodice develops into a deep V front and back of skirt, where the fullness is clustered. Original is of black crêpe de chine with white satin collar; contrasting crêpes would be smart. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

Joseph Paquin—No. 1572 "Melodie." Harness idea in the afternoon mode—two-tiered skirt—shaped and deep skirt yoke. Original model of black crêpe satin, turquoise for the strap jabots; any dark silk crêpe with pastel contrast would be chic. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

Lucile—No. 1568. Plastron and pleated jabot—side skirt opening—irregularly placed pleats—two-piece effect in back. Original of deep blue faille; a crêpe satin, flat crêpe, or chiffon worsted, with georgette or satin, would be equally smart. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 75 cents; Ensembles, one dollar.

Paris . . . knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

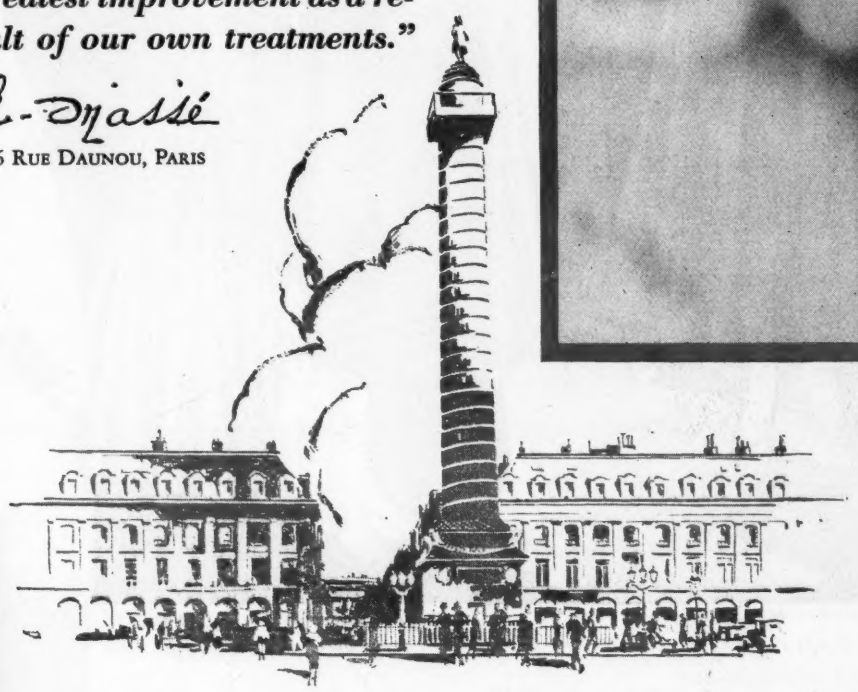
Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing . . . the treatment advised by 23,723 beauty specialists the world over.

EMILE MASSÉ, *of Paris*
beauty artist of renown, whose clients number aristocrats from all over Europe.

Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. ***"I advise all my clients,"*** **says Massé,** ***"Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments."***

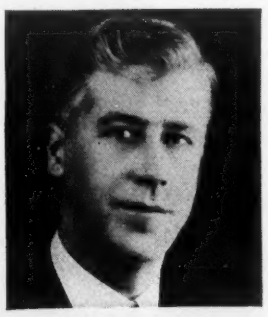
E. Massé

16 RUE DAUNOU, PARIS



The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.

In the beautiful environment of the Place Vendome, Massé maintains his famous salon de beauté. To his establishment come Parisian women of distinction for beauty counsel and for treatments.



PEZZA, *of Naples*
says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.

ECHTEN, *of Budapest*
who advises two daily cleansings with a lather of Palmolive Soap.

JACOBSON, *of London*
urges clients to use only soap made of olive and palm oils —and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.

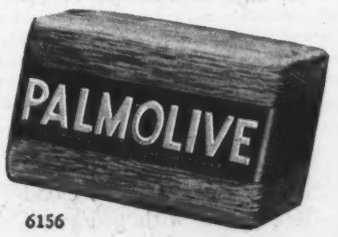
MASSÉ . . . the famous Massé . . . and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter . . . has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens.

Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does. Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion." First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. The popularity of this daily home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are —all told—23,723 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.



6156

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Charm and Dignity in Slenderizing Lines

Premet
1564

Jenny
1561

Paul Poiret
1563

Drecoll-Beer
1559

Premet—No. 1564. "Lost Paradise," one of the smartest versions of the long evening coat, flares gracefully in a deep point at the hem. Original blue and silver lamé, but straight-pile or chiffon velvet would be charming. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

Jenny—No. 1561. "Cortège." Formal afternoon or informal dinner frock with its wide flattering revers repeated in back. The original model is of satin and blond lace edged with georgette, but crêpe Elizabeth or crêpe satin could be used. Designed for sizes 36 to 44.

Paul Poiret—No. 1563. One of the new "short-and-long" evening coats, snug-fitting above the hips and flaring below. It is short in front, dipping to the floor in back in two fishtail points with either snug-fitting sleeves flared at the elbow, or wide loose ones. The original coat is of black satin, but a lamé damask, or one of the chiffon or straight-pile velvets in any becoming color might be substituted. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 46.

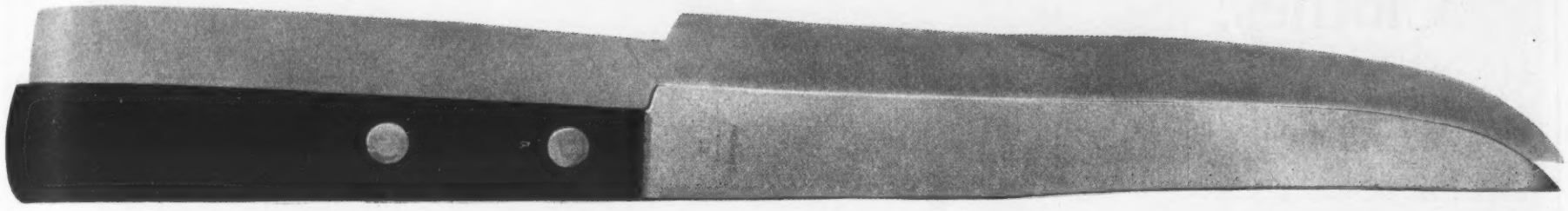
Drecoll-Beer—No. 1559. "Pour diner," with capelet bertha, narrow belt, snug-fitting hips and flares set into the skirt at the knees. The original is of raspberry-colored lace, but it would be charming of lamé or metalized chiffon. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

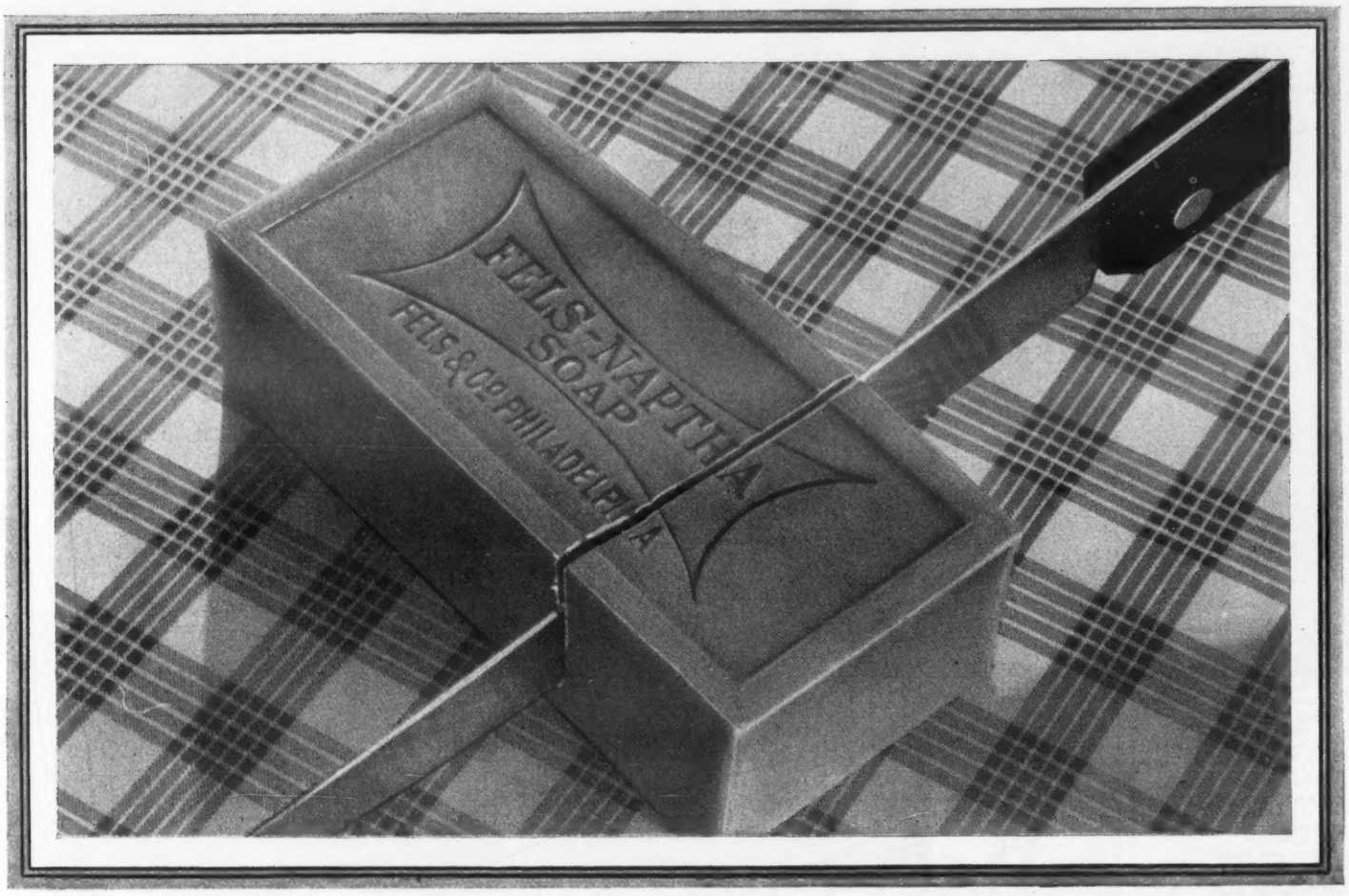
Joseph Paquin—No. 1571. Three inset bands fitted at the left hip give one-sided emphasis to the skirt and hang loosely below the knees. Originally of white crêpe romain, dull-surfaced satin or crêpe might well be substituted. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and for sizes 34 to 44.

Joseph Paquin
1571

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses, 75 cents; Evening Dresses, Coats and Ensembles, one dollar.

WHAT A KITCHEN KNIFE CAN TELL YOU ABOUT WASHDAY





A KITCHEN KNIFE and easier washdays! They may seem miles apart. And yet . . .

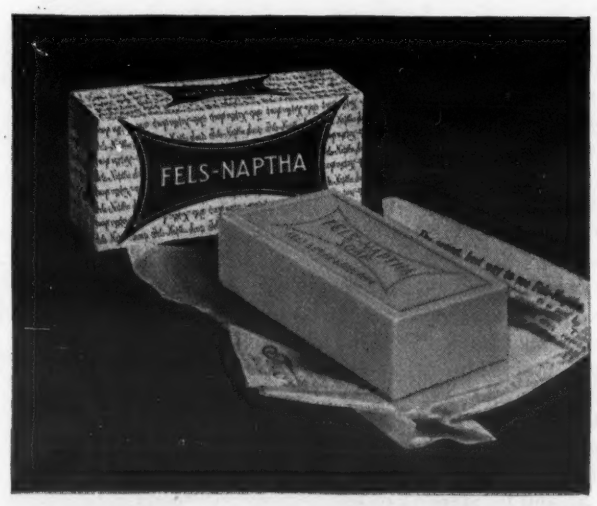
Unwrap a bar of Fels-Naptha and cut into it. As the blade eases through the big, generous bar, what do you see? . . . from top to bottom a smooth, velvety texture that plainly says, "This is unusually good soap!" But don't stop here, for the best is yet to come.

Hold this soap up to your nose and sniff. Naptha! You can smell it. Plenty of it *all through the bar.* Naptha, you know, is an unusual dirt-loosener. It is combined with the good golden soap by a special process that keeps it there, on the job to the last thin sliver.

So every time you use Fels-Naptha, you get the help of two safe, active cleaners instead of one. Plentiful naptha working hand-in-hand with good golden soap. Briskly, busily, this sturdy pair loosens the most stubborn dirt and washes it away without hard rubbing. And that's why millions say Fels-Naptha is the real washday bargain. It brings you not more bars, but more help. *Extra* help that saves *you!*

Next washday, use Fels-Naptha and have this *extra* help. See how much quicker and easier it makes your washing; how sweetly clean and fresh it gets your clothes. Notice, too, how gentle Fels-Naptha is to the hands. That's because it loosens dirt so quickly that you don't have to keep them in water long.

Another advantage – there's no fussing, no special directions for you to follow with Fels-Naptha. Use it *your* way. Use it in tub or washing machine. Soak your clothes with it or boil them, just as you wish. Being a soap, Fels-Naptha naturally works best in hot water. But unlike many other soaps, Fels-Naptha will turn out a sparkling wash in lukewarm or even cool water.



FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Your grocer sells Fels-Naptha. Get a few bars to-day. Or better still, ask for the convenient 10-bar carton – then you'll have *extra* help aplenty for all your washing and cleaning tasks.

SPECIAL OFFER—Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or have just now decided to try its *extra* help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha Soap into their washing machines, tubs or basins find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. Mail coupon, with a two-cent stamp enclosed to help cover postage, and we'll send you this chipper without further cost. Here's the coupon—mail it now!

© 1930, FELS & CO.

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa. L. H. J.—11-30

Please send me the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement. I enclose a two-cent stamp to help cover postage.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

The Blue Tissue Secret of Paris Clothes!

HAVE you ever wondered how some women "do it"?—How they manage to have new striking costumes for every special occasion although their purses are no deeper than your own?

Yes, there is a secret! But it is one that you, too, can share!

Simply select from these pages the famous, model dresses you would like to own. PARIS PATTERNS will bring them to you ready cut in blue tissue paper. A few yards of material, a few hours of your time—and they are complete!

If you've never tried, you don't know how easy it is to have lovely, PARIS clothes!

ASK FOR AUTHENTIC PARIS PATTERNS IN THESE STORES:

ARKANSAS
Little Rock
The M. M. Cohn Co.
CALIFORNIA
Fresno
Radin and Kamp
Hollywood
B. H. Dyas Company
Long Beach
Buffums'
Los Angeles
B. H. Dyas Company
Walker's, Inc.
San Francisco
The Emporium
The White House
COLORADO
Denver
Joslin Dry Goods Company
CONNECTICUT
Bridgeport
D. M. Read Company
Hartford
Sage-Allen & Co., Inc.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Woodward and Lothrop
GEORGIA
Atlanta
Chamberlin-Johnson-DuBose
ILLINOIS
Chicago
Boston Store
Rockford
The Charles V. Weise Co.
Springfield
R. F. Herndon Company
INDIANA
Indianapolis
L. S. Ayres and Company
IOWA
Burlington
John Boesch Co.
Des Moines
Younker Brothers
KANSAS
Topeka
Warren M. Crosby Co.
Wichita
Sanger Brothers
KENTUCKY
Louisville
Miles Silk & Dress Goods Shop, Inc.
LOUISIANA
New Orleans
D. H. Holmes Company
Shreveport
Feibleman's
MAINE
Portland
Eastman Bros. and Bancroft
MARYLAND
Baltimore
Hutzler Bros. Co.
MASSACHUSETTS
Boston
Chandler and Company
C. F. Hovey Company
R. H. Stearns Company
Thresher Brothers
R. H. White Company
Lynn
Spalding Dry Goods Co.
New Bedford
Steiger-Dudgeon Company
Springfield
Albert Steiger Company
Worcester
John C. MacInnes Co.
MICHIGAN
Detroit
Crowley, Milner and Co.
J. L. Hudson Co.
Flint
Herbert N. Bush, Inc.
Grand Rapids
Wurzburg Dry Goods Co.
Lansing
J. W. Knapp Co.
Saginaw
William Barie Dry Goods Co.
MINNESOTA
Duluth
Duluth Glass Block Store Co.
MISSOURI
Kansas City
John Taylor Dry Goods Co.
St. Louis
Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
MONTANA
Billings
D. J. Cole Co.
NEW JERSEY
Atlantic City
M. E. Blatt Company
Elizabeth
Levy Brothers
Newark
L. Bamberger & Company
Paterson
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NEW YORK
Binghamton
Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Brooklyn
The Namm Store
Buffalo
Adam, Meldrum and Anderson
Hempstead, L. I.
Franklin Shops
Jamestown
Macomber and Stuart
New York City
Lord and Taylor
R. H. Macy and Company
John Wanamaker
James A. Hearn & Son, Inc.
Rochester
Duffy-Powers Company
Troy
G. V. S. Quackenbush Co.
Utica
J. B. Wells and Son Co.
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Hess Brothers
Lancaster
Watt and Shand
Philadelphia
John Wanamaker
Gimbel Brothers
Pittsburgh
Boggs and Buhl
Joseph Horne Company
Williamsport
L. L. Stearns and Sons
TENNESSEE
Memphis
Bry-Block Mercantile Co.
Nashville
Loveman, Berger & Teitlebaum
TEXAS
Dallas
Sanger Brothers
Fort Worth
Sanger Brothers
Galveston
Eiband's
Houston
Levy Brothers Dry Goods Company
Waco
Sanger Brothers
UTAH
Salt Lake City
Auerbach Company
VIRGINIA
Danville
L. Herman
Richmond
Miller and Rhoads
WASHINGTON
Seattle
MacDougall-Southwick Co.
Spokane
Whitehouse Company
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CANADA
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Ottawa, Ontario
Bryson-Graham Ltd.
Toronto, Ontario
The T. Eaton Company
Montreal, Quebec
The T. Eaton Company

or by mail from

The Paris Pattern Company, Inc.
261 Fifth Avenue New York City

Chantal—1569 *Chantal—1570*

Philippe et Gaston—1558

Paris Details are Individual

Chantal—No. 1569. Lounging pajamas. Short and swagger bolero jacket—tab and button fastening—"gob" trousers, very full—laced at back to match bolero back—blouse in two colors with round neckline. Original of black crêpe de chine, with rose georgette blouse. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and sizes 32 to 38.

Philippe et Gaston—No. 1558. Nightgown, with incrustation forming the front—a relief from the belted types—tucks at neck and waistline, belt in back only—circular skirt. Original of georgette and lace; French voile or crêpe de chine might be equally chic. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 40.

Drecoll-Beer 1560

Chantal—No. 1570. Lounging pajamas. Hip-length jacket with shoulder yoke—very full trousers. Original of printed flowered chiffon with monotone chiffon blouse; printed satin or crêpe de chine, with a plain silk blouse, might be substituted for colder climates. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and sizes 32 to 40.

Drecoll-Beer—No. 1560. Tailored tuck-in blouse—new treatment of surplice line—sleeve emphasis in band trimming. Original of striped jersey, in yellow and grège, with chestnut-brown jersey bands; a silk or wool tweed, silk and wool faille, would be equally smart. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 34 to 44.

Patterns may be obtained from any store selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Pajamas, 75 cents; Nightgowns, 50 cents; Blouses, 50 cents; Dresses, 75 cents.

You can rely on Kotex to protect safely, comfortably, securely

This modern sanitary protection is so designed as to fit inconspicuously; it stays soft and comfortable for hours.

YOU can really enjoy travel now . . . despite circumstances that once made it trying. Your poise and self-confidence are undisturbed. And all because of the marvelous sanitary protection called Kotex.

Kotex, so cleverly shaped that it is inconspicuous under any frock—Kotex, which deodorizes safely . . . stays soft and comfortable during active hours! Modern women wonder what they ever did without it.

Many hospitals use it

Kotex, doctors will assure you, provides actual health protection. Last year hospitals alone bought 2½ million pounds of the fleecy, absorbent substance used in Kotex . . . Cellucotton — not cotton — absorbent wadding. That's enough to make 80 million sanitary pads.

This absorbent is laid in many thin, air-cooled layers which absorb moisture rapidly away from the surface . . . leaving the pad soft and delicate . . . far daintier than any ordinary sanitary protection.

True sanitary comfort

And, you see, because Kotex is actually five times as absorbent as surgical cotton, you get five times the protection with no bulk, no awkwardness. Before Kotex was invented, such comfort was undreamt of in sanitary protection. Any cotton pad requires *five times the weight* for the same amount of absorption.

Kotex is so light, so immaculate. Physicians specify it for patients because of that fact. You will like it for the same reason. It is disposable, you know, like tissue. And you can buy it anywhere. Just ask for "Kotex."

Kotex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

IN HOSPITALS

1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.

2 *Kotex is soft* . . . Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

3 *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.

4 *Deodorizes* . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

"Chipso suds stay suds" Mrs. J. D., Boston

"No hard rubbing with these rich suds" Mrs. W. H., Cleveland

"Chipso suds hold up better – in tub or machine" Mrs. G. B., St. Louis

"These thin Chipso flakes make wonderful bubbly, rich suds that practically soak my clothes clean." Mrs. R. S., Cambridge, Mass.

THE other day I got a letter which seemed to tell the whole Chipso secret in three short sentences. "Chipso gives suds like no other soap I ever tried before," wrote a new user, Mrs. J. W., of Fall River, Massachusetts. "Chipso suds last so long! I've concluded that's why I needn't rub and boil any more to get cleaner, whiter clothes . . ."

Now, Mrs. J. W. can't possibly know the scientific reason why Chipso is so much more active than other soaps. But woman-like, she puts her finger right on the *practical* reason—"Chipso suds last so long."

There are many other soaps—we've all tried them one time or another—which give a nice-looking suds and look as though they were going to do a lot of work. But—when the clothes go in, the suds thin out. When this happens, Mrs. J. W. knows, and you know, and I know, that we're going to get less help than we expected. The soap isn't *rich* enough.

But Chipso's lasting suds are another story. Here are suds you can't wear out. They last and *last.* They begin at once to loosen dirt and remove dirt, and they keep on working quickly and safely, in their active, sudsy way, until it's time to rinse.

Even now that I have my washing machine I soak my clothes first in Chipso suds for about 20 minutes (I always did it before a tub-washing and saved practically all rubbing). Now, I do my soaking right in the machine before I start the motor. I find that I run my washer only about half as long . . . and there are no stubborn dirt spots left to go over by hand.

Chipso goes farther

Chipso is a wonderful saving of work and time—and really, money, too. I've found that the 25¢ box easily does five washings for me. And careful as I am with the pennies these days, I know I can't find a thriftier soap.

But, in the end, it comes down to this! Chipso goes far because it is such a *rich* soap.

Ruth Turner

And for a speedy 1, 2, 3 dishwashing – – –

new Chipso Granules – *ready-prepared for dishes*

These new Chipso Granules—have you tried them? They're a new form of Chipso which Procter & Gamble have made especially for dishes . . . Chipso Granules have a startling new feature—they're *ready-prepared.* They're rich Chipso suds in *steam-dried form*—and they certainly make a quick 1, 2, 3 job of dishwashing.

1. You merely add hot water to a little Chipso Granules and ease your dishes into the richest dishwashing suds you ever saw.
2. A moment's soaking melts grease and stickiness.
3. A hot rinse—and you're through. No wiping unless you wish!

Chipso Granules save time so economically too! They'll do all your dishwashing for a month for 25¢. Every woman who has spoken to me about them simply glows with enthusiasm. *R. T.*

Important! Chipso–Now in 2 Forms–*Flakes* and *Granules*

Nicole Groult *Lenief, S. A.* *Molyneux*

Evening Gowns Show Charming Diversity

THIS season the Paris dressmakers have been more than usually clever in creating evening gowns; the variety of types is now many steps beyond that shown a year ago, at which time the 1929 winter openings emphasized their own variety, as compared with the standardized fashions of the decade before. This winter you can easily select a frock best adapted to your individual personality.

"ALEXANDRA," created by Nicole Groult, has a demure air about it, coupled with a certain shy charm—and evening is the time, above all others, when the modern woman may yield to such moods of dressing. The soft brown velvet, which the couturière uses for it, gives supple grace, accentuated by the irregular series of ruffles and shoulder epaulettes which are so typical of many evening gowns for this winter. The back décolleté is cut wide and square, while the front is partly concealed by a bunch of beige velvet roses; the higher front décolletage is new this winter.

"ONDINE," created by Lenief, S. A., shows the clinging sheath lines that go with the princess silhouette and belong in a formal atmosphere. The rather slanting back drape of the bodice is true to the mode as well as being true to the line which this house fosters. The long skirt touches the floor all around, sweeping out at the back and the sides. The figured lamé used to make it is composed of dull silver motifs over a dark blue ground. The ensemble idea is carried out by an accompanying coat, not shown on this page, of sapphire-blue velvet, trimmed with a huge collar of platinum fox.

MOLYNEUX indorses evening gowns of a decidedly Empire influence, interpreted in a flattering manner; his winter's collection shows a greater number than that of any other couturier. Waistlines are higher than they have been in evening gowns of this kind, and skirts are very full all around, as the model illustrated at the right. Molyneux uses a black thin transparent velvet for this charming model, and relieves the dead black by rich cream lace, which drapes in collar form in front, and extends into a capelet in back. A narrow black velvet ribbon, tied low at the back, defines the waistline. The long skirt, which will continue for evening gowns for several seasons to come—for it is undeniably one of the most femininely charming and graceful features that can be found—is made with wide scallops, barely touching the floor in front, and trailing at the back.

Exquisite Charm and Loveliness

PHOTOS. BY NICKOLAS MURAY

NEVER before have we been so tempted by leisure hours and never before have our intimate costumes been so utterly fascinating. We have seen lustrous silks and shimmering satins used for years for negligees and underthings, but this year they are more alluring than ever.

At the top of the page is a delightfully piquant hostess or lounging costume—overalls with a softly bloused top and full, swagger trousers—of chiffon velvet in a delicious shade of crushed raspberry; the jacket, with nipped-in waist and wide sleeves, is of sheer lamé, bound and tied with velvet—from Edwin L. Mayer. With it are worn lamé clogs with wooden soles—from Milgrim.

Fair-haired women in particular are their most charming selves in black, so we have photographed above a gracefully formal hostess gown of black transparent velvet trimmed with wide Alençon écru lace—from B. Cohen & Company. The sandals of black velvet and gold kid are from Milgrim.

For the more sophisticated woman there is the model of white crêpe Roma edged with silver cloth, at the right. Its neckline drapes softly and it hugs the body with a subtle flare of the silver-bordered skirt—Francis Negligee. Grecian sandals of silver lamé—from Milgrim.

And Underneath

OUR lingerie, too, reflects the softly feminine lines of our new frocks, and we find a disarming variety of styles becoming to all of us. Every woman—from sub-deb to matron—wants her clothes to express charm and personality. Today, even her lingerie is chosen for her individual type, so we have sketched on this page just a few of the lovely new underthings that we have seen this fall.

At the top of the page, at the left, is a Trillium bloomer-chemise of crêpe de chine, its brassière top trimmed with dainty featherstitching; beside it, to the right, is a chemise of indestructible voile with an incrusted lace bowknot in the front of the bodice—from S. Cohen. At the extreme right is a tailored handmade slip, close-fitting, and trimmed with fagoting—from Ruth Albert. Below it and to the left is a fascinating nightgown of indestructible French voile with its deep bertha and skirt godets of eyelet-embroidered net—Tribbé Lingerie; a fitted princess slip trimmed with Alençon lace—Iris Lingerie; a charming nightgown with its square neckline bordered with Alençon lace and embroidery—from Saab; a fitted slip with low evening back trimmed with embroidery—from Raphael Davis.

See how Super Suds goes to work below the water line in your dishpan

Photographs through glass dishpans* show what happens down where the *real* job of dishwashing is done

Slow-dissolving chips

This photograph, through a glass dishpan, using old-fashioned slow-dissolving soap, tells a different story! Look at the undissolved chips—floating around through the water. Look at the almost soapless water. Here's your explanation of slow, greasy dishwashings.

Bead soap in action

Note in this actual color photograph the rich creamy soapiness throughout every drop of water. No particles of undissolved soap floating about. That shows every bead has dissolved instantly—shows why Super Suds cuts dishwashing time in half.

PERHAPS you've been undecided as to which dishwashing soap is better. Perhaps you've said, "If I could only look *through* my dishpan . . . see how the different kinds of soap act below the surface of the water . . . down where the real job of dishwashing is done—"

Now these actual color photographs taken through glass dishpans, make this possible. They show you how dishwashing soaps work *below* the surface of the water. This is the part of dishwashing that's never seen. Yet it's the most important part. For no matter how much top suds a soap gives, it's the quick rich soapiness in the water below that keeps dishwater from getting greasy . . . speeds dishwashing.

Why speed in dissolving is so important

And only an instant dissolving soap can give you this swift helpful all-through-the-water soapiness. The camera reveals this with relentless accuracy. Notice how below the surface of the water in the chip soap pan there's inadequate soapiness. Because the soap is but half dissolved. While in the Super Suds pan . . . because every trace of soap has dissolved instantly . . . every drop of water in the pan is filled with creamy rich active soapiness.

An utterly different form of soap

Super Suds can give this instant down-to-the-bottom soapiness because it's soap in an entirely new form. It's tiny hollow beads . . . made by spraying melted soap from high steel towers. The walls of each tiny bead are 4 times thinner than the thinnest chip or flake ever made. Thus it's the first instant dissolving form of soap ever made. The first soap that cuts dishwashing time in half in these 3 important ways.

(1) *Saves waiting for suds.* No stirring . . . or heating water extra hot to dissolve soap. (2) *Washes dishes clean faster.* The rich, penetrating all-through-the-water suds wash dishes clean with lightning speed. (3) *Saves dishwiping.* Because this soap dissolves completely, every trace of it is carried away in one hot rinse. Dishes drain dry to shining cleanliness without wiping.

Get Super Suds from your grocer today. A big box costs but 10 cents. You'll enjoy its instant and complete dissolving. You'll revel in the quick rich soapiness that only Super Suds can give.

Super Suds 10¢

6124

*These tests were made under identical conditions. ⅓ oz. of Super Suds was placed in one glass dishpan. In the other, ⅓ oz. of chip soap. Equal amounts of water of the same temperature were then added to each pan. The time, from the moment the water touched the soap to the moment the photographs were taken, was the same in both cases, down to the very second.

No. 6557. For luncheon, informal afternoon, or a small bridge party. Draped neckline, pointed hip yoke, the fullness of the skirt concentrated at these points. Velvet, crêpe satin or flat crêpe would be smart and the draped neck might contrast in color. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

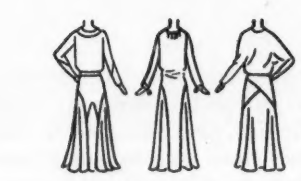
No. 6559. Luncheon or informal afternoon dress. Rolling collar, lingerie in the chemisette and jabot; skirt yoke extending into front panel; circular skirt. A canton or flat crêpe would be chic. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and sizes 32 to 44.

No. 6560. Luncheon, bridge, or informal dinner frock. Deep inset yoke in bodice, and pointed skirt yoke; pointed cuffs; circular skirt insets. It would be smart of crêpe satin or chiffon velvet. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 32 to 44.

No. 6556. Formal afternoon or informal evening frock. Draped neckline, slightly draped waist, in one with front and back skirt panels. Crêpe satin, satin or velvet would be equally charming. Designed for ages 14 to 20, and for sizes 32 to 44.

No. 6558. Afternoon, dinner, or informal evening frock. Sleeve cut in one with bodice, giving deep armhole effect; skirt yoke crossed back and front. Velvet, satin or flat crêpe would be equally smart. Designed for ages 16 to 20, and sizes 34 to 42.

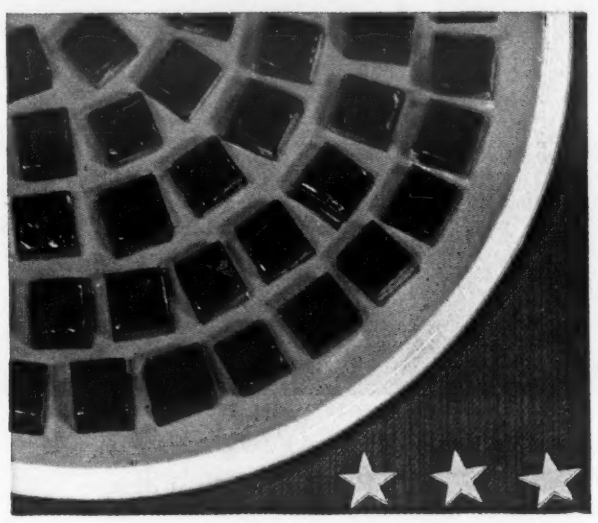
Formality For Various Hours



No. 6563. Coat for afternoon or formal wear. Definitely fitted lines; circular front inset on overlapping side; sleeve emphasis with flared upper section, fur cuff posed on this. Broadcloth or wool velvet would make it delightfully formal. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

No. 6562. For the most formal of evening hours. Draped neckline, rounded in front, deeply pointed in back; belted waistline and snug hips, the yoke deeply pointed; very full skirt. Especially chic of lamé, chiffon velvet or double georgette. Designed for ages 16 to 20, sizes 32 to 42.

this very special trio will glorify your list of celebrated chocolate recipes



OF course, you've heard your friends remark—perhaps, you, yourself, have said: "My family never seems to get enough of the taste of chocolate."

It's a fact, chocolate is America's favorite flavor. That is why you find Walter Baker's Chocolate in almost every home.

To help satisfy the wholesome longing for this royal flavor—to give good cooks yet another opportunity to display their talents—we present these *three new chocolate specialties.* A dainty éclair! A feast in chocolate caramels! A pie—but what a pie! Actually a glorified layer cake under a different name. . . .

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Since the special deliciousness of anything you make with chocolate depends so much on richness and depth of flavor—naturally, you would use only the finest unsweetened chocolate for these recipes. And as you probably know—American cooks who excel have, for generations, relied on the true-flavored purity of Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate. Mellow and creamy-smooth, Walter Baker's Premium No. 1 Chocolate imparts a goodness which has never been equalled.

Always use Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate—for it is made of the world's choicest cocoa beans, selected, sorted, roasted, and blended with the skill that 150 years have brought. Its flavor has set a standard of unapproachable excellence for generations. Your chocolate dishes are entitled to this full-bodied chocolate flavor that only Baker's Premium Chocolate . . . the finest unsweetened chocolate . . . can give.

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SILVER LAKE HOUSE CHOCOLATE CREAM PIE

1¼ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
1¼ teaspoons baking powder
3 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
½ cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add ½ cup sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add remaining sugar to eggs and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Bake in 2 greased 8-inch layer pans in moderate oven (350° F.) 20 minutes. Cool. Split each layer in half. Put together and cover top with Chocolate Frosting and Filling. (Double the recipe for three 9-inch layers.)

CHOCOLATE FROSTING AND FILLING

4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces
½ cup cold milk
2 egg yolks, well beaten
1½ cups sugar
1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Add chocolate to milk and place over low flame. Cook until mixture is smooth and blended, stirring constantly. Beat egg yolks with 3 tablespoons sugar. Add remaining sugar to chocolate mixture and cook until smooth. Add egg mixture and butter and cook 1 minute. Remove from fire. Add vanilla. Beat until thick and creamy. Spread between layers and on top of Silver Lake House Chocolate Cream Pie.

CHOCOLATE ÉCLAIRS

1 cup sifted flour
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup boiling water
3 eggs, unbeaten

Sift flour once and measure. Melt butter in water. Stir flour into steadily boiling water. Cook and stir constantly until mixture leaves sides of pan in smooth, compact mass. Turn into mixing bowl and thoroughly beat in 1 egg at a time. Force mixture through pastry bag or shape with spatula into éclairs, 4½ x 1 inches, on greased cooky sheet. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 20 minutes, then reduce heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 10 minutes longer. With sharp knife make slit in one side and insert Soft Chocolate Cream Filling. Cover with Chocolate Frosting and Filling. Makes 2 dozen éclairs.

SOFT CHOCOLATE CREAM FILLING

2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces
2 cups milk
¾ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
3½ tablespoons flour
2 eggs, slightly beaten
½ teaspoon vanilla

Add chocolate to milk and heat in double boiler. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Sift sugar, salt, and flour together; add to eggs. Pour small amount of chocolate mixture over egg mixture, stirring vigorously. Return to double boiler and cook 15 minutes, or until thickened, stirring constantly. Add vanilla. Cool. Makes 2½ cups filling.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS

1 cup sugar
¾ cup light corn syrup
¼ teaspoon salt
1½ cups cream
3 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces

Combine sugar, corn syrup, chocolate, salt, and ½ cup cream. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking until a small amount of mixture forms a soft ball in cold water (238°F.), stirring constantly. Add ½ cup cream and again cook to 238°F., stirring constantly. Add remaining ½ cup cream and cook until a small amount of mixture forms a firm ball in cold water (246° F.), stirring constantly. Remove from fire; pour into slightly buttered pan, 8 x 4 inches. Do not scrape pan. Let stand until cold. Mark with knife in ¾ inch squares, turn out on cold slab, turn right side up, and cut into squares with full length of long, sharp knife. Let stand 2 to 3 hours to dry. To pack, wrap each caramel in waxed paper. Makes 40 caramels.

All measurements are level

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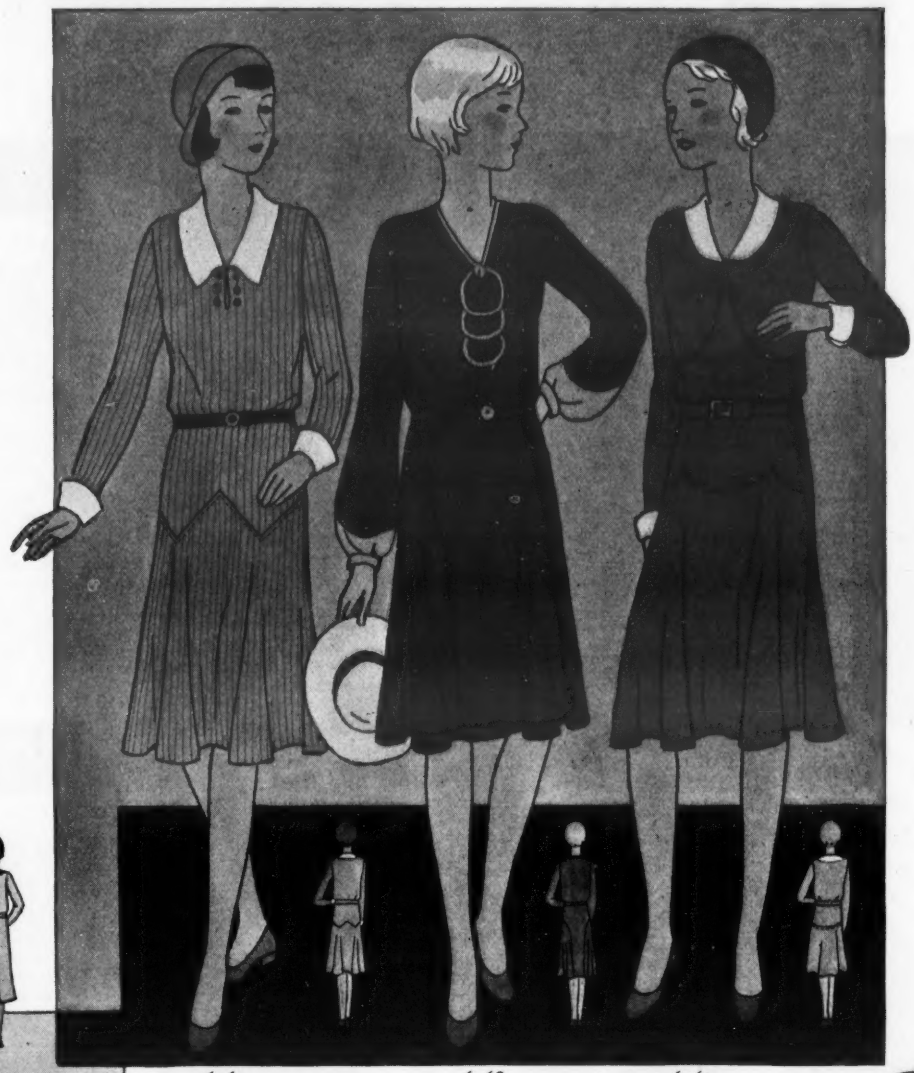
Youth Interprets Winter Fashions



6569 6568 6567

No. 6569. For school or play. Rolled collar—pointed skirt yoke—flaring cuffs, circular skirt, its fullness falling from the lower points of the yoke. Smart of cotton tweed, challis, wool crêpe or sheer tweed. Designed for ages 8 to 14.

No. 6568. School dress. Triple-tiered jabot, bishop sleeves with contrasting lower sections, side circular skirt insets. Silk and wool faille, challis, light-weight tweed, or wool crêpe or covert would be smart. Designed for ages 8 to 14.

No. 6567. School dress. Bolero line on bodice, and scalloped skirt yoke in front—both accented by stitching, round lingerie collar and cuffs, circular skirt. Chic fabrics would be cotton tweed, silk and wool faille, flannel or lightweight tweed. Designed for ages 8 to 14.

6566

No. 6566. For school. Tabs at neck, accenting bodice bolero line, at waist front and on cuffs, rounded neckline, circular skirt. Chic fabrics might be flannel, wool crêpe, monotone sheer tweed or silk tweed. Designed for ages 11 to 17.

No. 6564. Tailored school dress. Strap trimming on lower part of bodice, skirt yoke and cuffs, two side pleats on side of skirt. Materials might be heavy canton, lightweight covert, tweed or twill or silk tweed. Designed for ages 13 to 17.

No. 6565. For school or town. Round neckline and jabot, simulated high waistline through points of the circular skirt. Canton, flat crêpe, a silk and wool faille or silk tweed would be appropriate and charming. Designed for ages 13 to 17.

No. 6555. For general afternoon wear. Draped neckline, plain sleeve or with circular cuff, shaped hip yoke. Fabrics might be flat crêpe, crêpe satin, chiffon velvet, chiffon or crêpe Elizabeth. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 40.

No. 6561. For luncheon and informal afternoons. Surplice line and ruffle, pointed hip yoke, bell sleeves and tied cuffs. Chic fabrics would be velvet, flat crêpe, crêpe satin or crêpe Elizabeth. Designed for ages 14 to 20, sizes 32 to 44.

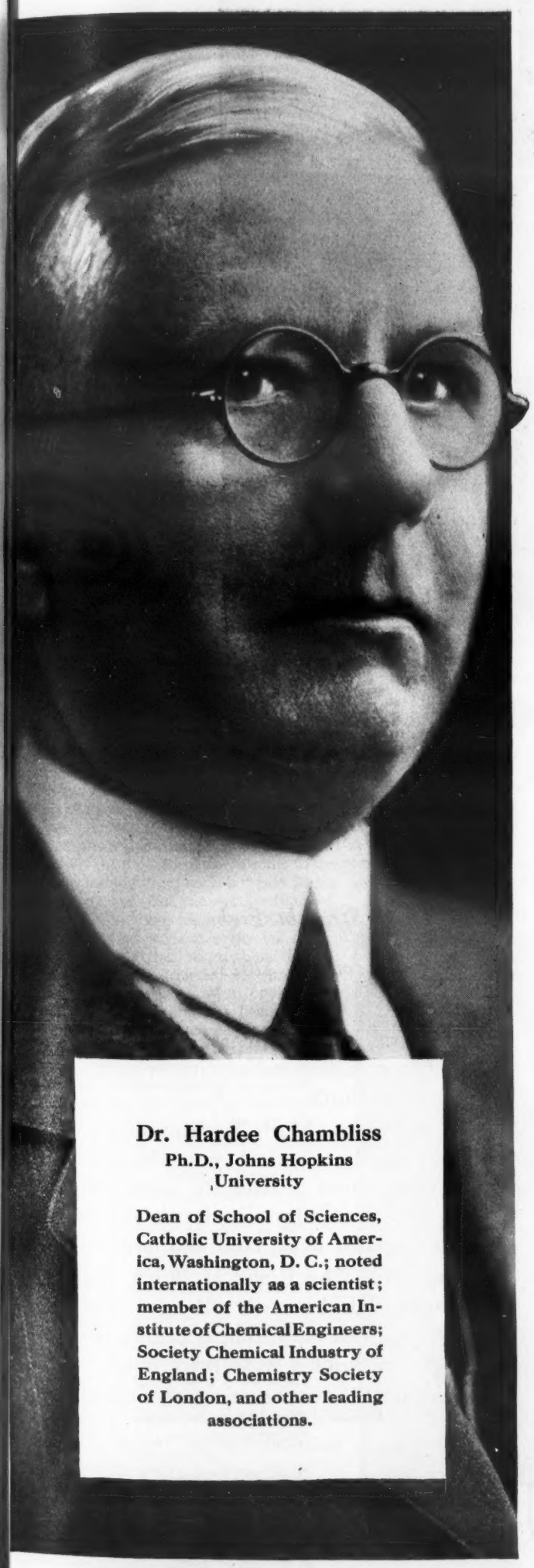
6555 6561

6564 6565

The Distinguished Scholar and Scientist . . .

Dr. Hardee Chambliss

Ph. D., Johns Hopkins University



Dr. Hardee Chambliss
Ph.D., Johns Hopkins University

Dean of School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; noted internationally as a scientist; member of the American Institute of Chemical Engineers; Society Chemical Industry of England; Chemistry Society of London, and other leading associations.

compares 33 different tooth pastes and tells why Colgate's has "greater ability"

THIRTY-THREE modern toothpastes on trial! On trial for cleansing properties, for reputed claims and actual accomplishment!

Dr. Hardee Chambliss undertook this exhaustive study—and he now proclaims Colgate's superior! His reasons? Here they are. The reasons of an eminent educator and scientist:

"Colgate's has greater ability than other dentifrices to get down into tiny crevices and fissures of the teeth, flooding away decaying particles."

Colgate's—undoubtedly because of its high standing among dentists—has been used by more people than any other dentifrice ever made.

Brush your teeth with Colgate's—to keep them *really clean.*

Agreeing with Dr. Chambliss are such eminent authorities as Doctors Shirley W. Wynne, Commissioner of Health, New York City, and H. H. Bunzell, Ph. D., University of Chicago, and others who were retained to render their expert opinions.

Dr. Chambliss says:

"I have tested and compared thirty-three different dentifrices with reference to their cleansing qualities. I find Colgate's not only cleans the surfaces safely, but also because of its very effective wetting power and low surface tension (penetrating foam) it has greater ability than other dentifrices to get down into tiny crevices and fissures of the teeth, flooding away decaying food particles. Other dentifrices, because they are sluggish, lack this power.

"Colgate's fulfills the one function of a dentifrice—to cleanse the teeth thoroughly."

Hardee Chambliss

6204

25c **This low price is made possible only because more people use Colgate's than any other dentifrice—and have for 30 years.**

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The new Valve-in-Head Straight Eight Engine performs smoothly, silently, powerfully and with that unfailing reliability which women so admire in Buick.

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See and drive The Eight as Buick Builds It. Your own delight will tell you why more women purchase new Buick Eights than any other car in Buick's wide price range.

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The Eight as BUICK *Builds It*

The Patch Box

Getting the Best From Your Cosmetics

By BARBARA STANWOOD

I HAVE frequently held forth, at the risk of becoming very boring, on the immense importance of keeping up the tone of your system as a whole in the interest of your looks, as well as the direct application of cosmetics and other preparations to your face and hair. Now there are one or two other points that I want to make, points which I hope every woman who gives time and attention to her appearance and who reads this article will take seriously to heart.

If, when you purchase some new cosmetic, you take pains to read the direction labels and any booklets which may accompany it with care, and, moreover, follow the manufacturer's directions for its use explicitly, you can skip the next few paragraphs. But from the letters which come to my desk daily I know that there are thousands of women who don't take these precautions.

The preparations offered to American women today are created and perfected by experts. We all realize that, and the letters that come to me from my readers complain of the perplexing numbers of preparations, from which it is desperately hard to choose, since they all sound so wonderful.

With so much competition, anyone who is engaged in the manufacture of cosmetics today must spare no pains to insure the success of the preparation. And obviously one of the most important ways to do this is to give purchasers the most accurate and complete advice possible on how to use the product.

Presumably you buy a certain preparation because you think it's going to help you. Give it the benefit of the doubt, then, and at least at first use it exactly as directed. In many of the preparations which we use this does amount to a precaution, and in others it is simply a question of getting our money's worth.

I DON'T in the least mean that it's not possible, and indeed desirable, to work out your own routine according to your individual requirements with the cosmetics which you purchase. But the starting point should be as the manufacturer directs, so that you can observe how the cream or lotion or whatever reacts on your skin under its most favorable conditions of use.

So many of the letters which come to me complain, for instance, that such and such a cream leaves the skin feeling hot and greasy. But the routine that is described in these letters is not the one which is advised on every jar of that cream, and the lotion which the manufacturer has designed especially to use with the cream and to obviate this hot, greasy feeling has been entirely left out. It is much better if you can't afford the time or the money for three preparations which are designed to be used in conjunction with one another to explore until you find one satisfactory preparation which is designed to be used alone. Then stick to that rather than trying to use part of a treatment with the hope and expectation of getting the results which three preparations achieve.

Not, as I say, that you can't experiment and vary yourself, once you've given the manufacturer's advice a fair trial. But let that come later, not first.

Getting away from strictly facial cosmetics and touching on one variety of the other types of preparations which are useful to all of us who care for our appearance, I find that a great many women seem to be unwilling to follow the directions given with deodorants. Quite frankly, this seems to me to be a real lack of common sense.

Just consider what a deodorant liquid does. Harmlessly (if directions are followed) and conveniently it diverts a small amount of perspiration to another surface, protecting you from annoyance and actually adding to the life of your dresses as well. But in order to do this its action must obviously be fairly strong on that limited area.

It is only reasonable, then, not to use it if the skin is broken out or tender, if you have removed the hair from the same area during the twenty-four hours just past, or if the immediate sensations of your skin when the liquid is applied indicate that your system is not in the proper condition at the moment, in which case the liquid should be diluted or removed and tried again in twenty-four hours. It is only reasonable to avoid letting it touch your clothing in any way.

All these precautions are mentioned in the directions which careful manufacturers send out with their products. Before you condemn a product as harmful or discard it as useless make sure that you have really given it a fair test.

There is another requisite of successful skin treatment at home, and I wonder very much if all of us realize its importance, for it has the homely quality of an old-fashioned virtue. Indeed, it is nothing more or less than persistency or regularity, whichever you may wish to call it.

There are a few of the treatments which we can give ourselves, such as the application of the circulation creams, which have a drastic enough effect to show really remarkable results after one application only, and are, indeed, designed to be used only once or twice a week, if as often as that. But for the most part beauty treatments must be used every day over a period of weeks in order to show results. This applies to treatments for the hair as well as for the complexion.

Make up your mind, then, when you first invest your money in this or that preparation, that you will use it as directed and that you will use it regularly. If it isn't important enough to spare it that much time and trouble, save your money, or put it into something else. In fact, reflection before you invest is an excellent rule in selecting cosmetics, and for this reason: You must know approximately how much time you can spare for home beauty treatments. The more time the better, of course; but if you are limited as to time, select a simple treatment which requires few preparations and little leisure, with the resolution that you will apply what preparations you do buy faithfully and regularly. One preparation applied regularly (if it is designed to be used alone) is better than a routine of fifty intricate steps and fascinating bottles gone through with on Monday morning and then neglected entirely until Saturday night.

PHOTO, H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

Little cotton squares are invaluable on the dressing table for applying cosmetics, and they now come attractively boxed and ready to use. Courtesy Johnson & Johnson. Eau de cologne is gratifying and refreshing at the end of a long day, and it is now available in a most convenient dressing-table-size bottle. Courtesy Dorothy Gray.

Contrary to the general opinion, it is not necessary to spend a great deal of money or time in order to give your hair and skin the proper care. There are, to be sure, innumerable degrees of elaboration in home treatments, and it is possible to buy intricate dressing-table equipment every item of which will be useful—if you have the time to use it. On the other hand, there are simple equipments comprising one to three preparations for the face, two, possibly, for the hair.

Which brings me to one of the interesting bits of news of new products which have been introduced recently. A manufacturer who has been famous for one product has lately introduced just such a simple and inexpensive trio of beauty preparations as I have been discussing. The cleansing cream, the liquid cleanser designed to use in conjunction with it, and the lubricating and nourishing cream which is the third of this attractive trio are all very reasonably priced and delightful to use. Properly combined they can be adapted to the treatment of almost any type of skin.

And since we are mentioning the inexpensive, some new powdered bath salts have been brought out in delightfully decorative cardboard boxes which make them useful to tuck away in a week-end suitcase as well as to use at home. They are available in three delicious odors which most of us are familiar with in the same manufacturer's perfume, and are very reasonable in price.

THIS department hails with delight the appearance of a dressing-table necessity which most of us have been supplying for ourselves, since it has never before been available in such attractive and convenient form. Now you can purchase at the drug store in a fascinating blue and silver box seventy-five conveniently shaped pieces (they are not quite squares) of sterilized cotton. Pulling off swabs of cotton from a long roll was never convenient—although I have urged the importance of the use of cotton frequently—but now there is no excuse for not applying make-up and all sorts of preparations this way.

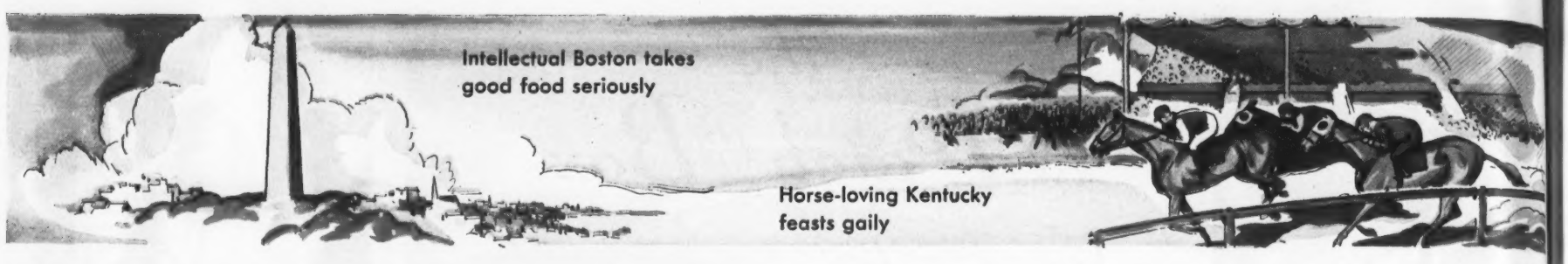
New compacts have appeared recently in a bewildering array of smartness and convenience. One very complete one, for instance, which contains both rouge and powder, has two mirrors, one of which is normal, the other magnifying, and two interchangeable lipsticks, one for evening and one for daytime use. All three cosmetics are exquisitely scented and the case itself, in silver-finished metal with touches of green, makes it a very smart accessory.

Another famous cosmetic house has put up its powder, rouge and powder, rouge and powder and lipstick in unusually chic little black and silver compacts, with unbreakable mirrors. And there is still a third new case, in silver, with a fascinating little medallion in blue to decorate it. The lines of the case were inspired by the newest of the New York skyscrapers. The cosmetics it carries are as justly famous as the compact is modern and distinguished.

A little gold-finished case with decorative green lines is certainly, though I mention it last, not least in chic; in fact, it looks as though it had been designed by a very smart jeweler. Miraculously, for it is very, very thin, it contains a famous powder, rouge and lipstick.

So many women have a hard time matching skin and powder that a brand-new idea in powder tones has been created by still another famous cosmetic house. This is a one-shade powder which may be used on any complexion, as it adapts itself to basic skin tones. And it comes in an adorable box.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Barbara Stanwood will be glad to answer any inquiries regarding care of the skin or hair. The service is confidential and no charge is made for it. Letters should be accompanied by a two-cent stamp and addressed to Miss Stanwood in care of The Patch Box, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

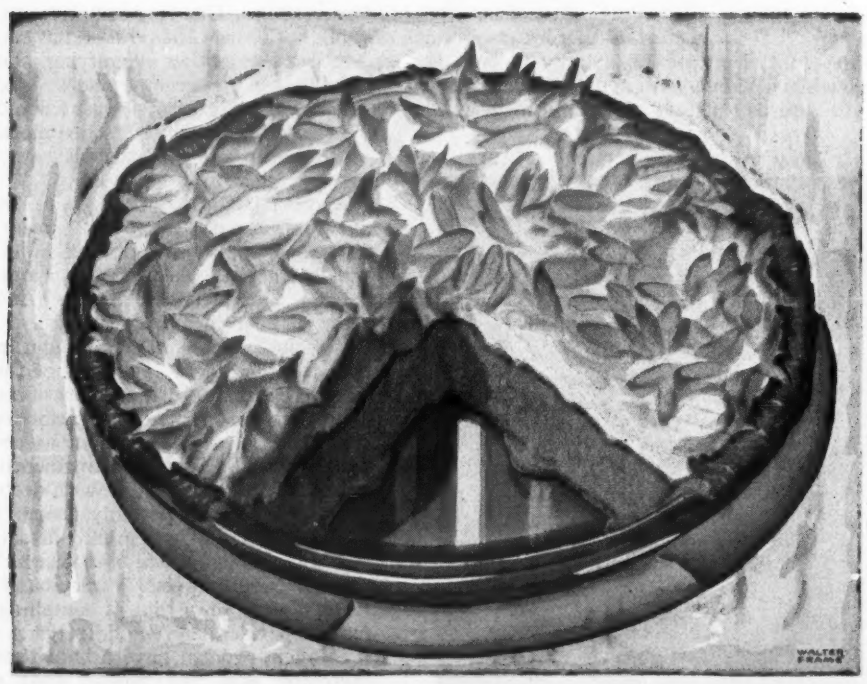


MRS. ROUND'S BOSTON CRANBERRY PIE

2 tablespoons cornstarch | 1 cup sugar | ¼ teaspoon salt | 2 cups cranberries
1¼ cups hot water | 1 cup seedless raisins | 1 tablespoon Crisco

Mix together cornstarch, sugar and salt. Add hot water and cook, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add cranberries, raisins and Crisco.

Fit pastry into pie pan as usual and brush bottom with melted Crisco. Add filling. Over the top arrange strips of pastry about ½ inch wide, criss-crossing them. Fasten the ends of the strips to the end of the bottom crust by moistening with water. Build up the outside rim with an extra strip of pastry. Bake in hot oven 450° F. for 20 minutes.



MRS. EVANS' KENTUCKY MACAROON PIE

½ cup sugar | ⅛ teaspoon salt | 2 cups milk
1 tablespoon cornstarch | 3 eggs | ½ dozen macaroons

Blend sugar, cornstarch and salt together. Stir in well-beaten yolks and milk. Cook over hot water until it is thick as cream. When it is cool, add finely rolled macaroons. Then put in baked pie-shell and bake in a moderate oven till firm. Cover with meringue (3 egg whites beaten stiff with 6 tablespoons sugar). Scatter ¼ cup blanched and shredded almonds over top of pie. Replace in slow (300° F.) oven and bring to a golden brown.

© 1930, P. & G. Co.

I have four brand-new

I've been gaily traipsing about the country this year to places where good cooking grows—from "way down East" to the Blue Grass country of Kentucky, and over to the rich plains that lie west of the Mississippi—sleuthing out new recipes for you!

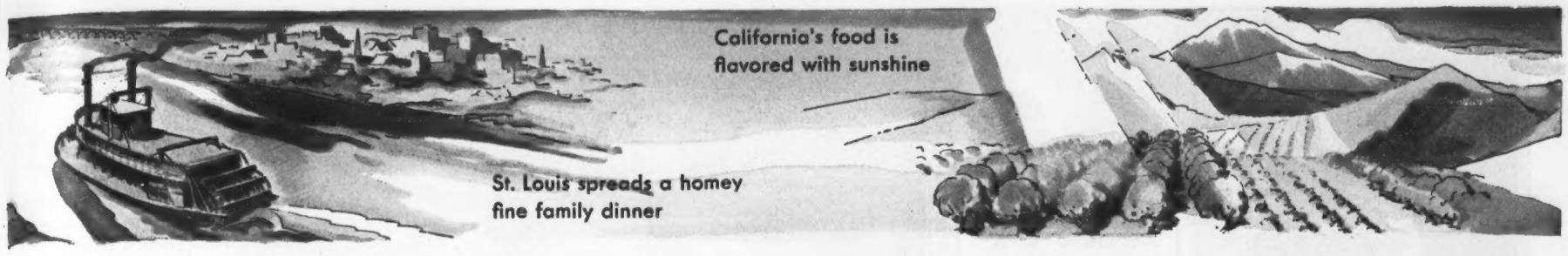
And every place the same thing has happened. Some wonderful cook has drawn me aside to tell me what tender flaky pie-crust Crisco makes—the kind of crust that makes husbands grow proud and poetic! And four women have *dis*covered four delicious new fillings—which I am *un*covering for you!

Have you ever tasted a fluffy lemon filling that takes the meringue right into its heart? Or an easy company pie that tastes delightfully fussy because it's made with macaroons? Or a pie that is an exciting mystery because it conceals in its delicious insides a glass of your good home-made jelly? Or fresh, tart cranberries combined with sugar-hearted raisins—and so good that you positively gloat over the last ruby globule?

When you try these pies, do use Crisco in the crust. I can't say this too strongly because I know a shortening, even a shade less delicate in flavor, won't give you as good results. But Crisco tastes good all by itself, so it just can't help making food taste better! You'll find that Crisco's sweet fresh flavor—as sweet and fresh as new-churned butter—will bring out all the delicacy of these unusual fillings. And it makes such a crisp, flaky crust that your family will eat up to the last golden crinkle!

Incidentally, each woman who gave me a pie recipe uses Crisco. This choice didn't *happen* to be Crisco. Choices do not "happen" to prime cooks! They *know* that snowy, fluffy

CRISCO
Taste Crisco—then any other shortening. Crisco's sweet, fresh flavor will tell you why things made with Crisco taste so much better.



uncovered pies for you!

Crisco blends in with food of the most delicate flavor. And they know Crisco is always *workable*—the same whipped cream consistency whatever the temperature of the kitchen may be! Any cook knows what an advantage this is when cutting a shortening into the flour.

You can steal a march on time!

You can put a time-saving secret in every one of these pies. And here it is! When you are making one of them, you can make and bake *extra* crusts. I always take the extra crusts out of the oven, just tinged with golden brown. Then I put these shells away until the next pie-time comes. And because Crisco keeps fresh without ice-box help, these pie-shells taste *new*-baked when I crisp them up in the oven!

My mother has her own time-saving scheme. She combines enough Crisco, flour and salt for four pie-crusts—but she only rolls out enough for one. Right now in her refrigerator, I'll warrant, is a white bowl full of dry Crisco pie-crust mixture. Any time she wants to, she can add water and roll out a pie-crust—and in 10 minutes' time she can pop an ambrosial pie into the oven!

By the way, on these trips of mine I've discovered that we home-cooks aren't the only ones who know this pie-crust secret. The best pastry chefs and bakers everywhere are using Crisco now to wrap their pies up in appetizing goodness!

And wouldn't you like my handy little cook book? It's called "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes." Just write to me for it, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XJ-110, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

FLAKIER PIE CRUST

(Makes one 2-crust or two single-crust pies)

2 cups flour ⅔ cup Crisco ¾ teaspoon salt
6 to 8 tablespoons cold water

Sift flour and salt together. Cut Crisco in well with two knives until consistency of small peas. Add only enough water to hold mixture together. Roll ⅛ inch thick on floured board.

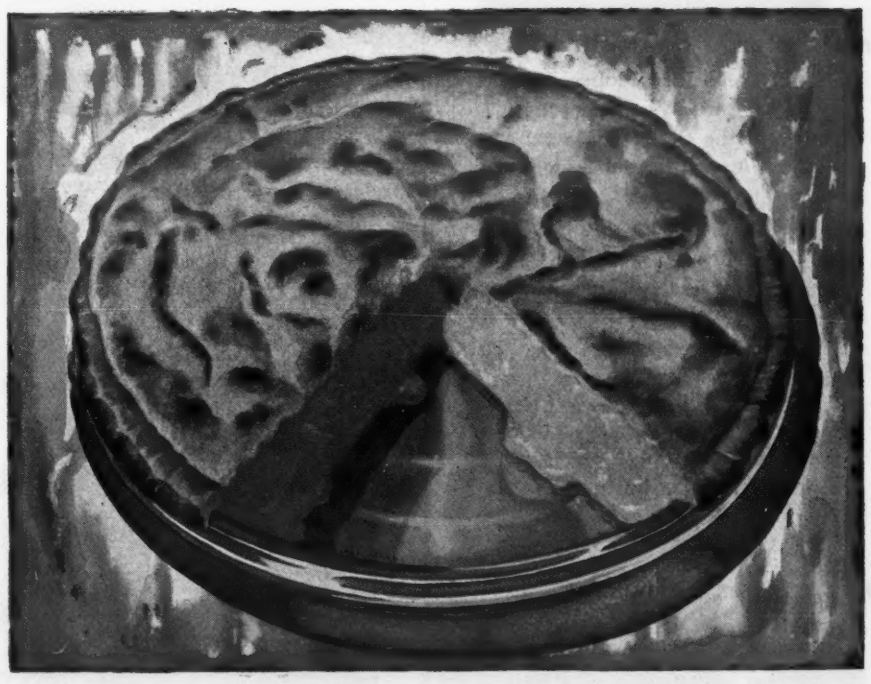
For baked shell, cover inverted pie plate. Leave enough dough to fold back to make a firm edge. Prick well with fork to prevent bubbles. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes. For two-crust pie, bake 10 minutes at 450° F.; reduce heat to moderate (350° F.); bake until filling is done.

An Idea for Busy Mothers: When you are making the macaroon, lemon or tapioca fillings on this page, why don't you prepare extra amounts? They can be served to small children as simple pudding-desserts.

MRS. MUELLER'S ST. LOUIS JELLY PIE

2 cups milk 2 egg whites 2 tablespoons sugar ½ cup shredded cocoanut
5 tablespoons instant tapioca ¼ teaspoon salt ½ teaspoon vanilla
4 tablespoons sugar 2 egg yolks, beaten 1 cup currant or apple jelly

Scald milk in a double boiler; add mixed tapioca, sugar and salt. Cook over flame until tapioca is transparent, stirring frequently; then remove from the stove and pour on beaten egg yolks. Return to double boiler and cook until mixture is thickened. Add cocoanut and vanilla and cool. Fill baked pie-shell with tapioca mixture and spread with a layer of jelly about ⅛ inch thick. Fold sugar into stiffly beaten egg whites and spread over the jelly. Return to slow oven (300° F.) to brown meringue. Serve cold.



MRS. RHODES' CALIFORNIA LEMON PIE

4 eggs 1 cup sugar ⅛ teaspoon salt 3 tablespoons water 1 lemon (juice and rind)

Cook yolks of eggs, ½ cup sugar, salt, lemon juice and grated rind and water in double boiler until thick (5 to 10 minutes, stirring constantly). Remove from fire and stir into whites beaten stiff with rest of sugar. Put in baked shell and bake in hot oven—375° F. to 400° F., until nicely browned.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL—Recipes tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

how to be on drinking terms again with coffee!

HAVE you and coffee had to part company because it disturbed your sleep—affected your nerves or your digestion? Then remember this:

It's not coffee, but the caffein in coffee that so often affects you. And now you can have genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It's Sanka Coffee. Drink Sanka Coffee and revel once more in the delights of coffee.

real coffee » delicious coffee!

Sanka Coffee is real coffee. Make it as you've always made coffee. A blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees, Sanka Coffee is rich in flavor—tempting in aroma. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer.

Thousands of physicians endorse Sanka Coffee. Your grocer sells it—ground or in the bean—in pound vacuum cans that preserve its freshness—with a guarantee of complete satisfaction or your money back. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee to-day. Sanka Coffee Corporation, 1 Joralemon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. ©1930, S. C. CORP.

make the night-test!

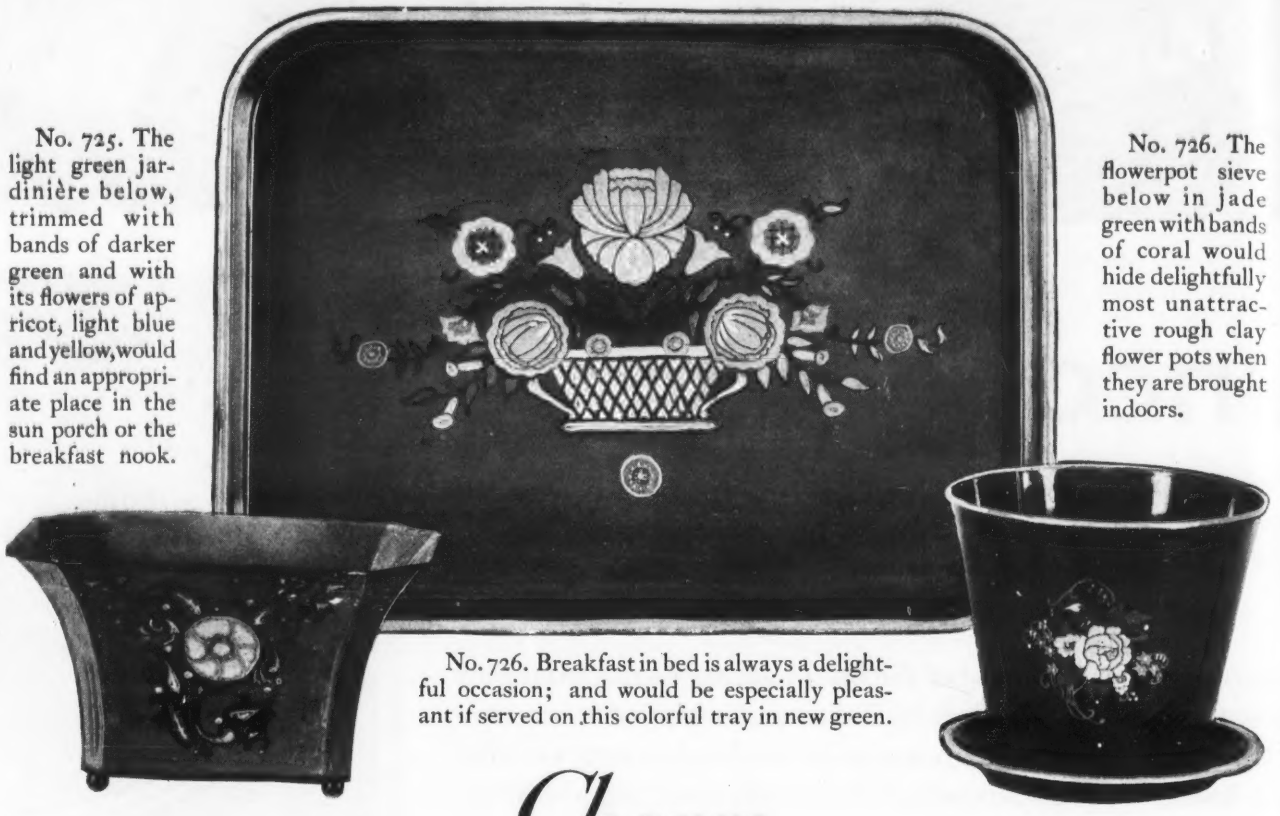
The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee that you can enjoy morning, noon *and* night—without regret!

GROUND OR IN THE BEAN

SANKA COFFEE

drink it and sleep!

Sanka Coffee is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees—from which 97% of the caffein has been removed.



No. 725. The light green jardinière below, trimmed with bands of darker green and with its flowers of apricot, light blue and yellow, would find an appropriate place in the sun porch or the breakfast nook.

No. 726. The flowerpot sieve below in jade green with bands of coral would hide delightfully most unattractive rough clay flower pots when they are brought indoors.

No. 726. Breakfast in bed is always a delightful occasion; and would be especially pleasant if served on this colorful tray in new green.

Charm With Paint and Brush

By **EDNA SELENA CAVE**

Further information and directions for painting these articles will be sent you on receipt of a two-cent stamp, if your request is sent to the Needlework Editor, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

No. 726. The gay bon voyage box, above, in Chinese red would be a welcome gift for a departing friend, and being tin, good things to eat can be kept in it nicely.

No. 725. This oval scrap basket in powder blue would go well with the bedroom writing table.

No. 725. The black wastebasket above fits into a corner, and the rectangular one, at left, is in yellow with an old Dutch floral design.

No. 726. Utility boxes are ever so useful. The large one is in ivory with a design in orange, violet and blue; the small one is in lavender.

Patterns may be secured from JOURNAL Fashion Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Children's, 25 cents; Transfers, 25 cents.

easy as a·b·c

to make these real old-fashioned buckwheat cakes with ready-mixed AUNT JEMIMA FOR BUCKWHEATS

The first frosty days . . . how good these old-fashioned buckwheat pancakes taste! • Their tang, their syrup-and-buttery goodness bring back childhood days . . . Memories of mother setting the buckwheat batter the night before, remixing it the next morning . . . Sizzling sausages, steaming coffee, and the promise of that lusty buckwheat "kick" . . .

• Now when your husband asks for old-time buckwheats, just add milk (or water) to Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats. It will take you exactly *2 minutes* by the clock to mix and bake this boyhood treat! • Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats is Aunt Jemima's famous pancake recipe with just enough choice buckwheat flour added. Mixed, as she did it, in just the right proportions for tender wholesome lightness. • Ask your grocer for Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats (in the yellow package). If it is not wholly satisfactory, your grocer will refund the purchase price. The Quaker Oats Company.

NEW RADIO THRILLS!—MORNING—*While you're enjoying your breakfast of Aunt Jemima Pancakes, tune in on the Quaker Man. Every week-day morning at 8:00 to 8:15 Eastern and Central Time.*—EVENING—*And don't miss the coast to coast evening program at 7:30 Eastern Time*

1930 is the 150th anniversary of Walter Baker & Company

Just one change in Tommy's diet *and his weight began to go up*

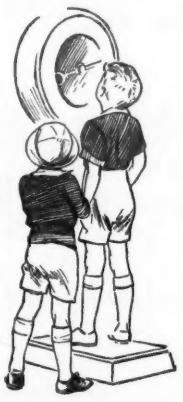
TOMMY was 8 years old and 5 pounds underweight. "If he were my child," said the young family doctor, "I'd give him the same food drink that my parents gave me when *I* was a youngster, and which *your* parents probably gave you."

So, Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk became part of Tommy's daily diet. From the very first week, the bathroom scales showed his weight to be on the increase. His parents were pleased, of course—but even more enthusiastic was Master Tommy, who didn't care two marbles' worth whether his weight went up or down, but had quickly decided that this rich flavored, chocolaty drink couldn't be served too often to suit him.

In fact, Tommy's only worry was that when his weight returned to normal, his parents might possibly remove the new treat from his daily bill of fare.

A needless worry indeed, for Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk is an ideal food drink for *every* growing child.

Baker's Cocoa prepared with milk not only provides, in wonderfully tempting garb, all the bountiful benefits of milk, but the added nourishment of Baker's Cocoa, itself.



In each cupful are contained precious carbohydrates, proteins, phosphorus, calcium, vitamin A, vitamin B—all those indispensable food elements which a growing youngster needs so vitally, yet often fails to obtain in sufficient amounts.

Next time you're buying cocoa, remember that in a recent survey, 77% of the dietitians, professional nurses, editors of women's magazines said, "Baker's Cocoa is best."

Baker's Cocoa is made from the choicest cocoa beans that grow in the West Indies. It is blended with unique skill derived from 150 years of experience. No wonder its chocolaty goodness is so matchlessly smooth and mellow. No wonder that many grown-ups drink Baker's Cocoa simply for the sheer pleasure of its flavor. Are you serving it regularly in *your* household?

Write for 60-page illustrated Cocoa and Chocolate recipe book: Walter Baker & Co., Inc., Dept. A-11, Dorchester, Mass. If you live in Canada, address: General Foods, Ltd., Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ont.

BAKER'S

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

COCOA

A Product of General Foods Corporation

© 1930, G. F. Corp.

Clothes Do Things to You

(Continued from Page 6)

But not too sentimental. Leave the simple white muslins to that misguided soul in every class who apes the little girl she used to be, even with her chins increasing and multiplying.

For your part, dress the interesting woman you hoped you would be for your tenth. Seek out a woman-of-the-world costume. Plan it as a unit, from exotic hat to slender, very high-heeled pumps which cost twice your ordinary budget for shoes.

Think first of line in your dress, for any group of women who meet after ten years will discuss hips more than tariffs or babies. Discover and mark as your own a dress marvelously molded, with gentle curves and a subtle waistline.

Avoid extreme colors, even smart ones. Don't be a bright emerald dress with good old Alice in it, for, after all, the emerald greens are not having a class reunion. The sophisticated pastels are a wise choice among women, since they become so readily a part of personality.

So discover your best-loved green blue or yellow green, or soft rose with a yellowish cast, and be yourself!

To Go Back to the Old Town

YOU have been to Paris; you have climbed the Alps, and sent back post cards with a cross showing where you risked your life beside the Rhone Glacier; you played ping-pong with two of the Marx Brothers in Boston once; you crossed on the Île de France with Marion Davies; you saw the Prince of Wales in London.

And the old home town has followed you wherever you went, and had all the vicarious joy of far-away places. For anything is possible, since you have found adventure, and you were only a curly-haired child when they knew you first.

So dramatize the returning traveler for them with gusto—if you are sure they love you.

If you have a red street coat with black fur, from a Deauville shop, wear it to the movies. If a French couturier cut your black lace evening dress a little low, wear it with your white ermine wrap to the Veteran Firemen's Bazaar in the Town Hall, where the high-school boys and girls dance. If you have some exotic pajamas, give a tea in your mother's parlor for some of your best women friends.

Never swagger in your gay clothes, but tell the home town what fun it was to buy them in Paris. Let everybody try on everything.

And then go back to New York and be the humdrum, quiet, little mouse of a person you really are. For you have done your duty by the home town, and by the pink-gingham-aproned child whose paper dolls were always coming home from Paris in clothes that did things to them.

To Lecture at a Women's Club

THE clever manager of a lecture bureau has discovered that the subjects for lectures which attract the greatest audiences unfailingly have "Romance" or "Adventure" in them. But do not make the mistake of choosing romantic or adventurous clothes when you prepare to speak before your own club, or some neighboring club.

You win your audience in the first five minutes; they decide then, in those first three hundred seconds, that they like you, that you are gracious and feminine and humorous; and after that you can lead them where you will.

After the first impression, they should never be conscious of your clothes. You cannot appeal to their imagination if you wear a print dress, for example. Poor things, instead of following you to distant lands, they will be tracing out your roses or geometric progressions!

Black velvet is so exactly right on the platform that it might well be prescribed as a national speaker's uniform. It is feminine; it is flattering; it does nice things to your face and your figure. It fades you gently into the background, so that you become merely a vivid face and an interesting voice with a magic story of women in far-away countries, or of music, or of books.

Your hat should be becoming, preferably with a brim, not too scooped. Avoid all jewelry if you can, but if you wear it, let it help to center interest on your face. Never wear a dress in two colors, nor a costume cut at the waistline. Your stockings and shoes should blend with your dress, and never contrast with it.

You should appear as a unit, to hold the interest. You may wear chiffon, if you like, for chiffon is as indefinite in outline as velvet. Go in for the rosy, beige, or soft green colors everyone likes.

And, above all, never look strong-minded or flat-heeled, for clothes can do things against you too!

To Apply for an Executive Job

GONE are the days when a woman buttoned up a shiny blue suit over a scratchy white shirtwaist, and walked away with the job.

Your assets in business today are your feminine personality, your good taste, and your understanding. It is these qualities you must enhance by dress when you meet the big chief.

The larger the salary at stake, the more you should strive to avoid mannish clothes. For they suggest competition with men in purely masculine things, while pretty clothes hint at the feminine qualities that serve to complement and supplement the man's.

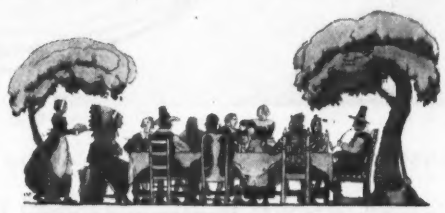
Press and steam by night, if you will, in the good old way of the poor wage-slave, but manage to look as casual as if you had just taken at random this perfect costume from a closetful. By the same token, never look as if you needed a job, but rather as if you had picked this one at random, like the perfect costume, from half a dozen which you might well adorn.

Be extravagant about high-arched, handmade opera pumps, for men love them; and about fresh gardenias, and sheer stockings, and long and affluent pale beige gloves wrinkled over your sleeves.

Never risk wearing chartreuse or yellow green; many men hate them. Relieve your navy or black with pretty pink or white organdie collars and cuffs. In summer, wear touches of the pale pinks, and the grayed madonna blues which are always feminine, yet a striking foil for a dark-haired, sophisticated woman.

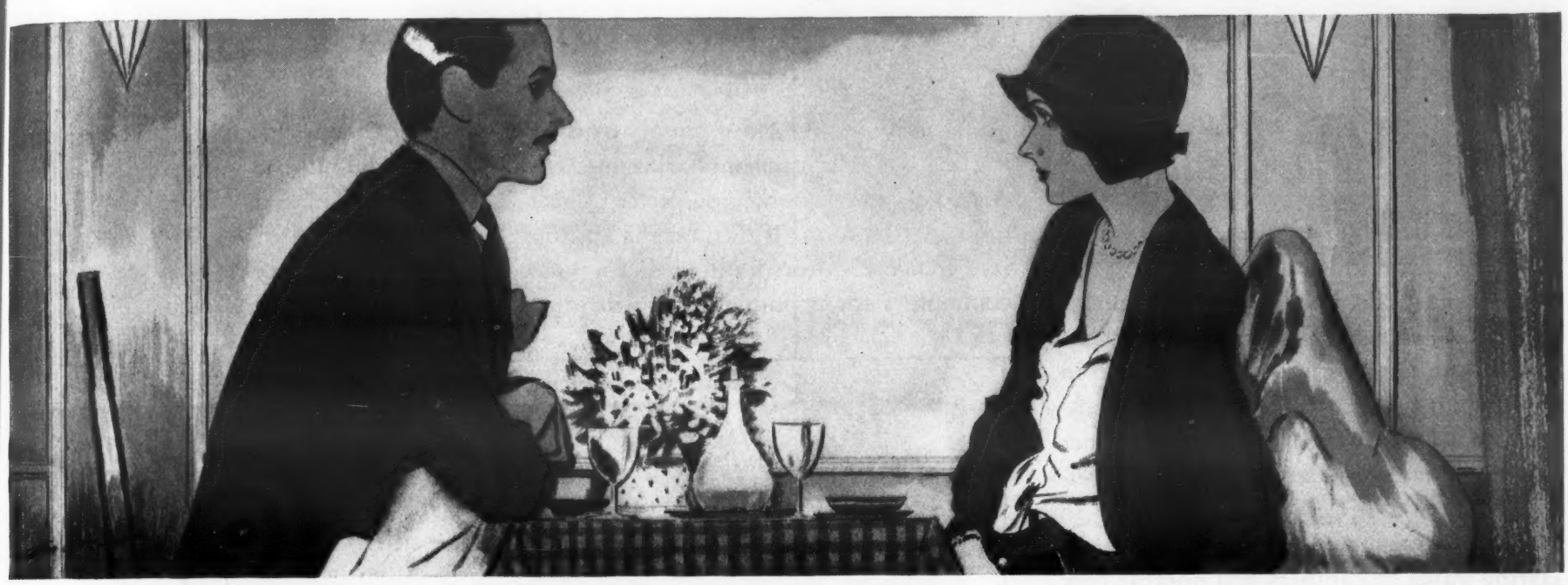
Frame and flatter your face with long-haired fur, and spurn the hat that is merely smart and not frankly becoming, even though the label be Reboux.

Do not attempt the strange or the exotic or even the learned, for remember that your value in a man's business is quite often your intense sense of the average, plus your understanding of what the average woman eats and wears and plays and likes and thinks.



And, remembering that, learn anew that clothes can do things for you as well as to you.

Are Tea Tables too narrow for you?



Why not let "Normal Desquamation," aided and quickened by this famous Facial Treatment, give you the courage of Flawless Beauty?

"NORMAL DESQUAMATION" *must* go on constantly, day and night. For this is Nature's own device to renew the natural beauty of your complexion. *Normally*, the dead cells of your skin disappear. *Normally*, the natural clarity and charm of your skin assert themselves.

But, far too often, the irregularities of our lives retard this normal process of "Desquamation" . . . It must be stimulated. Started again. Continued.

Woodbury's Facial Soap has become famous for promoting and aiding "Normal Desquamation." It gently removes the gossamer veil of dead cells as no toilet soap can possibly do. For ordinary toilet soaps merely "wash" the skin. But Woodbury's speeds and encourages the daily uncovering of a fresh and lovely complexion. And as the new skin is revealed, the continued use of Woodbury's keeps it exquisitely fresh and clear. In addition, of course, it constantly removes the impurities that cause blackheads and pore-enlargement. Woodbury's Facial Soap costs a trifle more than toilet soaps. But it is a true economy because it is a finer milled soap, and lasts longer.

Start with Woodbury's today. Use it regularly, continually. And face the world with a lovely complexion . . . like millions of other women with "the skin you love to touch" . . . who have learned the Woodbury secret.

In Ten Days . . . *Woodbury's shows an improvement that no toilet soap can possibly duplicate.*

Woodbury's is actually a *facial treatment*, compressed in a tablet of soap. Compounded by a specialist. Made with costly and rare oils. Designed not merely to "wash" the face, but to penetrate and treat the skin . . . It is simple to use Woodbury's properly. Bathe your face in warm water. Then, with your hands or a wet wash-cloth . . . make a creamy lather. Rub it very lightly and gently over the entire face for about thirty seconds. Rinse thoroughly with warm water. Then with cold. Pat with a soft towel until dry . . . And your skin will look, and feel, aglow with new beauty.

To please a Man *at Christmas*

If *you* were a man, you would be delighted with this new Woodbury's Gift Box for Men. The kind of gift every man wants—but seldom buys for himself! It contains Woodbury's Soap, Talc, Shaving Cream and Jergens' Lotion (or Woodbury's After-Shaving Lotion) . . . Special value for one dollar. At your drug store or toilet goods counter.

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GM
GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO

The Ageless Charm of Splendid Furniture

NEW MASTERY OF TONE

THE new General Motors Radio is offered in five superb models, genuinely distinguished in appearance, displaying the real character and charm of authentic period furniture design. You can purchase any model as a permanent possession—for any future chassis will be planned so as to permit its installation in the present cabinets—thus making it possible for every General Motors Radio owner always to enjoy the latest technical developments at the lowest possible cost. ¶ In addition to enduring attractiveness and lasting value in cabinets and notable new excellence in every phase of performance, the new General Motors Radio introduces actual *mastery of tone* with the remarkable new Tone Selector. Now, simply by turning a knob you can emphasize just the degree of bass or treble you prefer to hear in radio reception! ¶ Call on the authorized General Motors Radio dealer in your community for a complete demonstration of these thoroughly fine new instruments. Any model may be purchased on the liberal GMAC plan of convenient payment.

* * *

GENERAL MOTORS RADIO CORPORATION
DAYTON, OHIO

The Late Italian highboy is shown above—a handsome model with a full serpentine front, $172. At the right is illustrated the impressive Georgian radio-phonograph, a splendid instrument—$270. Other models at $136, $152 and $198 (radio-phonograph). All prices are without tubes.

The New GENERAL MOTORS
RADIO
with Tone Selector

The God

(Continued from Page 15)

there, my father guardian on Delos—me spik all languages—do everything ——'

"Old Prendergast grinned at me.

"'What could be more fitting? Apollo will doubtless be charmed to welcome a fellow native from his own birthplace. We might have combed the islands to find another.'

"We might indeed. Delos, birthplace of Apollo and Artemis, the sacred island of the ancient Greeks, is uninhabited except for the few guardians left to protect the ruins excavated by the French.

"The handsome young man looked at us anxiously.

"'You take me, *Kyrios?*' he pleaded to Prendergast. 'Me know how to cook like Frenchmen show me—me play guitar—me sing songs—old songs of the islands—me been everywhere with rich gentlemens finding *antikas*—me come special to make your cooking—wait at table—you take me—eh?'

"At that moment Daphne emerged from the photographic tent with some printing frames.

"Daphne scrutinized him, efficiently matter-of-fact as she always was.

"'You are sure you can cook?' she asked in modern Greek."

"THE young islander apparently first recognized from her voice that this youth in riding breeches and boots was a lady. He started—bowed low.

"'Me cook, meess—me cook like'—he put his finger to his lip, wafted it away in a Frenchified gesture to express the supremely exquisite—'me play guitar too—me sing songs—me sing old songs'—his fine dark eyes rested on her admiringly—'me sing new songs I make special for beautiful meess!'

"Daphne laughed. 'That'll be interesting,' she said. 'But the main thing is that you can cook.'

"'All right,' said Prendergast. 'We take you on trial. And if you can't cook, beware the thunderbolts of Olympus! What's your name?'

"The handsome young man grinned.

"'My name Demetrius, *Kyrios*—Demetrius from Delos—where Apollo come from.'

"'All right—that's the cook tent over there. Get busy!'

"Singing a happy little song to himself, Demetrius walked off to the cook tent.

"'He's a very good-looking young man,' remarked Daphne. 'Let us hope he will be as useful as he is decorative.'

"'Yes,' agreed Prendergast. 'The finest of the old Greek type still survives in the islands. He's as classical as any I have seen. Might have been a model for a sculptor. . . . What's the matter, Smithers? Anything you want to see me about?'

"I told him of the trouble with the workmen, and what old Leandros had said.

"'Bah! A pack of superstitious fools! I'm certainly not going to be in a hurry to send the statue to Athens. We may as well have the fun of looking at it as long as we can—after all, we discovered it.'"

"JUST before lunch Maxwell returned from the port, whither he had gone to arrange about the funeral of poor Elias. 'They've heard about our find, chief,' he said. 'And they're all whispering that there's something uncanny in that snake bite. They want to send up their *papa* to sanctify the statue with holy water.'

"'I'll see them to blazes first!' replied Prendergast! 'What! Insult our god by splashing their devil-chasing Nazarene water over him—never!'

"Our new servant appeared at the door of the mess tent. 'The lunch is ready, *Kyrios!*' he announced.

"Maxwell swung round in surprise. 'Hallo! Who's this you've found? Apollo himself in the flesh?'

"In fact, as I looked at him I saw that he was indeed remarkably like our statue.

"'That's Demetrius,' replied Prendergast. 'Vice Elias. He's a good classic type, isn't he?' He turned and shouted to the photographic tent: 'Daphne! Come, nymph, hurry; the banquet of ambrosia and nectar awaits us!'"

"IF THE meal was not exactly the food of the gods, Demetrius certainly could cook. Daphne kept looking from him to the statue majestic in the rear of the tent. When Demetrius had gone out to fetch another course, she said: 'He *is* most amazingly like our Apollo, isn't he? It gives one a queer feeling to see the resemblance. It's like the statue come to life.'

"'I agree with ye, Daphne,' said Maxwell. '"Tis that uncanny it takes my mind off this lunch of most remarkable excellence.'

"'Nonsense!' exclaimed Prendergast. 'He's a good specimen of the classic type, that's all. They are common enough in the islands.'

"Demetrius served us an equally good dinner that night. Afterward, when we were sitting in the mess tent writing up our diaries, we heard an unusual sound of music and songs in the camp of the workmen. The four of us went along to investigate. Illumined by the fire they had kindled, Demetrius sat on a rock, thrumming his guitar, making music for the workmen, who sang in chorus the ditties that he started. Prendergast had supplied the extra ration of wine Leandros had asked for, and they were in first-rate temper, their superstitious terrors of the morning quite forgotten.

"Old Leandros came up to us. 'This is splendid, *Kyrios,*' he said to Prendergast. 'The stranger knows all the songs we know, and many others. There will be no more trouble with the men so long as he is here. He plays and sings like no one we have ever heard play and sing.'"

"IT WAS true. Demetrius got more music out of his battered guitar than I have ever heard extracted from that unpromising instrument, and he sang with a voice that thrilled one oddly in every nerve—a born artist, if ever there was one. He looked up, smiled to Daphne.

"'I make a song special for the meess,' he said in his English. And he did so. It was a wild, strange song in dialect Greek, of which I could catch only a few words, but the music swept one's deepest, most primitive emotions, as perhaps no civilized music could. It was such a song as Apollo might triumphantly have sung after his conquest of the nymph Leukothoe or Koronis. When he finished we broke involuntarily into enthusiastic applause. He smiled to us, handsome as the god himself. 'You lika that song, meess?' he said. 'I make you other songs other days—yes?'

"As we went back to our own tents Maxwell joked her ponderously. 'Are ye no' afraid o' that young Apollo in the flesh, Daphne?' he asked. 'Mayhap 'tis a laurrel bush ye'll finish as, after all!'

"She laughed. 'Hardly,' she said. She shuddered. 'Though I admit that song gave me the shivers somehow. It was wonderful, wasn't it? Do you think Apollo sang songs like that, father?'

"'Who knows?' replied Prendergast, with semiseriousness. One never knew when he was elaborately jesting. 'The basis of it was immensely ancient—a variant of one of the old folk-songs of the

(Continued on Page 65)

Vivacious, beautiful—Alice While knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that *makes brilliancy natural!*

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color Is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath.*

Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow.* On the contrary, Princess Pat rouge *imparts* glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin.* It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effects *never.*

Only the "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones,* perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover, Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

Every Shade of Princess Pat Rouge Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your* skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard-of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited.* There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictates brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial lights.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be.*

Princess Pat

PRINCESS PAT, LTD., CHICAGO, U. S. A.

CANADIAN ADDRESS, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

Princess Pat Lip Rouge, a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago. Dept. 132-B

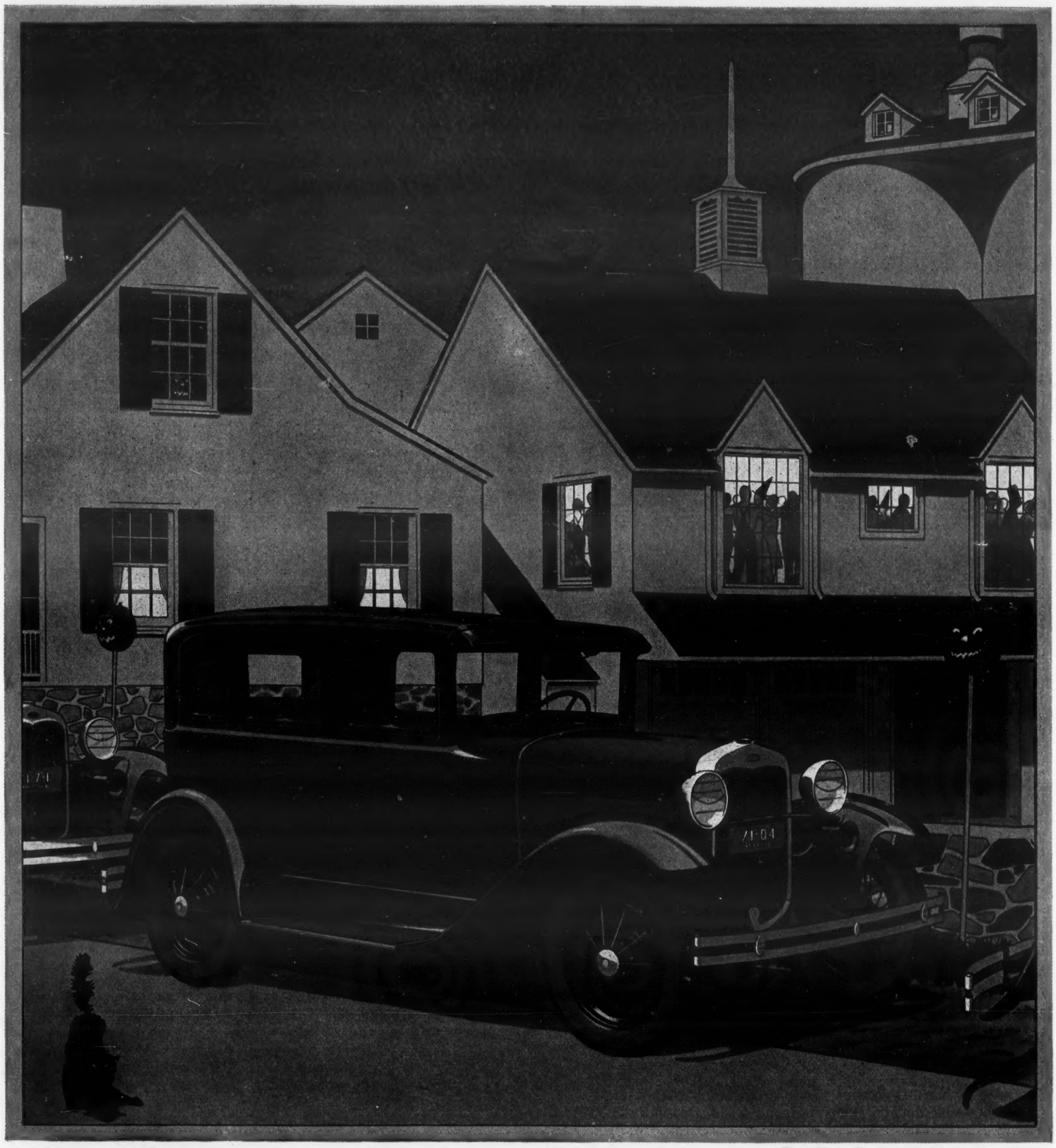
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print).....

Street.....

City and State.....

Colors That Match the Season's Mode



THE NEW THREE-WINDOW FORDOR SEDAN

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(Continued from Page 63)

islands. It may be a survival of one of the old sacred orgiastic hymns. There are perhaps things which never die, woven into this incomprehensible tissue of human lives and the places where they have had their being. If Apollo was originally but a myth, the prayers and hymns and sacrifices of the myriads of human beings who believed in him through thousands of years may have projected a reality transcending the mundane phenomena measurable by our science. It may be that it needs only the mystery of belief to bring the old gods back again in all their joyous power from the shadows where they linger hungrily, deprived of sacrifices by the sad-faced Galilean!' He stretched his arms to the scintillating glory of stars overhead. 'Would it were so!' he cried. 'Would that by an effort of faith I could bring back the Golden Age when cloud-bearing Zeus reigned on Olympus, when Apollo tended the flocks of Admetus and sported with the nymphs, when Dionysos came rioting with his Maenads through the woodlands, when a man might see Aphrodite rising in divine nudity from the sea foam—and our hideous apparatus of civilization was not foreseen in the most prophetic of terror-bringing dreams! Manifest thyself, great Apollo!' he boomed with his immense voice. 'One last old pagan waits to make thee sacrifice!'"

"MAXWELL laughed. ''Tis excommunication ye deserve, chief,' he said. 'But one day I'll argue metapheesics with ye.'

"They were singularly happy days which followed. Looking back on them they seem glamorous with a strange radiance, lived with a peculiarly stimulated intensity of being. Our work went well. Day after day, our discoveries of potsherds, fragmentary implements and hut sites, made Prendergast gloat exultingly over the discomfiture in store for his skeptical rivals; there was no doubt that indeed Polykandros had been an important center at the time when its neighbor Melos dominated the obsidian industry which preceded bronze in the Cycladic civilization. Our workmen dug zestfully and diligently, made happy by the songs which Demetrius sang to them night after night.

"Of course, we had plenty to keep us busy. Prendergast, Maxwell and I had our diaries to write up, our finds to tabulate, measurements to take and record, chronological layers to determine. Daphne helped efficiently in all these things, as well as doing her photographic work. For all the close intimacy in which we lived, one never got below her cool matter-of-fact surface of sexless comradeship. Whatever there was of specifically feminine in her she held in unparaded reserve, defying you to guess the deeper self behind the dark blue eyes which met one's own so frankly and fearlessly. Almost her only trait of girlishness was that she would return with great armloads of flowers from her rambles over the hills. Sometimes, when at the close of day she was sitting outside her tent, Demetrius would come to her and say, his handsome Apollolike face irradiated by a smile, 'Mees, I make you a song special—yes?' And she would humor him. 'Very well, Demetrius, make me a song.' She would sit and listen, her eyes far away, thinking thoughts it was impossible to divine."

"ONE Sunday afternoon—Sunday was a holiday, of course—I was returning from a tramp over the hills when at no great distance from the camp I heard Demetrius singing to his guitar. I went toward the sound, through a field of narcissuses whose heady scent was almost overpowering. There, in a little depression, I saw him, bent forward earnestly as he sang to the throbbing of his strings, handsome as a god. He was not alone. Daphne sat among the flowers, boyish in her breeches and boots, her hands linked over her updrawn knees, listening. Her expression was rapt—so rapt that it gave me a shock—it was as though she were hypnotized, as though her soul were gone from her in some strange ecstasy. I didn't at all like the idea of her sitting there away from the camp with this fellow who was, after all, only a mess servant. It was wrong anyway you looked at it. So I went up to her, touched her on the shoulder. She jumped round with a start, her eyes wild. Demetrius ceased singing.

"'Won't you come for a walk with me, Daphne?' I asked. 'There's going to be a splendid sunset from the other side of the hill.'

"She rose to her feet. 'Yes,' she said. 'Yes. I shall be glad to.' There was something altogether odd in her voice."

"WE WALKED away from the spot, climbing the shoulder of the hill which barred the view westward. I hardly knew what to say to her. It was she who touched on the delicate subject.

"'I was out for a ramble when I heard Demetrius playing and singing and stopped to listen,' she said. 'Then I lost count of time, forgot where I was even ——' she broke off abruptly.

"'There's certainly a peculiar fascination about that fellow,' I agreed.

"'Yes,' she said seriously. 'Yes.' For a moment she was thoughtful, then she turned to me. 'It never occurs to either you or Mac to make love to me, does it?'

"The question took my breath away. This was a startlingly new Daphne.

"'Why—no,' I said. 'I suppose it's because we've got used to regarding you as a kind of sister so far as we think of you being a girl at all—you are such a good comrade, you see.' I was conscious of finishing lamely. What was she driving at?

"'I don't imagine either you or Mac have the slightest notion of what love is,' she said rather bitterly. 'Your idea of a life's romance is to wait until you've got a post in a museum, and then invite some domesticated young woman to keep house for you in the nearest suburb. You've got no conception of love as something that sweeps you out—out—beyond the world—into the void—into the infinite—to a union that makes you the equal of a god—to a union that merges you with whatever is ultimate in existence!'

"'Well,' I said, with some awkwardness, 'that's—er—rather a tall order, Daphne.'

"'I know it is,' she replied curtly. 'That's why I told you. It's something that makes you drunk and dizzy merely to think of it.'"

"SHE was silent, and I walked by her side silent also. I really didn't know what to say. I couldn't very well tell her that I thought young Demetrius ought to be sacked at once. And even while I thought that, I was conscious that the apprehension was absurd. Between her and that garlic-reeking young islander was a gulf such a girl as she would never cross. She stopped in a fold of the hillside, turned to me again.

"You know, Jimmy, I wish either you or Mac could stir yourselves up to make love to me—not because I'm the slightest degree in love with either of you; don't imagine that—but because—because'—her voice dropped—'because it would be a kind of shield—warding off ——' She checked again, abruptly.

"'What's worrying you, Daphne,' I said. 'Tell me. Let me be a pal, if I can't be anything else.'

"Her eyes went large and dark with a fear, a fear at which she shuddered.

"'It's my dreams,' she said. 'Every night I dream—music—the songs that Demetrius sings—but it isn't he who is singing them—it isn't he who makes a strange music from wildly throbbing strings—it's Apollo—our Apollo in the mess tent—it's as if he came to life—played on his lyre—sang to me—as a god would sing. And I sit there listening—listening—in a spell that gets stronger and stronger—until suddenly I spring up in an awful fear and dash away—and then he dashes after me—pursuing me—pursuing

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me—night after night.' She looked at me, haunted. 'It seems to me always that I wake up with a scream at the last moment. And one night—I shan't wake up—he'll catch me.' She uttered the last words in a hush of terror.

"In my heart, I blamed Prendergast for this. All his nonsense about Apollo coming back to earth, his absurd sending of Daphne to make libation to the statue, his pagan rhapsodies night after night at table.

"'Why not speak to your father and ask to be sent back to Athens for a while?' I suggested. 'That would probably cure you.'

"She shook her head. 'No. He'd only laugh at me. Besides, I'm useful here. I couldn't upset the expedition.'

"'What do you want me to do then?'

"'Nothing. There's nothing you can do. Perhaps'—she smiled at me queerly—'there's nothing I want done. Only, I had to tell someone—I couldn't keep it to myself any longer. Let's go up and see this sunset!'

"As we went down again in the dusk together, she spoke suddenly, almost harshly. 'I forbid you to speak to my father of this, Jimmy. If you do I will never forgive you. I am old enough to be mistress of my own life. Promise!'

"I promised. But I asked her to confide in me if these obsessions continued to worry her. I hoped that merely talking of them would help to dissipate them.

"That night, as we sat at dinner in the mess tent, I could not help glancing to the Apollo more interestedly than usual. The unknown artist who twenty-three hundred years ago had carved that sublimely perfect figure had indeed endowed it with a similitude of life so vivid in its masterly restraint that I could well understand it haunting Daphne's dreams. Certainly he had carved it with an intense belief in the reality of the god—perhaps, if there were anything in Prendergast's fantasy, had imbued it with something of that reality. Who knew?"

Sidestep the Christmas Rush

THIS year why not make up your mind to avoid the jostling in stores, the wrapping, the tying and the standing in line? You can easily do so by sending the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to many of the friends on your gift list.

They'll be charmed by the beautiful holiday picture that we will send to announce the gift, *in your name*, and they'll get a new thrill with every interesting number of the JOURNAL. The cost is trifling when you consider the Christmas joy that you renew each month.

"DAPHNE was more than ordinarily talkative, never herself once looking toward the statue. Maxwell joked her ponderously.

"'And when do ye expect to be sprrouting your first laurrel leaf, Daphne? A metamorrphosis ye owe us, or I'll ne'er believe Apollo had that affection for ye.'

"She looked at him, and her deep blue eyes seemed to darken.

"'Who knows, Mac? It may happen yet! If our Apollo should come to life!'

"Prendergast thumped his fist upon the table. 'And what better fate could a mortal maid desire! To be loved by a god! to be pursued—to be made one with him—for as a laurel did Daphne become part and parcel of the god—did not the Delphic priestess chew laurel leaves before she mounted the tripod, intoxicating herself with the god's own plant to produce the ecstasy of union before she could utter the divinely cryptic oracle? What mortal love is to be compared with the immortality conferred on that rustic wench by the capricious embrace of divinity!'

"Daphne was looking at him with such an expression of terror that I almost stopped him.

"Demetrius was hovering around the table. He smiled.

"'Will the *Kyrios* come to the singing tonight? The men they all want big sing-song tonight. I make special song for meess—yes?' He looked toward her, almost insolently, as he said it. He was certainly a handsome young rascal—and amazingly like the statue.

"She answered abruptly:

"'No. Not tonight, Demetrius. I am not coming to the singing tonight.' She looked at Prendergast. 'I'm going to turn in early, father. I've got a bit of a headache. It was the scent of the narcissuses on the mountain, perhaps, when I went for a walk with Jimmy here.' She shot a glance at me and I understood.

"'I'm not going either,' I said. 'I get tired of these eternal singsongs.'

"I could feel that Daphne was grateful to me."

"THAT night, long after we had all turned in, I was awakened by a soft strumming, by a voice singing in a low tone. It was that scoundrel Demetrius! I got up, went out of my tent. The sound came from the mess tent. I went to it, flashed my electric torch inside. Demetrius was sitting at the feet of the statue, strumming and singing to himself. I bade him sternly to go to bed.

"'Yes, *Kyrios*,' he said submissively. 'I go. Me learn new song here, that's all—me get new songs when I play to Apollo.'

"I told him I would teach him an altogether different song if I had any more of it, and saw him back to the cook tent where he slept.

"As I returned to my own bed, I saw a dim figure occulting the stars, moving—or rather gliding—across the camp. Puzzled, and obscurely alarmed, I went up to it. It was Daphne—walking toward the mess tent—walking in her sleep, a strange ecstatic expression in her face.

"I waked her gently, arresting her with a touch on her arm. She recovered consciousness with a start. 'Where am I?' she asked bewilderedly. 'Where am I?'

"'It's all right,' I told her. 'You're with a pal you can trust. Go back to bed now.'

"She recognized me.

"'I was dreaming, Jimmy. Was I running? I dreamed that I was running—running—as hard as I could—with—you know—pursuing me.'

"She panted indeed as though she were out of breath.

"'It's all right,' I repeated. 'You've nothing to worry about. A nightmare. Go back now—and sleep peacefully.'

"I led her back to her tent. As she lifted the flap, she turned and said: 'Good night, Jimmy, and thank you. I believe you saved me tonight.' I made sure she was safely settled again, before I returned to my own tent.

"There I lay awake for a long time, pondering what was best to be done. I had pledged my word to Daphne to say nothing about it. It would be better if I could persuade her to ask her father to send her back to Athens. With that resolve, I dropped off to sleep.

"Next morning, I got her away alone, and tackled her. She listened seriously to

(Continued on Page 68)

To ward off, to treat Sore Throat

gargle Listerine—reduces mouth germs 98%

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

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Within 15 seconds it kills even the Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) and Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germs, generally used as test germs because of their resistance to germicides.

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Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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A letter that will help every mother

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"My task became ridiculously easy. The children came up to normal weight. We had a very low average of absence for sickness, and my little people went to their vacations rosy and round."

Miss Gertrude McKenny,
Dearborn, Michigan.

Thousands of mothers have had the same experience!

Mothers and teachers, everywhere, have discovered that Instant Postum made with milk is the *ideal* beverage for children. It gives them the cheering warmth which they need . . . it combines the wonderful nourishment of milk with the wholesomeness of whole wheat and bran from which Instant Postum is made. This drink is just as healthful and safe as "plain" milk! Children can have as much as they want.

Let *your* children have this mealtime treat! It's easy to make—simply put a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in a cup, and pour in hot (not boiled) milk. Stir, and add a little sugar—and the drink is ready! Golden-brown, and "grown-up-looking" in the cup, this drink is sure to delight your children—even though they won't touch plain milk.

Try a cup of Instant Postum made with milk, yourself—some night before retiring. You'll find it a wonderful aid to sleep. A *safe* aid, because Postum contains no drug—nor any artificial stimulant.

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(Continued from Page 66)

my arguments. When it got to sleepwalking, I pointed out, it was beyond a joke.

"She looked up at me, a quaintly naïve expression in her face. 'Yes, Jimmy. But—do you know—although I was terribly frightened—I was sorry afterward that you had waked me up. After all, my life's my own, isn't it? You weren't put as guardian over me.'

"There was something so forlorn about her, that I don't know what emotion came over me. It seemed that there was nothing better in the world for me to do than to look after this dear honest-hearted girl.

"'Look here, Daphne,' I said. 'I know I can't pretend to those lyric ecstasies of emotion you perhaps expect from a lover—I'm just a very ordinary decent sort of fellow—but I've never met a girl in this world who can hold a candle to you in my opinion, and I'm pretty sure I never shall. If you'll give me the privilege of being your guardian—for life—I shall be a happy man.'"

"'That's very dear of you, Jimmy,' she said. 'And I really believe you mean it. But I can't. I can never belong to any—to any—human being. It's no use pretending. I wish I could. Now, run along, and see the workmen aren't smashing up some priceless *antika*.'

"I went and found Maxwell. I hadn't sworn not to tell him all about it.

"'Now you've mentioned it, Jimmy—I'll tell you. I've been worrying about this myself. I don't like the look o' Miss Daphne these days. That girl's fey, if ever there was one.'

"'Nonsense!' I said. 'But something must be done. She must be sent away.'

"'I'll talk to the chief,' he said. 'For once I agree with ye, Jimmy.'

"What he said to Prendergast I don't know, but that day at lunchtime the old man switched round to Daphne.

"'What's this about your wanting to go back to Athens, Daphne?' he boomed at her. 'I'm told that you've got all sorts of silly schoolgirl fancies in your head—can't sleep and all that.'

"She shot a glance of hatred at me.

"'Not only do I not want to go back to Athens, father, but I flatly refuse to go back,' she answered proudly, the color flushing into her cheeks.

"'That's all right then,' growled the old man. 'Mac here has been talking some fantastic nonsense about your being frightened of the statue.' I was grateful for that. Daphne's glance plainly apologized to me. 'Frightened of Apollo!' Old Prendergast spoke as though he were hallucinated himself. 'Why, if a daughter of mine found favor in the sight of the god, I should count myself honored above mortals!' He filled his mug from the bottle on the table. 'Phœbus Apollo! Dost thou yet desire Daphne? Behold, she is here! I give her to thee! And in pledge of it I make thee this libation!' He dashed the mugful to the foot of the statue.

"'Father!' cried Daphne, in a strange voice. 'Father ——' She checked, said nothing more."

"Demetrius was bustling round the table. He grinned, said: 'Tonight I make special song for beautiful meess—yes?'

"Daphne had gone very white. She smiled at him. 'Yes, Demetrius, tonight you can make special song for me.'

"I am not superstitious, but I don't mind admitting that just then I was appalled. What was there I could say? The whole thing was fantastic.

"That night again we stood and listened to Demetrius playing his guitar and singing his songs to the circle of spellbound islanders. He surpassed himself. The workmen got up and began to dance in a ring around the fire, an old, old primitive dance where they wrought themselves up to a wild ecstasy, frenziedly shouting the chorused refrain to the song he sang them.

"Leandros came up to me. 'I know not where Demetrius gets these old songs, *Kyrios*,' he said. 'I thought my old grandfather was the last to sing that song.' He smiled. 'The young lady is much interested, also.'

"I glanced toward Daphne. She was gazing at the dance as though fascinated. I went quietly up beside her, took her hand. She was quivering, quivering in every fiber of her body.

"The dance ended. Demetrius smiled to her. 'I make special song for beautiful meess,' he said; 'that special song I make first time—yes?'"

"He made it. Marvelously, magically, as he had sung it before, he sang it even more wonderfully now. As it mounted to its climax, Daphne snatched her hand from mine, swayed as though possessed with that surgingly wild rhythm of the song. There was something demoniac in its power, in its evocation of a passion that filled the universe, in its virginally tremulous flight, its hotly eager pursuit, its crescendo agony of panic dissolving suddenly to a blissful swoon of surrender, its magnificently exultant triumph of possession resounding through the spheres. In the involuntary shout of applause, old Prendergast's voice was loud. 'Well done, Demetrius! Apollo, lord of song, could not have sung it better himself!'

"Daphne had mastered herself. She drew a long breath.

"'Thank you, Demetrius,' she said quietly.

"That night, I went to my tent tortured by I know not what of vague apprehension. I made up my mind not to go to sleep, but to listen for the slightest sound. But there was nothing. There was even a silence so intense as to be uncanny. I must have dozed at last.

"I remember jerking wide awake with the certainty that something was happening. I jumped up, went to my tent door, looked out on a night of brilliant stars in a stillness that gave one the sense of being whirled dizzily through infinity. Then, as I looked, I saw someone—running—running at full speed—as though pursued. Daphne! I sprang out after her, shouted. She did not hear me. I ran also, as hard as I could. Never would I have believed the girl could have been so fleet of foot. I saw her disappear into the mess tent.

"Before I reached it, there was a thud and crash."

"When I flashed my torch within, I saw the statue fallen, smashed. Daphne was under it. Her arms were still about it, as she had embraced it, pulled it over. It was a crushing weight. It was some time before the unearthly ecstasy faded out of her dead face."

Smithers was silent.

"And Demetrius?" I asked.

"Demetrius? Yes, that was rather odd. Naturally, none of us felt very cheerful afterward. But something seemed to have gone completely out of Demetrius. He looked forlorn, washed-out, commonplace. his old fascinating handsomeness quite vanished. We had no more singsongs up at the camp, but a little time after I heard him playing and singing down at the port. There was nothing wonderful about it at all. He was just an ordinary islander strumming rather badly on a guitar."

My curiosity was yet unsatisfied. "And where is Prendergast now?"

"Still on Polykandros. He's been there ever since. He wanders about the hills, an ever-muttering figure with a long white beard. The islanders call him *Hagios*—saint or madman, which you will. Madmen are sacred, of course—always in these parts they've been believed to have had dealings with a god."

"H'm." I paused. "I suppose it would be an anticlimax if I presumed that a laurel was appropriately planted on poor Daphne's grave?"

He felt in his pocket, took out a wallet, extracted from it a withered sprig.

"Here's a bit of it," he said. "I go there when I can."

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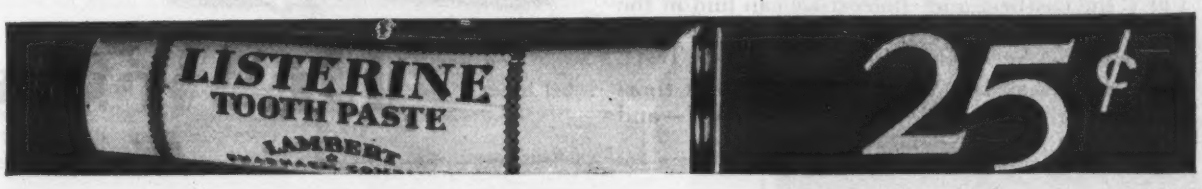
The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes



How a teacher persuaded her pupils to drink More Milk

A letter that will help every mother

"Last year I had a large group of Fourth Grade children. Imagine my horror when I found over half my flock seriously underweight! I decided to bring that group up to weight, and began by playing a sort of game to see who could eat the most nourishing breakfast, etc. But still the underweight persisted.

"Then I made the discovery that the average youngster doesn't like milk, and won't drink it unless made to. We then had a contest to see who could bring in the most tempting milk recipe. One child brought Instant Postum made with milk. We all decided to try it. The children loved it—*every one of them!*

"My task became ridiculously easy. The children came up to normal weight. We had a very low average of absence for sickness, and my little people went to their vacations rosy and round."

Miss Gertrude McKenny,
Dearborn, Michigan.

Thousands of mothers have had the same experience!

Mothers and teachers, everywhere, have discovered that Instant Postum made with milk is the *ideal* beverage for children. It gives them the cheering warmth which they need . . . it combines the wonderful nourishment of milk with the wholesomeness of whole wheat and bran from which Instant Postum is made. This drink is just as healthful and safe as "plain" milk! Children can have as much as they want.

Let *your* children have this mealtime treat! It's easy to make—simply put a teaspoonful of Instant Postum in a cup, and pour in hot (not boiled) milk. Stir, and add a little sugar—and the drink is ready! Golden-brown, and "grown-up-looking" in the cup, this drink is sure to delight your children—even though they won't touch plain milk.

Try a cup of Instant Postum made with milk, yourself—some night before retiring. You'll find it a wonderful aid to sleep. A *safe* aid, because Postum contains no drug—nor any artificial stimulant.

Postum costs only one-half cent a cup—adding very little to the cost of plain milk. We will be glad to send you a week's supply, free, as a start. When you need more, you'll find that your grocer sells Postum.

©1930, G. F. CORP.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is prepared by boiling, and is also easy to make.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P—L. H. J. 11-30

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me as a start, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM .....☐ *Check*
(prepared instantly in the cup) *which*
POSTUM CEREAL .....☐ *you*
(prepared by boiling) *prefer*

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

If you live in Canada, address *General Foods, Limited*, Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum

A Product of General Foods Corporation

(Continued from Page 66)

my arguments. When it got to sleepwalking, I pointed out, it was beyond a joke.

"She looked up at me, a quaintly naïve expression in her face. 'Yes, Jimmy. But—do you know—although I was terribly frightened—I was sorry afterward that you had waked me up. After all, my life's my own, isn't it? You weren't put as guardian over me.'

"There was something so forlorn about her, that I don't know what emotion came over me. It seemed that there was nothing better in the world for me to do than to look after this dear honest-hearted girl.

"'Look here, Daphne,' I said. 'I know I can't pretend to those lyric ecstasies of emotion you perhaps expect from a lover—I'm just a very ordinary decent sort of fellow—but I've never met a girl in this world who can hold a candle to you in my opinion, and I'm pretty sure I never shall. If you'll give me the privilege of being your guardian—for life—I shall be a happy man.'"

"'That's very dear of you, Jimmy,' she said. 'And I really believe you mean it. But I can't. I can never belong to any—to any—human being. It's no use pretending. I wish I could. Now, run along, and see the workmen aren't smashing up some priceless *antika*.'

"I went and found Maxwell. I hadn't sworn not to tell him all about it.

"'Now you've mentioned it, Jimmy—I'll tell you. I've been worrying about this myself. I don't like the look o' Miss Daphne these days. That girl's fey, if ever there was one.'

"'Nonsense!' I said. 'But something must be done. She must be sent away.'

"'I'll talk to the chief,' he said. 'For once I agree with ye, Jimmy.'

"What he said to Prendergast I don't know, but that day at lunchtime the old man switched round to Daphne.

"'What's this about your wanting to go back to Athens, Daphne?' he boomed at her. 'I'm told that you've got all sorts of silly schoolgirl fancies in your head—can't sleep and all that.'

"She shot a glance of hatred at me.

"'Not only do I not want to go back to Athens, father, but I flatly refuse to go back,' she answered proudly, the color flushing into her cheeks.

"'That's all right then,' growled the old man. 'Mac here has been talking some fantastic nonsense about your being frightened of the statue.' I was grateful for that. Daphne's glance plainly apologized to me. 'Frightened of Apollo!' Old Prendergast spoke as though he were hallucinated himself. 'Why, if a daughter of mine found favor in the sight of the god, I should count myself honored above mortals!' He filled his mug from the bottle on the table. 'Phœbus Apollo! Dost thou yet desire Daphne? Behold, she is here! I give her to thee! And in pledge of it I make thee this libation!' He dashed the mugful to the foot of the statue.

"'Father!' cried Daphne, in a strange voice. 'Father ——' She checked, said nothing more."

"Demetrius was bustling round the table. He grinned, said: 'Tonight I make special song for beautiful meess—yes?'

"Daphne had gone very white. She smiled at him. 'Yes, Demetrius, tonight you can make special song for me.'

"I am not superstitious, but I don't mind admitting that just then I was appalled. What was there I could say? The whole thing was fantastic.

"That night again we stood and listened to Demetrius playing his guitar and singing his songs to the circle of spellbound islanders. He surpassed himself. The workmen got up and began to dance in a ring around the fire, an old, old primitive dance where they wrought themselves up to a wild ecstasy, frenziedly shouting the chorused refrain to the song he sang them.

"Leandros came up to me. 'I know not where Demetrius gets these old songs, *Kyrios*,' he said. 'I thought my old grandfather was the last to sing that song.' He smiled. 'The young lady is much interested, also.'

"I glanced toward Daphne. She was gazing at the dance as though fascinated. I went quietly up beside her, took her hand. She was quivering, quivering in every fiber of her body.

"The dance ended. Demetrius smiled to her. 'I make special song for beautiful meess,' he said; 'that special song I make first time—yes?'"

"He made it. Marvelously, magically, as he had sung it before, he sang it even more wonderfully now. As it mounted to its climax, Daphne snatched her hand from mine, swayed as though possessed with that surgingly wild rhythm of the song. There was something demoniac in its power, in its evocation of a passion that filled the universe, in its virginally tremulous flight, its hotly eager pursuit, its crescendo agony of panic dissolving suddenly to a blissful swoon of surrender, its magnificently exultant triumph of possession resounding through the spheres. In the involuntary shout of applause, old Prendergast's voice was loud. 'Well done, Demetrius! Apollo, lord of song, could not have sung it better himself!'

"Daphne had mastered herself. She drew a long breath.

"'Thank you, Demetrius,' she said quietly.

"That night, I went to my tent tortured by I know not what of vague apprehension. I made up my mind not to go to sleep, but to listen for the slightest sound. But there was nothing. There was even a silence so intense as to be uncanny. I must have dozed at last.

"I remember jerking wide awake with the certainty that something was happening. I jumped up, went to my tent door, looked out on a night of brilliant stars in a stillness that gave one the sense of being whirled dizzily through infinity. Then, as I looked, I saw someone—running—running at full speed—as though pursued. Daphne! I sprang out after her, shouted. She did not hear me. I ran also, as hard as I could. Never would I have believed the girl could have been so fleet of foot. I saw her disappear into the mess tent.

"Before I reached it, there was a thud and crash."

"When I flashed my torch within, I saw the statue fallen, smashed. Daphne was under it. Her arms were still about it, as she had embraced it, pulled it over. It was a crushing weight. It was some time before the unearthly ecstasy faded out of her dead face."

Smithers was silent.

"And Demetrius?" I asked.

"Demetrius? Yes, that was rather odd. Naturally, none of us felt very cheerful afterward. But something seemed to have gone completely out of Demetrius. He looked forlorn, washed-out, commonplace, his old fascinating handsomeness quite vanished. We had no more singsongs up at the camp, but a little time after I heard him playing and singing down at the port. There was nothing wonderful about it at all. He was just an ordinary islander strumming rather badly on a guitar."

My curiosity was yet unsatisfied. "And where is Prendergast now?"

"Still on Polykandros. He's been there ever since. He wanders about the hills, an ever-muttering figure with a long white beard. The islanders call him *Hagios*—saint or madman, which you will. Madmen are sacred, of course—always in these parts they've been believed to have had dealings with a god."

"H'm." I paused. "I suppose it would be an anticlimax if I presumed that a laurel was appropriately planted on poor Daphne's grave?"

He felt in his pocket, took out a wallet, extracted from it a withered sprig.

"Here's a bit of it," he said. "I go there when I can."

Costume Jewelry

One way to spend that $3 you save

Costume jewelry is merely one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

Women, sternest judges of tooth paste, *acclaim this modern one at 25¢*

Listerine Tooth Paste has passed the greatest test that can be put to a dentifrice.

Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25¢.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

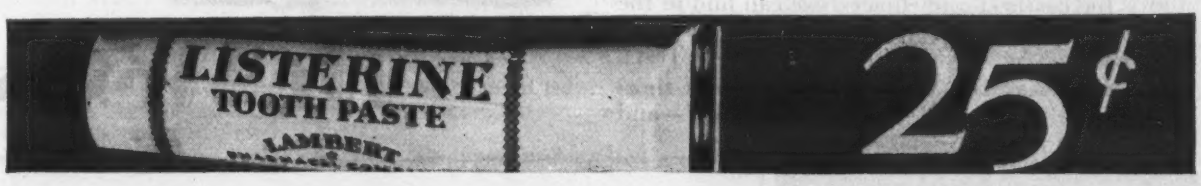
It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely, natural lustre of sound, beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

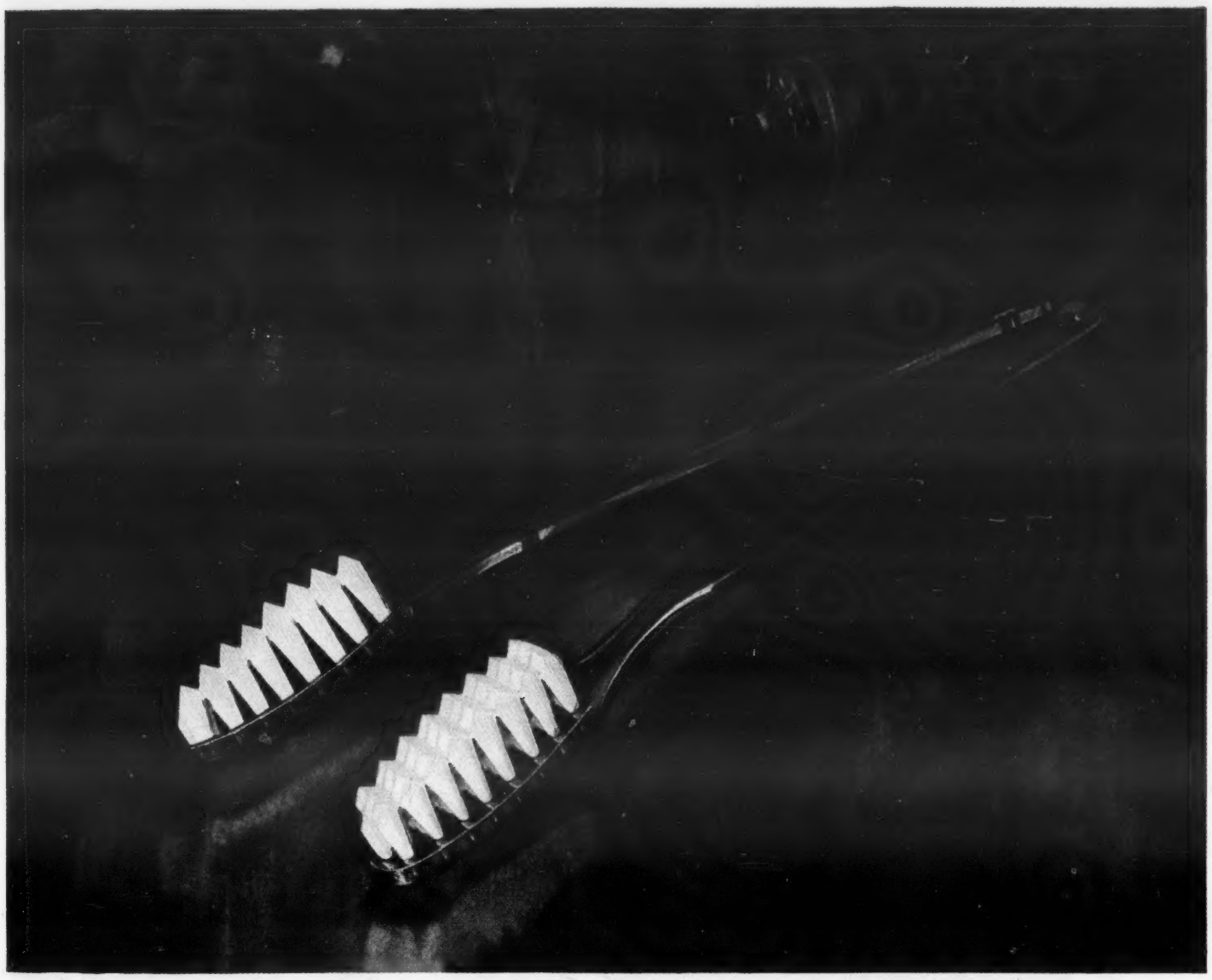
The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25¢ the large tube, effecting an average saving of $3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes



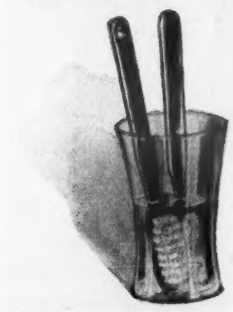


WHAT TOOTH *PASTE?*

Millions have already formed decided preference for* Dr. West's *Tooth Paste—the most sensational success in dentifrice history. Try it

To the MILLIONS

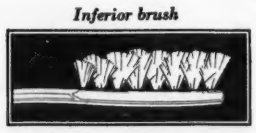
who unconsciously neglect their teeth:



MAKE SURE OF YOUR TOOTHBRUSH: Soak in water, for 5 minutes, a Dr. West's Toothbrush and any inferior brush. Then note what has happened to the bristles. Next mat the bristles down with your thumb. Compare them again. You will see why a Dr. West's *always* cleans; why the inferior brush *can't!*

Dr. West's *brush*

Inferior brush



TODAY few intelligent people *deliberately* neglect their teeth. But millions *unconsciously* do—*by daily brushing that doesn't clean.*

Here is the modern toothbrush that *ends* such Unconscious Neglect.

It cleans *every* tooth in *any* mouth, because of its modern design and small size (20%-50% smaller than clumsy, old-type brushes). Inside as well as outside; deep into crevices as well as the surfaces.

It *always* cleans, because the bristles used are 100% the costliest and choicest we can find in the world's markets. No other 50c brush uses such bristles. *And poor bristles fail, when wet* (see Test).

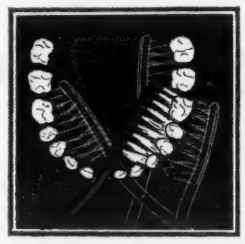
Finally, every Dr. West's Toothbrush is thoroughly sterilized—made "surgically clean"—and doubly sealed. This famous brush comes to you *fit for your mouth*, untouched by other hands.

Two greatest rules:

Follow these two simple rules, and you'll have teeth *thoroughly clean, bright and sparkling.*

ONE: brush always away from the gums, toward cutting edges—sweeping with the crevices, never across them. Dr. West's Toothbrush makes this correct brushing *easy.*

TWO: each 90 days get a new brush. That much wear impairs the high cleansing and polishing qualities of even finest bristles. Best of all, have and use two brushes: one for mornings, one for evenings.



Any Dr. West's Toothbrush proving defective is at once replaced by any dealer.

All good stores have Dr. West's for each member of the family: adult's size, 50c; youth's, 35c; child's, 25c; "Professional," 50c; strong, rigid handles—in six beautiful colors.

Get some today, for each one of your family. There is a reason why Dr. West's Toothbrushes *are used by more people than the five next largest-selling makes combined.* You'll *see* that reason, quickly. And you'll *end* unconscious neglect of teeth.

THIS SHOWS: *how* Dr. West's *cleans inside as well as outside, sweeping crevices clean. Note, too, how the premium-quality* Dr. West's *bristles remain always erect.*

Dr. West's TOOTHBRUSH

© W. B. M. Co., 1930

had he been sincere, could never have reproved her. But he did it, very sharply, and made her look like a chidden child before her friends. This reacted upon Monty so pleasurably that he began afresh.

"Yah! Yah! Yah!" she screamed at him. And her friends let out a roar of merriment.

"Becky, you shore have a tip-top chaperon," remarked one frank-faced boy. And other comments were not wanting to hint that one young rider in the world had not succumbed to Rebecca.

"Where am I going to ride?" she asked curtly.

Monty indicated the high driver's seat: "Onless you'd rather ride with them two new hands on the other wagon."

Rebecca scorned to reply and climbed to the lofty perch.

"Girls, it's nearer heaven than I've ever been yet," she called gayly.

MONTY clambered to the driver's seat, and followed the other wagon out of town, down into the desert. Rebecca appeared moved to talk.

"Oh, it was a change. I had a grand time. But I'm glad you wouldn't let me go to Salt Lake. It'd have ruined me, Sam."

Monty felt subtly flattered, but he chose to remain aloof and disapproving.

"Nope. Hardly thet. You was ruined long ago, Miss Rebecca," he drawled.

"Don't call me miss," she flashed. "And see here, Sam Hill—do you hate us folks?"

"I shore don't. I like all the people I've met here. They're fine. An' your ma is the best woman I ever knew."

"Then I'm the only one you've no use for," she retorted with bitterness. "Don't deny it. I'd rather you didn't add falsehood to your—your other faults. It's a pity, though, that we can't get along. Mother depends on you now. You've certainly pulled us out of a hole. And I—I'd like you—if you'd let me. But you always make me out a wicked, spoiled girl. Which I'm not. . . . Why couldn't you come to the dance last night?"

"I wasn't asked—not thet I'd of come anyhow," stammered Monty.

"You know perfectly well that in any town or home in these parts you are welcome," she said. "What did you want? Would you have had me stick my finger in your vest and look up at you like a dying duck and say, 'Sam, please come'?"

"My Lord, no. I never dreamed of wantin' you to do anythin'," replied Monty hurriedly. He was getting over his depth.

"Why not? Am I hideous? Aren't I a human being? A girl?" she queried with resentful fire.

MONTY deliberated a moment, as much to recover his scattered wits as to make adequate reply.

"Wal, you shore are a live human creature. An' as handsome as any gurl I ever seen. But you're spoiled somethin' turrible. You're the most orful flirt I ever watched, an' the way you treat these fine boys is shore scandalous. You don't know what you want more'n one minnit straight runnin'. An' when you get what you want you're sick of it right then."

"Oh, is that all?" she burst out, and then followed with a peal of riotous laughter. But she did not look at him or speak to him again for hours.

Monty liked that better. He had the thrill of her presence without her disturbing chatter. The nucleus of a thought tried to wedge into his consciousness—that this girl was not indifferent to him. But he rejected it.

At noon they halted in a rocky depression where water filled the holes, and Rebecca got down to sit in the shade.

"Come on, child," said Monty with pretended weariness. "If we don't keep steppin' we'll never get home tonight."

"Good! I'll delay you as much as I can. . . . Sam, I'm scared to death to face mother." And she giggled.

Canyon Walls

(Continued from Page 29)

"What aboot?"

"I went terribly in debt."

"Wal, I reckon we can get around tellin' your mother," said Monty lamely.

"You wouldn't give me away, Sam?"

"No, I wouldn't. What's more I can lend you the money—presently."

"Thanks, Sam. But I'll tell mother."

Monty did not inform Rebecca that they could not get even halfway home and that they would have to camp. But eventually, as a snow squall formed over Buckskin, he told her it would probably catch up with them and turn to rain.

"Oh, Sam!" she wailed, aghast. "If my things get wet!"

He did not give her any assurance or comfort, and about mid-afternoon, when the road climbed toward a divide, he saw that they would not miss the storm. But he would make camp at the pines and could weather it.

They halted in the pines, low down on the far side of the divide, where a brook brawled merrily, and here the storm, half snow and half rain, caught them. Rebecca was frantic. She did not know where her treasures were packed.

"Oh, you knew it would rain," she raved. "And if you'd been half a man—if you didn't hate me you—you could have saved my things."

"Wal, if thet's how you feel aboot it I'll see what I can do," he drawled.

And in a twinkling he jerked out the tarpaulin and spread it over the new wagon, where he had carefully packed her cherished belongings. And in the same twinkling her woebegone face changed to astounded beatitude.

"Ma was right, Sam. You are the wonderfullest fellow," she said. "But—why didn't you tell me?"

"I forgot, I reckon. Now this rain ain't goin' to amount to much. After dark it'll turn cold. I put some hay in the bottom of the wagon, heah, an' a blanket. So you can sleep comfortable."

"Sleep! Sam, you're not going to stop here?"

"Shore am. This new wagon is stiff, an' the other one heavy loaded. We're darn lucky to reach this good campin' spot."

"But, Sam, we can't stay here. We must drive on. It doesn't make any difference how long we are so that we keep moving."

"An' kill our horses, an' then not get in. Sorry, Rebecca. If you hadn't delayed us five hours we might have done it, allowin' fer faster travel in the cool of the mawnin'."

"Sam, do you want to ruin me?" she asked with great childish accusing eyes.

"Wal, Rebecca Keetch, if you don't beat me! Where I come from a man can entertain honest desire to spank a crazy girl without havin' evil intentions."

"You can spank me to your heart's content—but—Sam—take me home."

"Nope. I can fix it with your ma, an' I cain't see thet it amounts to a darn otherwise."

"Any girl who laid out on the desert—all night with a man—would be ruined!"

"But we're not alone," yelled Monty. "We've got a man and a boy with us."

"Nobody will ever—believe it," sobbed Rebecca.

"Wal, then, to hell with them who won't," exclaimed Monty, exasperated beyond endurance.

"Mother will make you marry me," ended Rebecca, with such tragedy of eye and voice that Monty could not but believe such fate would be horrible.

"Aw, don't distress yourself, Miss Keetch," responded Monty with dignity. "I couldn't be druv to marry you."

IV.

NEXT day Monty drove through White Sage at noon, and reached Canyon Walls about mid-afternoon, completing a journey he would not want to undertake again under like circumstances. He made haste to unburden himself to his beaming employer.

"Wal, Mrs. Keetch, I done aboot everythin' as you wanted," he said. "But I couldn't get an early start yestiddy an' so we had to camp at the pines."

"Why couldn't you?" she demanded, as if seriously concerned.

"Wal, fer several reasons, particular thet the new harness wouldn't fit."

"You shouldn't have kept Rebecca out all night," said the widow severely.

"I don't know how it could be avoided," replied Monty mildly. "You wouldn't have had me kill four good horses."

"Did you meet anyone?" she asked.

"Not even a sheep herder."

"Did you stop at White Sage?"

"Only to water, an' we didn't see no one."

"MAYBE we can keep folks from finding out," returned Mrs. Keetch with relief. "I'll talk to these new hands."

"Wal, lady, heah's the receipts, an' my notes an' expenditures," added Monty, handing them over.

"Well, daughter, what have you to say for yourself? I expected to see you with the happiest of faces. But you look like you used to when you stole jam. I hope it wasn't your fault Sam had to keep you all night on the desert."

"Yes, ma, it was," admitted Rebecca, and though she spoke frankly she plainly feared her mother.

"And Sam wouldn't tell on you, eh?"

"No, it seems he wouldn't, wonderful to see. . . . Come in, ma, and let me confess the rest—while I've the courage."

The mother looked grave. Monty saw that her anger would be something to be reckoned with.

"Lady, don't be hard on the gurl," he begged, with his easy drawl and smile. "Just think. She hadn't been to Kanab for two years. An' she a growin' gurl. Kanab is some shucks of a town. An' she was jest a kid let loose."

"Sam Hill! So you have fallen into the ranks at last!" ejaculated Mrs. Keetch, while Rebecca telegraphed him a passionately grateful glance.

SUPPER was late that night and the table was set in the dusk. Mrs. Keetch had regained her composure, but Rebecca had a woebegone face, pallid from weeping. Monty's embarrassment seemed augmented by the fact that she squeezed his hand. It was a silent meal, soon finished; and while Rebecca reset the table for the new employes Mrs. Keetch drew Monty aside on the porch.

"I am pleased with the way you carried out my instructions," said Mrs. Keetch. "I could not have done so well. My husband, John, was never any good in business. You are shrewd, clever and reliable. If this year's harvest shows anything near what you claim, I can do no less than make you my partner. There is nothing to prevent us from developing another canyon ranch. John had a lien on one west of here. It's bigger than this and uncleared. We could acquire that if you thought wise; in fact, we could go far. What do you think about it, Sam?"

"Wal, I agree, 'cept makin' me full pardner seems more'n I deserve. But if the crops turn out big this fall—an' you can gamble on it—I'll make a deal with you for five years or ten or life."

"Thank you. That is well. It insures comfort in my old age as well as something substantial for my daughter. . . . Sam, do you understand Rebecca?"

"Good Lord, no," exploded Monty.

"I reckoned you didn't. Do you realize that where she is concerned you are wholly unreliable?"

"What do you mean, lady?" he queried, thunderstruck.

(Continued on Page 74)

Umbrellas don't prevent colds . . .

. . . but Firestone Footwear does! For it isn't the rain in your face that gives you a cold in the head . . . it's getting your feet sopping wet. And there's nothing more uncomfortable than wet, clammy, cold-numbed feet...unless it's the colds that follow after!

Keeping your feet warm and dry is more than half the battle . . . and you cannot buy better or more smartly styled footwear protection anywhere than Firestone rubbers, gaiters, and overshoes.

Outfit the family with Firestone Footwear . . . and you'll be surprised how few colds you'll have to doctor this winter.

The Mark of Quality

Firestone Footwear

REIGNS when it Rains

FIRESTONE FOOTWEAR COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
Branches: NEW YORK, CHICAGO, BOSTON
PHILADELPHIA, CLEVELAND, MINNEAPOLIS

The Whole
when Poisons Collect

Dr. Georges Rosenthal

RIGHT

The celebrated president of the Société Thérapeutique of Paris explains how poisons form in the intestines when contaminating food wastes are allowed to accumulate there. These poisons circulate throughout the entire body. Health and vigor are seriously impaired.

"Keep the digestive and intestinal tract clean with fresh yeast," Dr. Rosenthal says, "and your health will improve."

Dr. Maurice Delort

LEFT

Considered Europe's greatest stomach and intestinal specialist, Dr. Delort is the famous author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Intestine."

"It is through the digestive tract," he says, "that many infections find their way into the system.

"Yeast," he explains, "stimulates the stomach and intestines . . . acts as a body cleanser and a tonic."

Read what they say about a simple food that keeps intestines active, clean!

Are you worried about your health? About the way you feel?

Do you tire easily, sleep poorly? Are you subject to headaches, skin eruptions, indigestion?

Then nine chances out of ten, doctors say, you are suffering from one of the commonest troubles of modern life . . . "intestinal fatigue."

This condition is dangerous. For your body draws its nourishment from the intestinal tract. When intestines become sluggish, poisons collect. Your blood is polluted. Health fades. You are half-well—*half-sick!*

Wouldn't you like to be rid of this condition . . . free to enjoy life at its richest and best?

Then read what two of Europe's greatest physicians advise . . . two men who have spent a large part of their lives in the study of this very trouble.

Tell how Yeast Purifies the System

One of them is Dr. Rosenthal, of the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, a Laureate of the Academy of Medicine of France and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

"Poisons that form in the intestines," Dr. Rosenthal says, "penetrate into the blood and affect the whole body . . . Fresh yeast cleanses the intestinal tract . . . corrects constipation and indigestion . . . tones up the whole system.

"Coated tongue, bad breath . . . headaches, skin troubles, etc., clear up when yeast is used."

Now listen to another great French authority—Dr. Delort, of the St. Michel Hospital. He says:

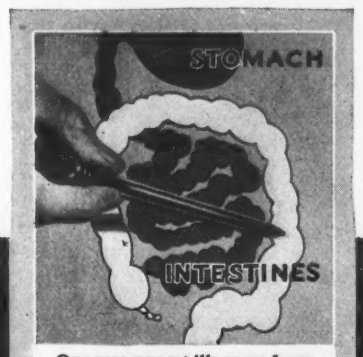
"Yeast stimulates gastric secretion and encourages the movements of both stomach and intestines. It is effective, harmless."

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, is just a fresh, pure product of Nature—a *food*, which softens accumulated body wastes and actually tones up the "tired" intestinal muscles.

Naturally, when contaminating poisons are cleared away, normal digestion sets in. Appetite picks up. Skin eruptions vanish. You face life

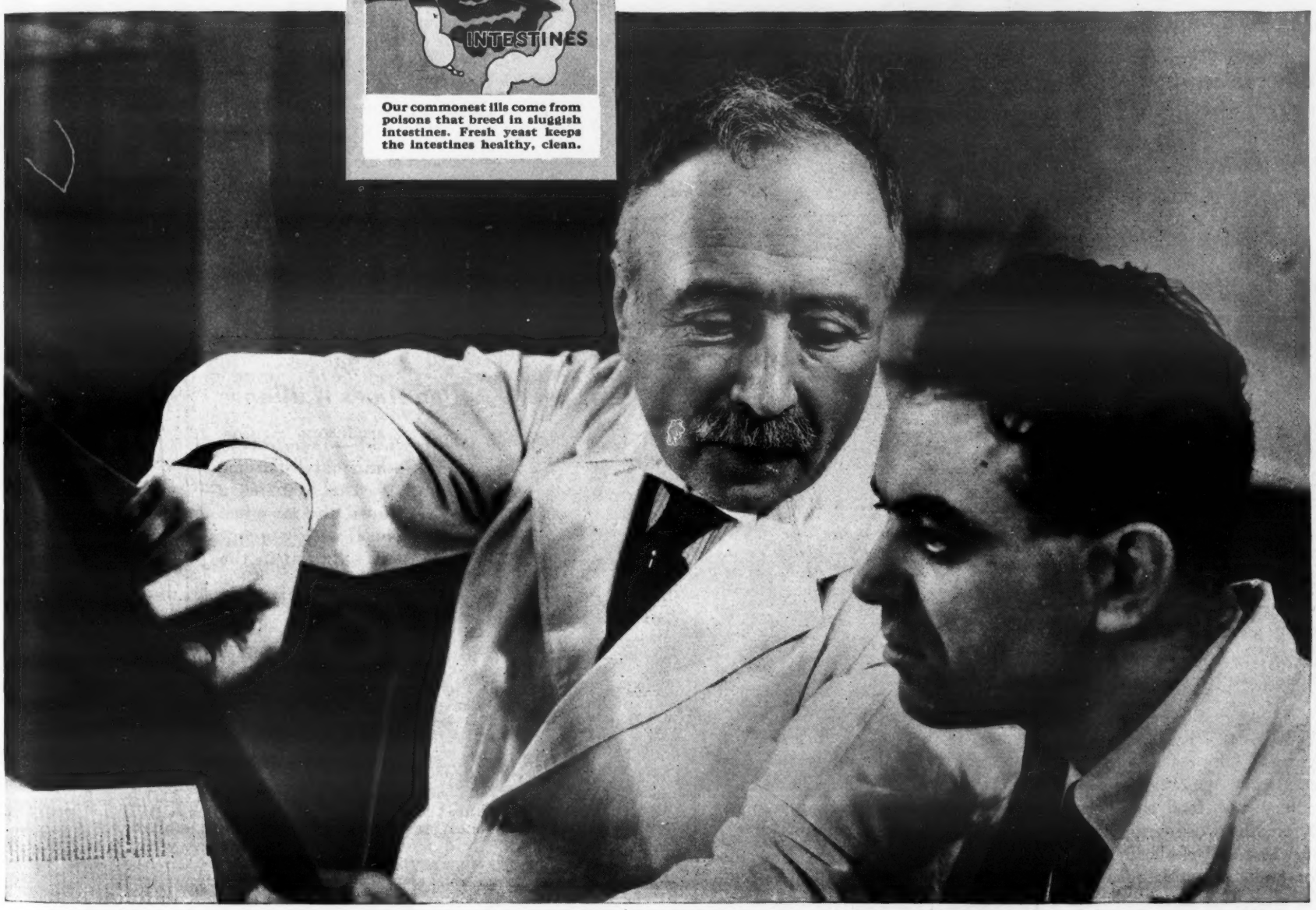
Not a "Cure-all". . . Fleischmann's fresh Yeast is a Health Food that thousands eat three

E SYSTEM SUFFERS t *Here*_



Our commonest ills come from poisons that breed in sluggish intestines. Fresh yeast keeps the intestines healthy, clean.

explain these noted Paris Specialists



with new energy, new confidence . . . and a smile!

Don't you owe it to yourself to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial? Just eat 3 cakes a day, before or between meals and at bedtime—plain or in water (hot or cold) or any way you like. Every cake is rich in the indispensable vitamins B, G and D. Go to the nearest grocery, restaurant or soda fountain and get a supply today!

For free booklet on Yeast for Health write Standard Brands Inc., 595 Madison Ave., New York City.

WHAT OTHER GREAT DOCTORS SAY:—

PROF. DR. MARTIN MENDELSOHN, of Berlin, physician to former German royalty, declares: "Constipation undermines the whole system. Fresh yeast corrects constipation by stimulating the wave-like motions of the intestines."

DR. PAUL GERBER, specialist in internal medicine of Vienna's great Rainer Hospital, explains: "Fresh yeast keeps the whole intestinal tract active and clean . . . checks the formation and spread of poisons . . . helps renew energy."

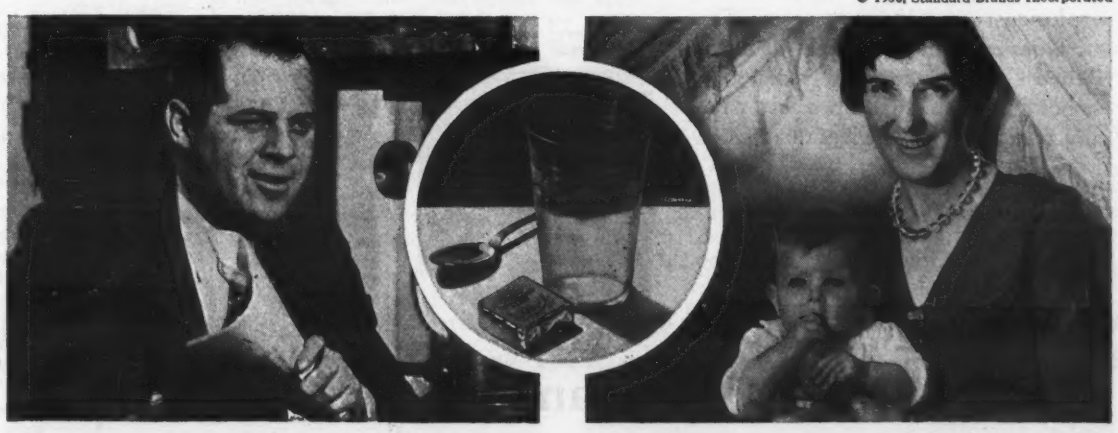
times every day . . . . regularly

Their Experiences Illustrate What Great Doctors Say

(*Below*) "I had been overworking," *writes* Mr. Albert Rogell *of Los Angeles.* "My health gave way and I developed indigestion. I used to go home armed with bottles and pills. One day my mother suggested Fleischmann's Yeast. It relieved the indigestion and helped me sleep. Today I'm in perfect condition."

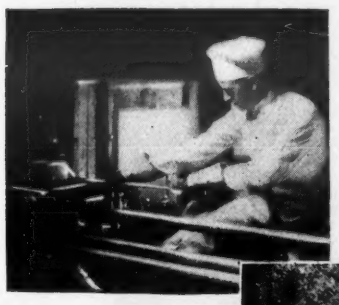
(*Below*) "A few years ago," *writes* Mrs. H. C. Van Pelt *of Flushing, N. Y.,* "my system became sluggish and I was so tired that it was a great effort to do my work well . . . It wasn't long after I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast until my tired, sluggish feeling left. Yeast brought back all my old pep."

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

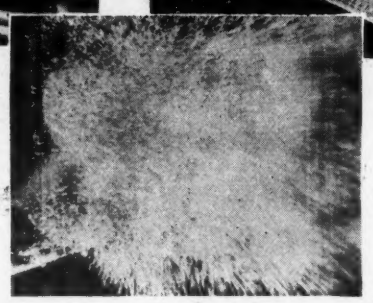


Now! Grains of Health are shot from guns

Amazing invention of Professor Anderson causes 125 million explosions in each grain of wheat and rice. Makes Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice virtually as nourishing as hot cooked cereals.



After the bronze guns are filled with wheat and rice, they are revolved in ovens. Here they are being removed, ready to fire.



Fire! And the air is filled with crisp, fragrant, delectable Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Puffed Rice ... as crisp—as crunchy — as delicious new nutmeats. Try this stay-crisp cereal tomorrow morning.

WHY are Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice practically equal in nourishment value to hot cooked cereals?

Because they are "food shot from guns." Before their discovery whole kernels of wheat and rice had to be cooked for hours to break open the millions of tiny food cells—to make these grains *completely* digestible.

Shot grains from guns

Professor Anderson conceived the idea of sealing wheat and rice kernels in great bronze-steel guns. Then heating these guns until the moisture in the grain changed to super-heated steam. When the guns are fired, 125 million explosions occur in every grain. This explodes every tiny food cell. It makes Puffed Grains as completely digestible as hot cooked cereals. Therefore virtually as nourishing. It gives them a new flaky, flavory crispness.

Why puffed grains stay crisp

And Puffed Grains *stay* crisp, too. That's because of the Seal-Krisp package and the special process that "heat seals" these grain goodies into their containers ... so that all the original nutlike flavor ... all their fresh crispness is kept intact. As Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice rustle from the box to the breakfast dish, they're as deliciously crisp as the moment they were shot from guns!

Puffed Rice has all the vital food values of selected rice. It digests readily. Turns to energy in a hurry. Puffed Wheat provides health-protecting vitamins, rich minerals, for building strong bones, good red blood. It is 25% bran.

Order Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice today. You'll find hard-to-please appetites revel in this different stay-crisp cereal. The Quaker Oats Company.

Every weekday morning and every evening except Saturday and Sunday, Phil Cook, the Quaker Man, brings you his famous "one-man show." Hear him! Consult your local radio time table for your station and time.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

This seal signifies that this product has been accepted by the American Medical Association.

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

(Continued from Page 71)

"She can wind you round her little finger."

"Huh! She jest can't do anythin' of the sort," declared Monty, trying to get angry. She might ask a question presently that would be hard to answer.

"Perhaps you do not know it. That'd be natural. At first I thought you a deep, clever cowboy, one of 'the devil with the girls' kind, and that you would give Rebecca the lesson she deserves. But now I think you a soft-hearted, easy-going, good young man, stupid with a girl."

"Aw, thanks, lady," replied Monty, most uncomfortable.

"Rebecca is no different from any girl."

"But why all this talk aboot Rebecca? How does it concern me?"

"Sam, I have not a friend in all this land, unless it's you."

"WAL, you can shore gamble on me. If you want I—I'll marry you an' be a dad to this gurl who worries you so."

"Bless your heart! . . . No, I'm too old for that, and I would not see you sacrifice yourself. But, oh, wouldn't that be fun—and revenge?"

"Wal, it'd be heaps of fun," laughed Monty. "But I don't know as I reckon where the revenge would come in."

"Sam, you've given me an idea," spoke up the widow in a thrilling whisper. "I'll threaten Rebecca with this. That I could marry you and make you her father. If that doesn't chasten her—then the Lord have mercy upon us."

"She'd laugh at you."

"Yes. But she'll be scared to death. I'll never forget her face one day when she confessed you said she should be switched.

"Well, we begin all over again from today," concluded the widow thoughtfully. "To build anew! Go back to your work and plans. I have utmost confidence in you. But I have not one more word of advice about Rebecca."

"I can't say as you gave me any advice. Thanks, Mrs. Keetch, an' good night."

The painful pondering hour Monty put in that night, walking in the moonlight shadows under the gleaming walls, only augmented his quandary. He ended it by admitting he was now in love with Rebecca, ten thousand times more than he had ever loved any girl, and that she could wind him around her little finger. If she knew! But he swore he would never, never let her find it out.

SUNDAY after Sunday passed, with the host of merry callers, and it was never mentioned that Rebecca had passed a night on the desert with a man. So that specter died.

In June came the first cutting of alfalfa—fifty acres with an enormous yield. The rich green fragrant grass stood knee-high.

Monty worked late, and a second bell did not deter him. He wanted to finish this last great stack of alfalfa. Then he espied Rebecca running along the trail, calling. Monty let her call. It somehow tickled him, pretending not to hear. So she came out in the field and up to him.

"Sam, are you deaf? Ma rang twice. And then she sent me."

"Wal, I reckon I been feelin' orful good aboot this alfalfa," he replied.

"Oh, it is lovely. So dark and green—so sweet to smell! . . . Sam, I'll just have to slide down that haystack."

"Don't you dare," called Monty.

But she ran around to the lower side and presently appeared on top, flushed, full of fun and desire to torment him.

"PLEASE, Rebecca, don't slide down. You'll topple it over, an' I'll have all the work to do again."

"Sam, I just have to, like I used to when I was a kid."

"You're a kid right now," he retorted. "An' go back an' get down careful."

She shrieked and let herself go and came sliding down, rather at the expense of modesty. Monty knew he was angry, but he feared he was some other things.

"There! You see how slick I did it? I could always beat the girls—and boys too."

"Wal, let thet do," growled Monty.

"Just one more, Sam."

He dropped his pitchfork and made a lunge for her, catching only the air. How quick she was! Soon she appeared on top again, with something added to her glee.

"Rebecca, if you slide down heah again you'll be sorry," he said.

"What'll you do?"

"I'll spank you."

"Sam Hill! . . . You wouldn't dare."

"So help me heaven, I will."

She did not in the least believe him, but it was evident that his threat made her project only the more thrilling.

"Look out. I'm a-coming," she cried with a wild, sweet trill of laughter.

As she slid down Monty leaped to intercept her. A scream escaped from Rebecca, but it was because of her treacherous skirts. That did not deter Monty. He caught her and stopped her high off the ground, and there he pinioned her.

WHATEVER Monty's intent had been it escaped him. A winged flame flicked at every fiber of his being.

"You caught me. Now what?" she said challengingly.

Monty kissed her square on the mouth.

"Oh!" she cried, startled. She struggled. "Let me down—you tramp cowpuncher!"

Monty kissed her again, longer, harder than before. Then when she tried to scream he stopped her lips again.

"You—little—devil!" he panted. "This heah—was shore—comin' to you!"

"I'll kill you!"

"Wal, it'll be worth—dyin' fer." Then Monty kissed her until she gasped for breath, and when she sagged limp and unresisting into his arms he kissed her cheeks, her eyes, her hair.

Suddenly all appeared to grow dark. A weight carried him down with the girl. The top of the alfalfa stack slid down upon them. Monty floundered out and dragged Rebecca from under the fragrant mass. She did not move. Her eyes were closed.

"Lord, I've played hob now," he whispered as the enormity of his offense dawned upon him. Nevertheless, he felt a tremendous drag at him as he looked down on her. Only her lips had a vestige of color. Suddenly her eyes opened wide. From the marvel of them Monty fled.

(To be Concluded)

A New Mystery Serial

By Ben Ames Williams

Hollywood — fascinating people—unusual situations! A mystery that remains a mystery until the very last part. You'll enjoy every word of it. Start it in the

CHRISTMAS JOURNAL

9J9124

ANSWERS A MOTHER'S LETTER

Dear Madam: We appreciate your letter. Surely there are many mothers, like you, who would be interested in knowing how a manufacturer of medicinal products safeguards their purity and quality. And you were correct in assuming that the number you noticed on your bottle of Squibb Milk of Magnesia—9J9124—plays an important part.

These tiny numbers are an automatic check upon reliability. By them we can trace the work of every person who has had anything to do with the making of a specific Squibb Product—from selecting the first materials, through the complex process of manufacturing to the correct wording of the label.

Your protection and guarantee, symbolized by Control Number 9J9124, began with the careful selection of the first raw materials. These passed exacting tests for purity and quality. Not one, but three different chemists weighed or checked the quantities for the analysis—and signed their names on record 9J9124. At various important stages before becoming a finished product, this lot of milk of magnesia was carefully sampled and re-checked—and some one vouched each time for 9J9124.

Thus, by the time the milk of magnesia was ready to go into the clean, blue bottles, there was a complete record of its history. It *had* to be pure and absolutely uniform in quality.

Every Squibb Product, whether it be one you keep in your medicine cabinet or an antitoxin for professional use, bears such a number. A guarantee of its trustworthiness from beginning to end. You may never notice these tiny numbers—for you will not need to—but they are the symbol of something Squibb Products have always contained —— The Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker.

Squibb Home Necessities

SQUIBB MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB LIQUID PETROLATUM—a safe, internal lubricant . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening.

SQUIBB CASTOR OIL—special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes the germ-acids of decay, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

SQUIBB NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB VITAVOSE—a milk modifier, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts, delicious in taste.

SQUIBB OLIVE OIL—a pure, rich oil pressed from the finest quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clearness and its delightful flavor.

SQUIBB TOILET LANOLIN—delicately perfumed. Lanolin is recognized as the nearest equivalent of the skin's own pliant lubricants—unexcelled for chapped skin.

SQUIBB BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder—exceptionally pure.

Y Y Y

SQUIBB BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

AT ALL RELIABLE DRUG STORES

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Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858

The Sub-Deb

A Page for Girls

Directed by MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

Illustrated by Earle Kirkbride

Umbrellas, courtesy R. H. Macy & Company. Monopul Savoy galoshes in black moire, and Ariel Croquet rubbers in beechwood brown with novel splash guard, courtesy Mishawaka Rubber & Woolen Manufacturing Company.

SITTING here at the Sub-Deb Editor's desk, with all my notes of things I want to tell you this month lying scattered over the blotter, I find myself wondering about you girls of various ages, living in various—and widely separated—parts of the country, who will read what I write.

You must have so many different interests. It would be fascinating and helpful if only I could talk, face to face, with each one of you.

It is hard to plan a page where every item is going to be of interest to each one of you. On my winter pages, when I plan a Snow Party or Skating Carnival, that is going to leave out the girl in the far South who never sees ice or snow; and a winter party for out-of-doors, though many thousands of you could copy and enjoy it, would seem only tantalizing to your snowbound sisters in the North. So I try each month to have as wide a variety of topics as possible, and by your letters to me you can help me tremendously—as you have done in the past two years since the Sub-Deb was started. Everything you tell me of what you do and enjoy is like a guide-post pointing out to me whether I am going in the right direction or not. So you see how I welcome your letters and all the jolly, gay, intimate things you tell me about your lives and your friends.

This month the November Picnic ought to be possible for all of you, regardless of the section of the country you live in. Saturday Clubs can be made to include Sub-Debs, North, South, East and West. And the suggested Christmas gifts which you can make yourselves with very little trouble are also equally appropriate, no matter where your home is.

So here is wishing you the jolliest of Novembers, with fun both indoors and out, and a happy Thanksgiving to wind it all up successfully.

"Who'll buy this supper box?"

A November Picnic

LATE autumn, when the novelty of a return to school has worn off and one's memory casts back rather wistfully to past summer days, is just the time to invite your friends to an Indoor Picnic Party. Invitations on rough, torn brown paper, so that they are completely informal, will start the fun off right. Tell them that no one will be admitted unless in real picnic clothes—summer dresses and white flannels.

Carry out the picnic idea by removing all chairs. Instead, have a few boxes covered with cheap brown fabric, to look like stumps, for those who object to sitting on the floor, with several covered in gray, to simulate rocks, and a cushion or two covered with green sateen or denim, to give the floor a look of grass. Then add a pile of boughs, a potted plant or two, and the scene is all set.

Outdoor games add to the fun. The supper, of course, should be kept in the picnic manner. Early in the evening there should be a treasure hunt for the boys, which will end with each boy finding a bag of stage money; then the picnic supper boxes should be auctioned off to the highest bidder. Each box will contain a girl's name, and the boy who "buys" that box has her for his supper partner. Shoe boxes or cheap baskets packed with a real picnic supper for two and tied up with colorful ribbons encourage spirited bidding.

The color of the ribbons should more or less suggest the name of the girl who goes with that box, so the delicate blonde might have hers tied with baby blue; the vivid brunette who affects oranges or browns would have her name in the box tied with those colors; the girl who loves red would have that on her box, while the one who always wears gray would, perhaps, have hers tied with the combination of gray and pink. The clever boy will readily guess whose box is being auctioned, but since the sums of money in the bags vary, he may not be able to get the box he wants, which only adds to the fun. Of course, too, since only one box at a time is shown, he *may* guess wrong.

As to the supper, varied sandwiches, stuffed eggs—so that there need not be extra salt or pepper—glass containers of chicken salad, and cake should be in each box, or, instead of the sandwiches, bread and butter and chicken that can be eaten without knife or fork. Each box should also contain a bottle of either olives or pickles or some other novelty, and these can be passed around from couple to couple. Paper napkins, forks and spoons add the right touch, for there should be nothing needing cutting. A big pail of ice with bottles of pop, or pop bottles filled with a previously made punch, put in the middle of the floor, will solve the liquid problem, and of course no glasses should be used. Drinking out of the bottles or through straws adds to the hilarity.

This kind of party, though it takes some ingenuity and a lot of extra work on the part of the hostess, need not cost half as much as other parties would. Also it will be much more fun.

If it were a club giving it, each girl might bring her own box; only there must be a committee to decide what the boxes are to contain, in order that there should not be too much difference. The best plan is to have the boxes the same sizes and shapes, but tied with different colors.

—NANNINE JOSEPH.

Charm and Rainy Days

NOVEMBER is a nice month in many respects, with its Thanksgiving holidays and all the good things that accompany them, but as a rule one does have to count also on its bringing us quite a number of stormy days—cold, bleak rains, and sometimes even early snow.

So it's a good time to take stock of the possibilities of our wardrobes, isn't it, and see what provision we can make for still looking our most charming, even though rain and snow combine to try to spoil some of our dearest plans?

Many of you Sub-Debs are thinking of your late October and November Saturdays in terms of the football games you are planning to attend, and probably each of you has your winter coat, a smart little hat that is just as becoming as it can be, and the right walking shoes all ready in your closet, waiting for these gay, out-of-doors Saturday afternoons.

But—suppose some of these Saturdays are stormy! And there are almost bound to be some bad days among them, you know. Have you, side by side with your sunny-day outfit in your closet, an equally becoming rainy-day ensemble, of snug, warm rain coat, a trim little pull-on felt hat that water won't hurt, equally trim and smart galoshes or low rubbers, and one of the new, very intriguing umbrellas that come with such interesting handles? Heavy gloves, a gay, warm scarf, and the rather tailored type of dress that won't crush under a rain coat are also necessary—and becoming—adjuncts of your rainy-day outfit.

You will notice in the illustration on your page this month two umbrellas any girl would enjoy carrying and a pair of good-looking brown rubbers with a new splash-guard device that will protect your stockings. Isn't that a clever idea? We all know how we hate to arrive at a party with ugly black mud spots on our most expensive pair of silk stockings. But—alas!—how often that seems to happen. Just when we want to look our best too.

Beside the low brown rubbers, you will see also a pair of higher galoshes in black, especially built to fit the present vogue for fairly high heels. Black is going to be popular for footwear this winter—for both the bright-day and rainy-day kind, so Paris tells us.

If you are interested in the idea of being well and attractively dressed in stormy weather, we still have some copies available of our Rainy-Day Smartness booklet. Write to the Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, inclosing a two-cent stamp.

Looking to Christmas

IN REGARD to Christmas, there are two types of girl, as we all know: One who leaves her shopping and gift-making until the last moment, and of course has a terribly hectic and distracted time getting everything done; and the other who plans well ahead of time—this month isn't a bit too early to begin—and who, when Christmas comes, has a well-selected list of really lovely gifts her family and friends will appreciate.

So why not start, as soon as you finish reading this page, making up your list? Some of the Sub-Deb booklets can help you there, you know. Also looking over back Sub-Deb

(Continued on Page 79)

With *these things* robbing your skin of its moisture

→ → *no wonder it's so* THIRSTY → *and so* DRY

. . . and this is the luscious, quick-melting cream that lubricates and softens your skin, even as it cleanses

New ideas in living must be met with new ideas in the care of the complexion, leading scientists urge. Today myriads of women—young, middle-aged, older women—women everywhere are following this new scientific treatment, formulated by world-famed skin specialists to quench skin dryness.

Truest loveliness, glorious smooth and supple skin, they are attained only when you put back what modern living has taken away. When you combat the drying influences of arid, artificial heat, fatless foods and wintry winds. When you restore the natural moisture that fosters a beautiful complexion and is the very basis of it.

Cover your face and throat (generously) with Woodbury's, the Cold Cream that melts at skin temperature. With just no rubbing at all, you can feel it sinking into the pores. As you gently wipe it off, dirt and blemish-forming impurities come with it. And, because the fine, light oils of this luscious white cream lubricate and refresh, even as they cleanse, the parched, drawn feeling, the taut, dry look, the little lines disappear. Your skin is smooth and soft and stimulated.

Then, for a powder base and to further protect your skin against dryness, you have Woodbury's Facial Cream—fluffy, greaseless and vanishing.

You can get the Woodbury Cold and Facial Creams in 50c jars and 25c tubes (for traveling)—also all the other Woodbury beauty aids—at drug-stores and toilet goods counters. Or, if you'd like a generous trial set of these two Woodbury Creams, Facial Soap and Powder, just mail the coupon with 10c in stamps or coin.

YOU, TOO . . . *like thousands of other women . . . can find new skin beauty in these* three new Woodbury complexion aids

Woodbury's Facial Freshener . . . buoyant and bracing, it closes your pores and tightens up your facial muscles. Use it after each soap and water cleansing, after each cream cleansing, whenever your face looks jaded and tired. Price, 75c.

Woodbury's Cleansing Cream . . . requires no massaging . . . liquefies as it touches your skin. Use it to cleanse your face of dust and dirt and make-up, to keep your skin free from blackheads and blemishes. Price, 75c.

Woodbury's Tissue Cream . . . gets down to the very muscles of your face, feeds them, keeps your skin youthful and firm. This nourishing cream is especially effective applied just before you retire and allowed to remain on all night. Price, $1.00.

WOODBURY'S THE COLD CREAM THAT MELTS AT SKIN TEMPERATURE

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MAIL THIS COUPON FOR YOUR GENEROUS TRIAL SET

John H. Woodbury, Inc.
Dept. J-11, Cincinnati, Ohio

If you live in Canada, address: John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. J-11, Perth, Ont. For the enclosed 10c (stamps or coin), please send me trial set of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, Soap and Powder.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

IT MASSAGES THE GUMS AS YOU CLEAN THE TEETH »

"Massage the gums," say dentists and doctors. "Massage the gums," say dentifrice makers. "Massage the gums," say Public Health authorities.

You don't need these repeated warnings, if you clean your teeth with a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. It massages the gums *automatically.*

This automatic action is produced by the length, shape, and spacing of the springy tufts. As you polish the teeth to gleaming whiteness, the ingenious design and the quality bristle supply the correct gingival friction.

That stimulates the blood supply. It comes up briskly to nourish gums and teeth. Soft, spongy tissue firms to rosy health. The vital gum margins cling more protectingly about each polished tooth.

The heart of any tooth brush is its bristle, and Pro-phy-lac-tic bristle is known round the world for fine quality. Three generations of Pro-phy-lac-tic craftsmen have been selecting and blending bristle, and anchoring it into brushes, for more than forty-two years.

Because of their skill, and because we control every step in the manufacture right in our own New England plant, Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush carries what we believe is the broadest guarantee in the field: ***If for any reason at all its service fails to satisfy, we will send you a new brush without charge or conversation.***

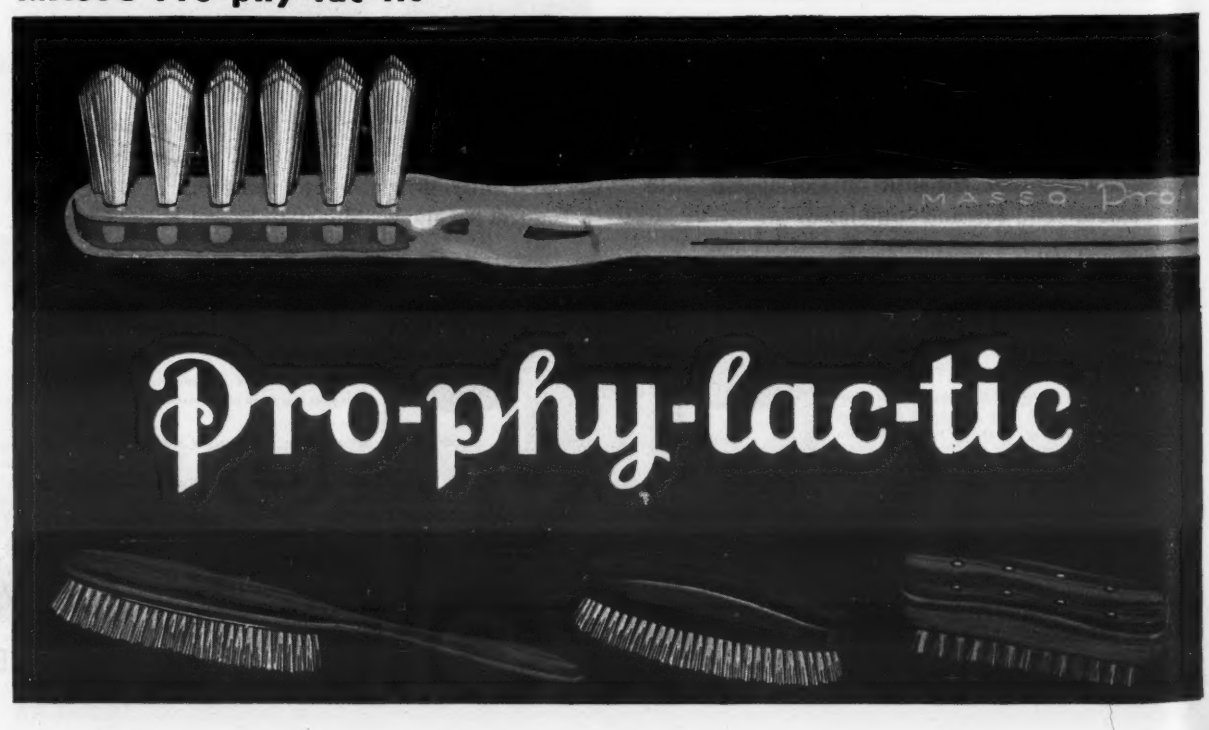
In addition to the brushes illustrated at the right, Pro-phy-lac-tic makes a Youth's size at 40¢, a Baby brush at 25¢, and a wonderful special brush for artificial teeth, the Dental Plate Brush, at 50¢.

It is hard to tell about bristle quality merely by looking at a brush. The Pro-phy-lac-tic name on it helps you choose wisely. We make military, handled, and narrow Pullman-type hair brushes. The prices range from $1 up. The hand brush illustrated at the extreme right is an especial favorite of doctors and dentists, made to clean and to last. An amazing value; $1.

TUFTED Pro-phy-lac-tic

Dentists like the way the famous big tuft on the end of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tufted Brush reaches and cleans the back teeth, which are so often neglected and so frequently first to decay. For forty-two years it has been a world leader in sales; 50¢. Also in a larger English type with four rows of bristle; 60¢. The Pro-phy-lac-tic Masso is one of the newest small-type brushes. Note the scientific wide spacing of the groups of bristle and their pointed ends. This nimble little brush, in many mouths, reaches places no other brush can touch. The handle throat is reinforced. If you love a small brush, switch to the Masso. You will feel the difference the first time you use it; 50¢.

MASSO Pro-phy-lac-tic



(Continued from Page 76)

pages will give you additional ideas. Most of you girls—according to your letters—keep these pages in a scrapbook for reference, so it won't be hard to turn back and run over the various ideas with the thought of Christmas in mind.

Last month we offered a little leaflet of Designs for Animal Pillows. You can utilize these designs in several ways for gifts; as pillows for your chum's room at home or at boarding school; as decorations on bureau scarfs, pin cushions, bedspreads—even side curtains for her windows would be delightfully amusing decorated with a cross-stitch frieze of terrier or pussycat. One of these, or the group of three, would also be a jolly bridge prize.

If she likes beads, there is our Traveling Bead Case booklet with directions for making six bead necklaces. There are, also, Appliqué Scarfs, and two helpful little booklets, Boxes for Many Purposes, and Last-Minute Gifts and Prizes. The last two may be had by writing to The Hostess, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and inclosing a two-cent stamp. The other leaflets mentioned you will find in the usual list of Sub-Deb booklets this month.

Saturday Clubs

ASIDE from the Saturday football games we have already discussed on page 76, do you plan your Saturday holidays far ahead, I wonder, for fall and winter? You can be sure of getting the most out of them, if you do.

And one of the nicest ways to fill them is by a club—or *two* clubs, perhaps.

One might be an afternoon bridge or game club just for girls. Another might be for boys and girls, and be either informal dancing to the radio, with a picnic supper afterward, or bridge if your crowd likes cards; or indoor picnic suppers, cooked at your own fireside, on a bed of live coals just as you would out-of-doors.

Then there are musical clubs—they're lots of fun, too; dramatic clubs; amateur moving-picture clubs, where you act and take your own with home-movie cameras; skating clubs for winter; hockey clubs for the athletic group, and so on, indefinitely.

What is *your* club going to be this winter?

It's Time to Start Earning for Christmas

OF COURSE it's early to start thinking about Christmas—but not too early. For wouldn't you rather have your gifts all wrapped and ready—instead of having to dash out for several "the day before"? Wouldn't you enjoy a real carefree Christmas?

The schoolgirls everywhere who are members of The Girls' Club can earn their own money so easily and pleasantly. No wonder their Christmas funds are so fat . . . and no wonder they can pay for their own clothes and good times.

You can spend with a carefree heart when you earn your own money.

Alice Drinkwater writes: I have surprised myself by earning a dollar and a half in a short time.

Genevieve B. says: I earned $1.00 in about fifteen minutes through my club work. I am saving for slippers for the Senior dance.

$1.35 in Two Hours

Billie H., who plays on several school teams and enjoys plenty of parties, tells me: In just two hours one afternoon I earned $1.35. I was so happy because I wanted to show my parents I could buy things for myself.

NOT only do Club members increase their bank accounts, but they can win many charming prizes for gifts or for themselves. For instance: You could win a bonbon dish for Mother, a bill fold for Father, a banjo uke for your best chum . . . a sports watch or a snug sweater for yourself.

Why not start *your own fund* for clothes, good times . . . *and Christmas*, now. A short note to me asking about The Girls' Club will bring all the details and then you can begin. No expenses to you, no obligations. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
958 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Sub-Deb Booklets

ANY of these booklets, prepared especially for the Sub-Deb, will be sent upon receipt of the amount required in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped addressed envelopes. Address the Sub-Deb Department, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

DESIGNS FOR ANIMAL PILLOWS. With directions. Price, 2 cents.

A LETTER FROM THE SUB-DEB EDITOR. Party suggestions, school chat, and several ideas for a girl's own room. Price, 2 cents.

FINGERS TELL TALES. A little discussion of different types of hands, the characteristics they indicate, and simple rules for the care of each kind. Price, 2 cents.

BOBS OR LONG HAIR? Twelve charming coiffures from Paris for the Sub-Deb. New suggestions for bobs, for long hair and for growing bobs. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB'S BEDROOM. With suggestions and sketches to help any girl plan a charming room of her own. Price, 2 cents.

RAINY-DAY SMARTNESS. Containing suggestions and smart, practical fashions for the Sub-Deb's rainy-day outfit for all sorts of occasions. Price, 2 cents.

THE SUB-DEB GIVES A PARTY. Entertainment suggestions. Price, 2 cents.

KNITTED SPORTS SOCKS. Directions for making the new, low-rolled kind. Price, 2 cents.

DESIGN FOR CAT CUSHION. Price, 4 cents.

APPLIQUÉ SCARFS. Designs and directions for scarfs for sports, afternoon and evening. Price, 2 cents.

....BUT NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF Lysol Disinfectant

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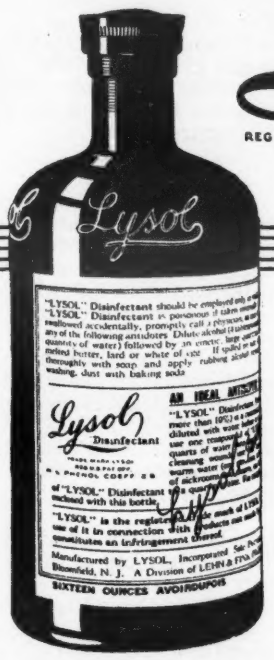


A suggestion: Many women now keep two bottles of "Lysol"—one for general cleaning, one for personal cleansing. It's convenient, and it saves steps.

THIS is an age of new ideas, new comforts, new conveniences.

We smile at the customs and beliefs of forty years ago.

Yet with all the progress that science has made, all the new knowledge of disease and its prevention, hospitals and physicians—the whole world over—still rely on "Lysol" for disinfection against the spread of germs.

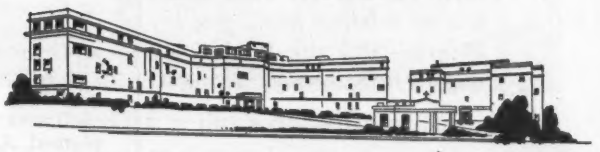
The world today is using more than 7 million *gallons* of "Lysol" a year for general disinfection and for feminine hygiene. And the weight of medical authority is that nothing has yet been found to take the place of this standard, 40-year-old disinfectant.

The reasons are two: First, "Lysol" is always reliable. Its strength is stable. It does not lose its potency on contact with organic matter. Second, it is so powerful that, by laboratory test, one little drop will kill 200,000,000 of the dreaded typhoid germs in a quarter of a minute—or 125,000,000 of the B. staphylococcus p. aureus, the pus in boils, abscesses, etc., in the same brief time.

Remember, too, that "Lysol" comes in concentrated form. It is non-poisonous to humans when diluted according to directions.

The coupon below will bring you two booklets of value to every woman—"Protecting the Home against Disease," and "The Facts about Feminine Hygiene." They are free.

Sole distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.



Good Samaritan Hospital of Cincinnati, Ohio. Another of the famous institutions which have relied on "Lysol" for many years.

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Magic on the Ivory Coast

(Continued from Page 5)

Yafouba chief named San Dei, who lived in considerable state, and who had invited us to visit him. We had been told that we would see the so-called *jongleurs d'enfants*—magician jugglers reputed to have the power of piercing babies with their swords—masks and sculpture dancers, snake charmers and other marvels. They had promised elaborate preparation, and we had sent runners twenty-four hours ahead of us on the trail to announce our approach.

Toward noon next day, Mori said we would probably reach Bin-Hounien in the night. We consulted the porters and decided to go on.

When dusk came, Bugler blew a resounding fanfarade, and we all came to a halt strung out along the trail while the relay porters lighted their torches, strips of dry split cane bound together in bundles, the thickness of a wrist and twice as tall as the height of a man. They crackled, gave black smoke and red leaping flame. Bugler blared another blast, the porters shouted, the drums began to boom, and we resumed our march.

BLACK, solid forest darkness closed around us as we passed. Only where the torchlight glared directly on massed foliage, the leaves became deep, shining vivid green for an instant, then receded into total thick-walled blackness. And so we marched for hours.

It was Bugler who, reaching a point where the trail hummocked to a rise, first saw lights far distant, flickering on high tree tops, seeming to be moving. Half halting to give ear, we heard the drums and ivory horns and shouting of another band. The chief San Dei was on the trail to meet us.

Five minutes later our two bands came together in a pandemonium of wild confusion.

The chief San Dei, whom I had never seen before, was in a hammock like our own, but covered with a canopy of multicolored, dyed, embroidered leather, and his hammock was held high at arm's length above the heads of his porters. He was surrounded by milling dancers, girls and men, drummers and trumpeters with high plumed hats, also of colored leather, shaped like a bishop's miter. Up now went our hammocks likewise above our porters' heads. I could see my front men's muscles ripple and strain and tremble.

Our hammocks were still twenty feet away from the chief's, separated by the crush. Our porters and his were fighting and pushing like bulls to bring the hammocks together, so that we jolted and swayed above the heads of the crowd.

AT THIS moment there emerged from the shadows behind the chief's hammock a sight so extraordinary that I shouted, as excited now as any of the Negroes were: "Great heavens, Katie! Look!"

There, higher even than we were lifted up, seeming to be walking on the mob's shoulders as one would walk miraculously on the waves in a dream, were two little black princesses, gorgeous and beautiful as an Oriental fairy tale. Their slim, baby-girl bodies, standing, were naked save for glittering bracelets, anklets, jewels, but each wore a dazzling high coronet, aigrette plumed. And each, with a tiny hand, held a gleaming sword. As they came closer toward us above the crowd, we saw that they were standing on the shoulders of two gigantic blacks, who held their ankles tight gripped as they swayed.

The chief's headmen and mine were now laying about lustily with whips and restoring a sort of order. The baby princesses swayed closer, bowed to us solemnly, then leaning still nearer put out their little hands to touch us on the foreheads. I learned that these were the children supposed to be pierced by swords in the magic juggling. They were treated with awe and never walked in processions or on journeys from village to village, but rode like little jockeys astride the necks and shoulders of their carriers.

The three hammocks had now been brought together and lowered. Comparative quiet was restored. We met the chief San Dei, who was to be our host. He was a big, heavy man of fifty, unbearded but with a crinkly mustache, excited and perspiring, wearing heavy robes of Dioula-woven cotton, wide-striped blue and white, with store-bought tan shoes, a hat of heavy dark felt velours, also European—the furry sort which cost ten or fifteen dollars and was worn stylishly a few years ago in winter. He carried, though it was night in the dry season, an umbrella.

Welcomes were exchanged, much hand-shaking and snapping of the fingers, more disorder as the notables of his entourage, ministers, court officials, minor dependent village chiefs, pushed eagerly forward to see our faces and shake hands too.

With Mori interpreting and explaining, we learned from San Dei that after consultation with his witch doctors, who knew the sanctions under which I traveled, he had decided, instead of putting us in the public guest house in his village on the main trail, to take us directly to his smaller private ancestral village, which was situate at the end of a branch trail, an hour westward toward the Liberian border. And thus it was agreed.

II.

IT WAS grave-faced Mori who came discreetly to arouse us in the guest house from a sleep so sound that we blinked our eyes and only really awakened when we heard Bugler, the Great Ape, just outside our door, bugling who knows what with a blare that would raise the dead.

Mori announced that San Dei, our host, the tribal chief, was coming to visit us as soon as we were ready to receive him. Straw mats were laid outside our door while we dressed and had coffee. Aided by Diamoko and Bugler, Mori contrived a table and found chairs for us.

While awaiting the chief's visit we sat and looked about us on a new little world, for arriving tired, late the night before, we had seen almost nothing. We were in the midst of a small village, tight closed in by forest, some thirty houses built in irregular concentric circles around a large central clearing of bare, hard earth.

In the middle of this central clearing stood a single tree with wide-spreading branches, under which were mats and benches.

Most of the houses, like the one in which we lodged, were circular and small, about twenty feet in diameter, mud walls rising waist-high only, surmounted by peaked roofs of grass. One had to crouch, almost on all fours, to enter by the single door, and there were no windows.

HOWEVER, there were two very large rectangular houses, facing the clearing as ours did, but with higher doorways and mat-curtained windows, indicating a number of chambers. One evidently was the chief's. The other, apparently, was closed up and empty. I wondered casually why he hadn't given us that to lodge in, since he was so hospitably planning to upset the whole village for our pleasure.

Now he emerged from his own house and came across the clearing, pompous but cordial and friendly, to offer us good morning. He was dressed as the night

(Continued on Page 83)

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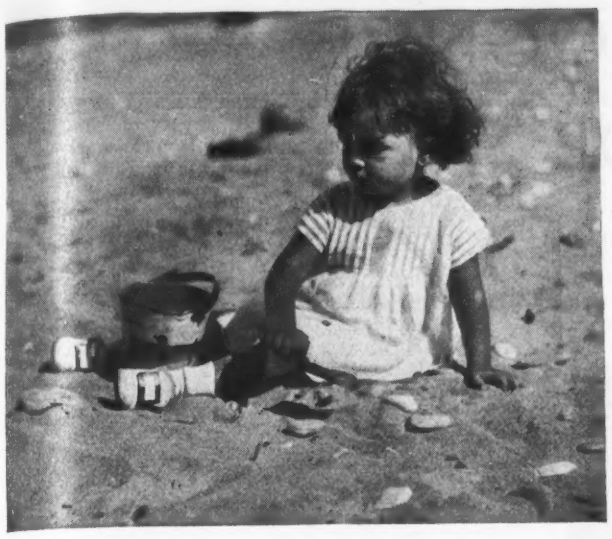

JOHN B. DRAKE IV and BARBARA

The little Drakes

two jolly nautical spirits descended from Sir Francis himself

● John B. Drake IV and his chubby little sister Barbara are the children of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Drake of Chicago.

Water fascinates these two — whether at Sinnissippi, on the Rock River, where their grandfather, ex-Governor Lowden, has his beautiful estate — or at Lake Forest, Chicago's smartest North Shore suburb, where the family summers.

"Bobbie," at nineteen months, has a lightning tendency to run right in the water, French frock and all. "Johnny," with the superiority of his four years, has a canny way with sail boats.

Both pairs of knees are brown enough to last all winter! Both young appetites flourish the year 'round! Their owners consume an astonishing amount of hot cooked cereal. And the cereal their mother chooses, on the baby doctor's advice, is Cream of Wheat.

From the tender age of four months, each little Drake has eaten it.

"Both children are *always* well," says Mrs. Drake. "Cream of Wheat is part of our program to keep them so."

Most mothers feel that way. Most doctors too. Recently 221 leading baby specialists in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto were asked about cereals. *All* of them approve Cream of Wheat!

They know how rich it is in energy, how quick and easy to digest. An ideal food—*at less than one cent a serving!*

Make it a habit in *your* home. Start the days with good generous bowls of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg.

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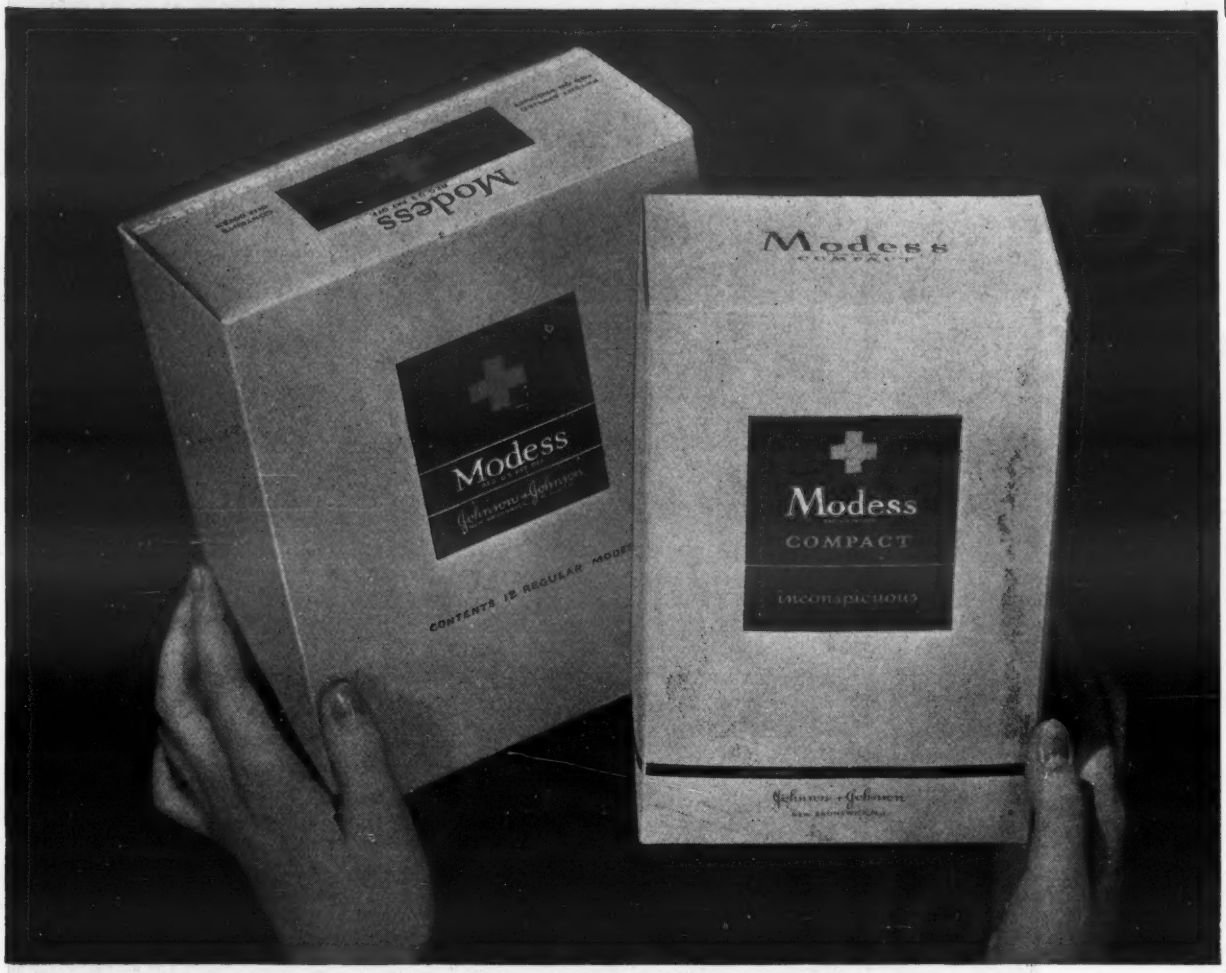
NOW THAT WOMEN RECOGNIZE THE NEED FOR BOTH



The present mode, reflected in slim silhouette lines and sheer fabrics, has made necessary a thin, compact, inconspicuous napkin. Modess Compact is the answer to this persistent and increasing demand—thinner by half, without sacrificing comfort, protection or absorbency.

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MODESS Regular (standard thickness) is regarded by those who use it as the softest, most comfortable and protective pad for general use. Modess Compact (gently compressed) is thinner by half, yet equally effective for travel, dress occasions and special use.

Each day thousands of women are finding out the superior merits of Modess (Regular and Compact). They provide certain protection, greater comfort, remarkable absorbency and deodorizing value. The secret of Modess superiority is a remarkable substance used as filler. It is not built up in layers, but is a gentle, fluffy, cotton-like material encased in specially softened gauze.

Your dealer can now supply Modess Regular, and Modess Compact, each in packages of twelve, and priced the same. You will want both to meet varying needs and occasions. Keep a box of each—a perfect combination for physical and mental comfort.

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World's largest makers of surgical dressings

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(Continued from Page 80)

before, and still carried the umbrella folded. He was accompanied by his counselors, followed by servants who brought the usual gifts of live chickens, eggs, rice, fruit, kola nuts, palm wine in calabashes. Another servant carried his chair, and another a horse's-tail fly swatter with a silver handle.

We shook hands in the Yafouba manner, which is like our own except that you break the grip with a smart jerk, snapping your fingers at the instant of the break, with the force communicated by the let-go. I had learned to do it not too badly.

SAN DEI sat down with us at table, still pompous but cordial, a combination difficult to sustain. The several notables of his entourage, some graybeards and some younger, some robed and some naked save for their loin cloths and leather *grigris*, sat round us on the mats.

Among the robed ones was a nephew of the chief, a man of perhaps thirty, named Yo. There seemed something special about him, something indefinitely but immediately sensed which made me feel him vaguely as different from the others. He had a kindly, intelligent, young, bearded face, and as I watched him it seemed to me that there was a sort of contained sadness in his eyes. Nor did I misread his face or imagine this, though I learned the reason for it only later. I was concerned just now in making a proper impression on San Dei.

All African chiefs love ceremonies, and I had invented a modest little ceremonial for such occasions. I had bought in Paris and had carefully packed singly against breakage a number of good Japanese porcelain cups and saucers, decorated in bright colors with figures of Japanese ladies, landscapes and dragons.

Mori now brought one of these teacups with its saucer, which he unpacked and placed on the table. Beside it we put two ordinary white-enameled mugs from the camp kit. Likewise a bottle of sweet sparkling wine, which I opened, letting the cork pop into the air, and poured some of it bubbling into the teacup. I would taste first from it, in conformity with forest etiquette, then Katie would taste, then the chief, and after having drunk he would keep it as a memento. So we did solemnly, then finished the bottle, he drinking most of it from the teacup, we drinking from the common ones.

I had not called his attention to the ladies, trees and dragons. He found them for himself, turning the fragile cup not clumsily in his thick black hands. I showed him how to hold it against the light so the images would appear through the translucent porcelain. Then we all drank some of his *banghi* in a calabash bowl brass-studded, but only a little, for the sake of ceremony, and I presented him with a hunting knife.

WHILE our breakfast was cooking, we strolled with San Dei, visiting the village. It was like any Yafouba cluster, except that it had the two great houses instead of one. I noticed now that the chief's house was quite new. They explained that the second great house, closed and silent, was that of his dead elder brother Bou, the former tribal chief, deceased only five months past. Bou's tomb, which they would presently show me, was in a garagelike shed beside the great house, built lightly of bamboo poles and thatching.

Close behind it were grouped the houses of Bou's former wives, eight of them, young and old, who had become the property of his son Yo, San Dei's nephew, who was walking with us. We paid the wives a visit. They were working harmoniously at their household tasks, helping each other like sisters in the common yard where iron pots were simmering and manioc was being pounded in wooden mortars with tall poles for pestles.

Family life went on. Although still wives, as well as widows, their heads were all close-shaven, young and old, and their faces smeared with yellow clay. Three wore the handsome, enormous brass anklets seen only in this part of the forest, and worn here only by special favorite wives. Such anklets, worn always in pairs, weigh frequently twelve to fifteen pounds each, and measure eight to ten inches in diameter. They are forged on the young bride by the blacksmith, and worn for life. She is exempt from harder forms of labor, like a Chinese lady with bound feet, and immensely proud. She learns to walk freely, even dance in them. She is fettered heavily, yet free. The effect is not without a certain barbaric sadistic magnificence.

Our visit finished with the wives, San Dei took me to see his brother's tomb. It was a simple mound, but stained with the black, dry blood of recent sacrifices; around it on the walls hung masks and images, as well as leather *grigris* bags ornamented with panther teeth and claws.

There was no secrecy here, nor about the silent great house, either, which we next visited. Its doors were closed, but not locked or fastened. They merely asked me not to touch or displace anything. The furniture and intimate personal belongings of the old chief were dust covered, but otherwise as if he had left them only yesterday for a short journey. One felt that he might return at any moment. They told me that as a matter of fact he often did.

For a year, or perhaps longer, everything would remain undisturbed so that the chief's *Nia*—a sort of disembodied personal essence more like ghost than soul—could come and go at will and find his couch, his umbrella, his favorite belongings in their accustomed places. No human being would ever dwell in the house again. Later, when the witch doctors decided, it would be burned as the other homes of ancestral chiefs had been burned before it.

WHEN we emerged from this ghost-inhabited gray silence into the sunshine, we found the village seething with preparations for the fête. Bands of drummers, dancers, jugglers, masked mummers and musicians, summoned from miles around, and followed by their own village groups, were assembling in the big compound.

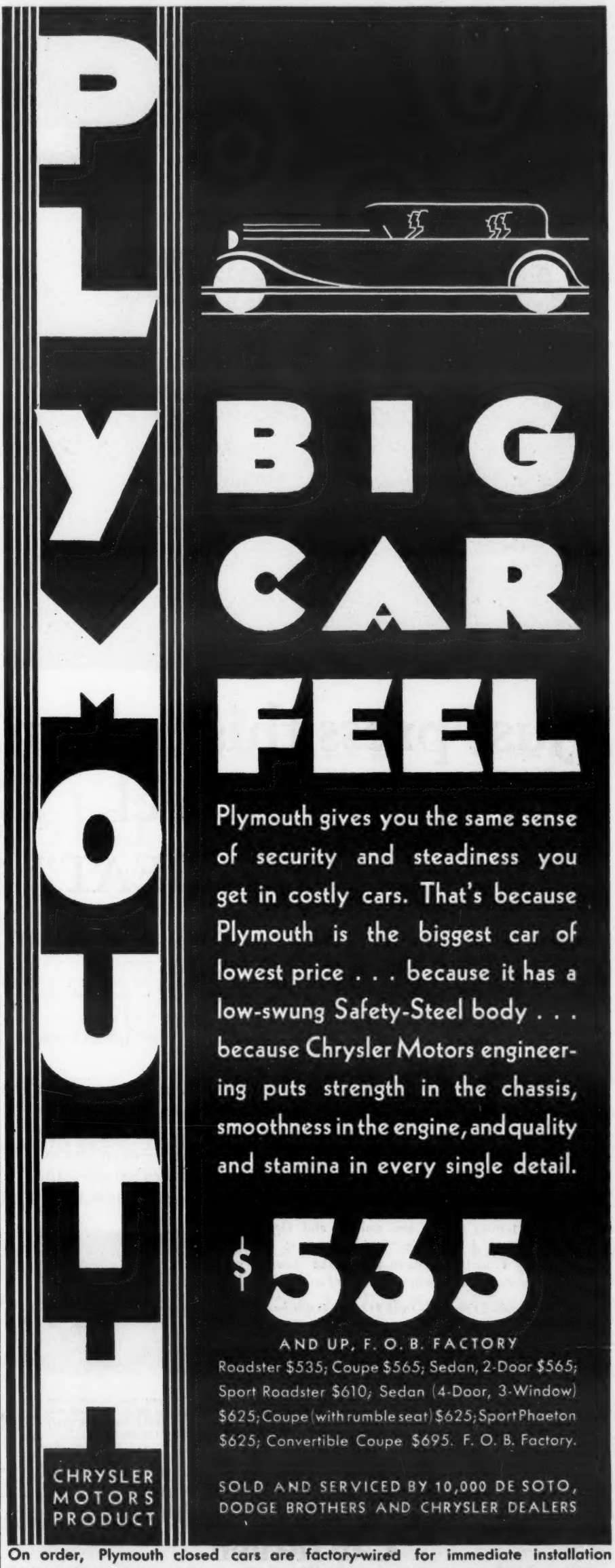
We pushed our way through them, returned to our hut, ate hastily, and then rejoined San Dei, beneath the shade of the tree. We sat with him on the benches, our entourage grouped standing behind. The entire compound was massed with excited spectators, nearly an acre of them.

Immediately in front of us a space about twice the size of a prize-fight ring was kept clear. The musicians and entertainers, many of them masked or painted, were seated in a semicircle awaiting their turns, and behind them men with staves and little whips held the crowd back.

First appeared the *griots*. These are a special class, and divide further into two separate specialized functions. One type of *griot* is like the subsidized poet or minstrel who was attached to a European court in the middle ages. He is an improvising singer, shouter, orator, whose duty is to flatter and glorify his master.

The second type of *griot* corresponds even more precisely to the medieval king's jester. He is a comic fellow to whom every outrageous license is permitted. Every important Ivory Coast chief has one or more of each of these types attached to his train.

San Dei's prize shouting singer now stood before us, an elderly man, robed, with shaven head. He bowed profoundly and with dignity, then leaped high into the air like a jumping jack, emitting a series of wild yells to gain the attention


PLYMOUTH
BIG CAR FEEL
Plymouth gives you the same sense of security and steadiness you get in costly cars. That's because Plymouth is the biggest car of lowest price . . . because it has a low-swung Safety-Steel body . . . because Chrysler Motors engineering puts strength in the chassis, smoothness in the engine, and quality and stamina in every single detail.
$535
AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY
Roadster $535; Coupe $565; Sedan, 2-Door $565; Sport Roadster $610; Sedan (4-Door, 3-Window) $625; Coupe (with rumble seat) $625; Sport Phaeton $625; Convertible Coupe $695. F. O. B. Factory.
SOLD AND SERVICED BY 10,000 DE SOTO, DODGE BROTHERS AND CHRYSLER DEALERS
CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT
On order, Plymouth closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Ask for a demonstration.

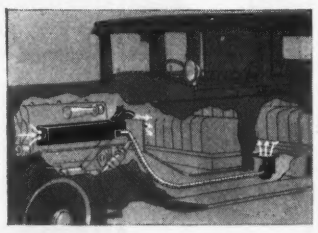
"Just press this button when you feel TOO MUCH HEAT"

Too much heat? Yes! Here is a car heater you'll throttle down—with the thermometer at ten above zero!

Now, a great increase of heat from the manifold—many times hotter than any other car heat source—is yours to command at the touch of a switch! Warmth—almost the instant you step on the starter!

Three heat outlets. Plenty of heat for the entire car—front seat and back seat. Heat easily controlled from gentle flow to surging volume. Full heat volume with radiator shutters tightly closed or wide open—at any car speed—even during long stops! Pure, fresh-air heat—not stale air heated over and over, but a complete change of air every 2 to 3 minutes.

Quicker action, greater heat volume and higher temperatures! A new electric blower unit and improved Francisco construction make possible this new standard of winter car comfort.



Heat where you want it—delivered through any or all of three heat outlets. Real heating comfort in every part of the car.

The standard Francisco—only $3 to $10 (extra for V-type motors)—is guaranteed to provide more heat than any other car heater. De Luxe outfits, with quiet-operating electric blower unit, at higher prices. Sold by car dealers, automotive stores and garages everywhere.

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER CO.
Columbus, Ohio. . . *In Canada:* The Francisco Canadian Auto Heater Co., Hamilton, Ontario

The Francisco Car Heater

of the crowd. Pointing to San Dei, he shouted at the top of his voice:

"Behold, the mountain is always in its place!

"He is the man of men!

"He is the husband (protector) of all the young men!

"He is the Great Warrior, and when he goes to battle only one man is left alive in the ruined village!

"He is like his father and his grandfather;
"When people speak of him behind his back in whispers,
"He comes shouting and makes them all beg for mercy.

"He is a bitter tree, well rooted;
"You can't pull him up with your teeth.

"He is Douma, the Great Thunder!"

The orator, who had been punctuating each of these separate strophes with wild yells in which the crowd joined, now paused for breath, and well he might. In this pause a *divertissement* occurred spontaneously which gave me considerable delight.

My erstwhile pompous though friendly host, San Dei, had been getting more and more excited, perspiring and puffing with his own grandeur. Now, unable longer to contain himself on the bench beside us, he arose ponderously waving his umbrella, and let out a wild howl all his own. Brandishing the umbrella like a spear or war club, he began strutting before us, exciting himself still further until what had begun as a strut ended in unwieldy caperings, while he shouted:

"Yes! Yes! It is true! I am the great one! I am an elephant! I am the strongest! I am the man of men! I am the great warrior! I am indeed a bitter tree! Ho! Ho! Wow! Behold me!"

HE SAT down puffing, and we all congratulated him heartily. A second *griot* now turned his attention to me, but he sang rather than shouted, and four others stood behind him, who hummed a harmonious accompaniment, as when glee-club singers imitate guitars. It was very nice. He first sang:

"When the bird flies,
It notifies nobody
And carries neither heavy baggage
Nor royal gifts.
But when a king comes,
Behold, it is not the same."

He then sang:

"When I first beheld you,
I was astonished
And said, 'What is this?'
But when I looked more closely,
It was as if I looked upon my father's face."

The song he sang which I liked best was this:

"When you came along the hard trail
Through the forest,
The panthers fled in fear.
But the little goats came down,
Bleating, from the rocks,
To watch you pass."

Then turning to the crowd like a football cheer leader, he shouted:

"Who is here?

"HE is here!

"The one who always conquers."

The crowd assented, shouting it after him joyfully. I was very proud, happy and flattered. I gave him two bars of salt and my pocketknife.

Now a comic *griot* appeared, an old man, grimacing, naked except for a ridiculous feathered loin cloth, who seized San Dei's umbrella, snatched the hat off his head, then began mimicking him, strutting and shouting:

"I am indeed the loud noise! Yow! Wow! Hoho! B-r-r-oooom! I am an elephant! That is to say, I am the hind parts of an elephant! Hear the great thunder!"

After which he came and sat down in the chief's chair—that is, on top of the chief—bouncing up in surprise, like one who has sat down on a cat, when San Dei cuffed his ears.

Next came two masked dancers. Their masks, good Ivory Coast wood carving, were set in immense headdresses, ornamented with bells and plumes, fur, panther teeth and shells, which hooded their entire heads and shoulders. Long sleeves of cloth, sewed up like bags, covered their arms and hands. Their bodies, all but the bare feet, were hidden by heavy, flaring skirts of woven grass. Both were men, but one wore the mask of a female witch, the other that of a devil animal.

A snake charmer followed. He had two cobras in a wooden box. He made them coil, hiss, spread their hoods and strike, according to his will, singing and talking to them. He had no flute or musical instrument, but with his voice he could keep them swaying.

Various groups of dancers now succeeded.

ALL this, however, was but a preparation, a curtain raising for the principal event—the sword jugglers with their baby girls. They had been in seclusion at the other end of the village, in the witch doctors' inclosure. A lane was made for their triumphant entry through the crowd.

They rode astride the necks of the same giants who had carried them to meet us on the trail. But before them marched two gorillalike men whom I had never seen before—gorillas not in the sense that they were bestial or repulsive, but by the tremendous development of their chests, arms and shoulders, beautiful muscularly but almost monstrous, so that they seemed foreshortened, stocky, though of normal height. These were the jugglers.

Before the performance began, the baby girls were "magically" immunized. A thick, dark, dryish paste from a horn bottle was smeared lightly on their foreheads, palms and breasts, while in the complete silence which had now fallen the two jugglers muttered their mumbo jumbo. The babies, they said, were to be pierced, impaled upon the swords, before our eyes.

A most brilliant exhibition followed—transparent Coney Island balderdash as magic—mere legerdemain and optical illusion, but lifted high above banality by such daring jugglery as only a people holding life lightly would risk with little children.

The two gorillalike men, standing first ten then nearly twenty feet apart, and using the babies as human projectiles, began warming up like basketball champions. They hurled them back and forth in parabola, now curled into balls like sleeping porcupines, now cart-wheeling through the air with arms and legs spread wide, now rigid, straight, headlong, like torpedoes shot from a tube.

THE two baby girls had become passive like rag dolls, somnolent and relaxed as if hypnotized, and I wondered if they were. In the pauses they stood with eyes wide open which seemed to see nothing, and their faces were as expressionless as if carved in wood.

The jugglers rested, breathing heavily, and then began the swordplay. One held two swords straight out before him, rigid at arm's length, aimed slightly upward, glittering, sharp edged and sharp pointed. From a distance of fifteen feet the other hurled a child upon the sword points. It flashed sidewise in an arc, directly, it seemed, upon the points of the unlowered blades, which seemed in that fraction of an instant to be piercing it through and through. But a fraction of an instant later the body lay unharmed, caught in the cupped elbows of the juggler.

This brilliant trick, almost convincing to a credulous eye, was repeated in numerous variations with both the little girls,

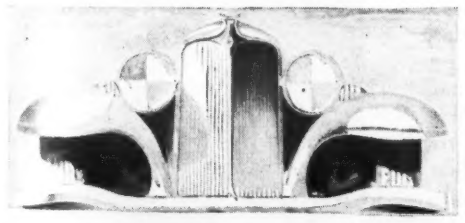
(Continued on Page 87)

CHRYSLER SIX

Heir to six brilliant years of Chrysler progress

TODAY'S Chrysler Six—by six years a smarter, richer and finer car than that first famous Chrysler Six—now offers the advancements and refinements of six years' progress *at less than half the price of the original Chrysler Six!* Chrysler from the first has been the great source of new ideas and niceties which have helped to make women more eager to drive. In six years, Chrysler has pioneered and popularized more real advancements than any other manufacturer in the industry—and today's Chrysler Six is the direct heir of the great discoveries of those years. *At actually less than half the price* of that illustrious Chrysler that first made Chrysler famous, today's Chrysler Six is a car that is six years more beautiful; six years more advanced in engineering; six years abler in performance, and far more appealing to the feminine motorist—a value in this price class without precedent or parallel.

CHRYSLER SIX PRICES: *Coupe, $795; Touring, $835; Roadster, $835; Royal Coupe $835; 4-Door Royal Sedan, 3-Window, $845. F. O. B. Factory {wire wheels extra}*



NEW CHRYSLER STRAIGHT EIGHTS

Two new Chrysler Straight Eights have won among eights that same leadership that Chrysler has so long possessed among sixes.

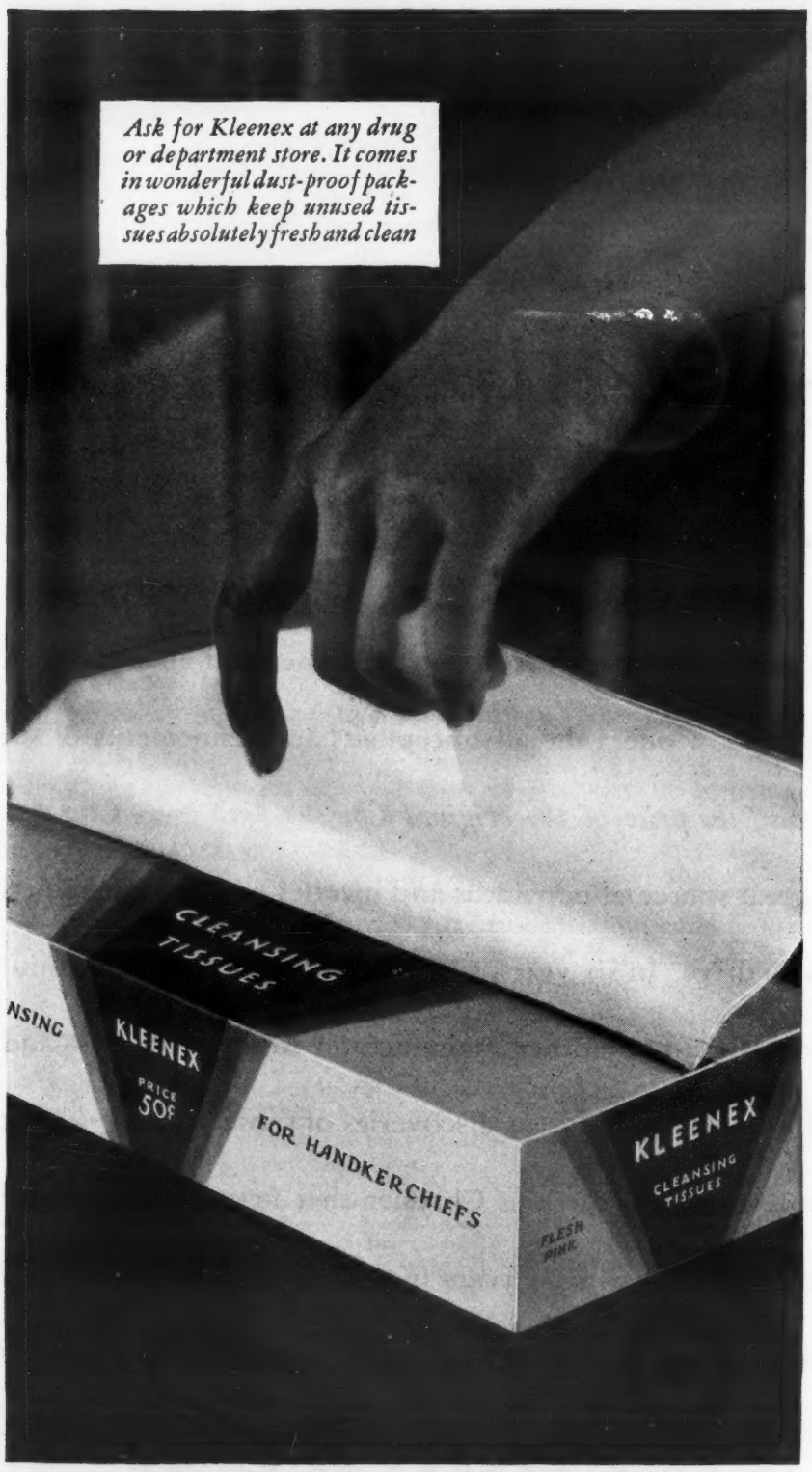
CHRYSLER EIGHT—*Standard Models—Roadster $1495; Coupe $1495; Sedan $1525; —Special Coupe $1535; Special Sedan $1565; Special Convertible Coupe $1665; Sport Roadster (6 wire wheels and trunk rack) $1595.*

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL EIGHT—*5-Passenger Sedan $2495; Close-Coupled Sedan $2595; 7-Passenger Sedan $2695; Sedan-Limousine $2895. All Imperial prices include choice of six wire or demountable wood wheels, fender wells, trunk rack, bumpers and specially-painted fenders. All prices f. o. b. factory.*

Chrysler Eight and Chrysler Imperial Eight closed cars are factory-wired for immediate installation of Transitone, the pioneer automobile radio. Chrysler Six models will be equipped on order.

Now . . . try Kleenex for Handkerchiefs

It is softer, more hygienic, and costs less than laundering handkerchiefs . . . ideal for colds and hay fever . . . coupon brings free sample



Ask for Kleenex at any drug or department store. It comes in wonderful dust-proof packages which keep unused tissues absolutely fresh and clean

See the direction sheet in every Kleenex package for a variety of uses of Kleenex as a general toilette and household accessory.

YOU know what Kleenex Tissues are . . . those soft, dainty tissues that smart and beautiful women are using to remove cold cream.

But did you also know that Kleenex is rapidly replacing handkerchiefs among progressive people? Doctors are recommending it. Nose and throat specialists are using Kleenex in their office work.

Avoids reinfection

Kleenex is so much more sanitary. You use it just once, then discard it. Cold germs are discarded too, instead of being carried about in an unsanitary handkerchief, to reinfect the user and infect others.

And Kleenex is infinitely more comfortable. You know how irritating a damp handkerchief becomes. But with Kleenex, every tissue that touches your face is soft, dry, gentle and absorbent. And soothing.

Kleenex is a great saving, if you have washing done commercially. The cost is way below that of laundering a handkerchief.

What Kleenex is

Here's what a Kleenex Tissue is like: It's the size of a handkerchief. It's very soft. Each tissue comes from the box immaculately clean and fresh.

You can buy Kleenex in a large or small size package. And in three tints, besides white. If you plan to use Kleenex only for handkerchiefs, you'll probably want the white. If you want Kleenex for a delightful toilet accessory . . . for removing cold cream . . . for applying and distributing cosmetics . . . try the exquisite tints of pink, green and yellow. All of these colors are guaranteed absolutely pure and safe. Buy Kleenex at any drug, dry goods or department store.

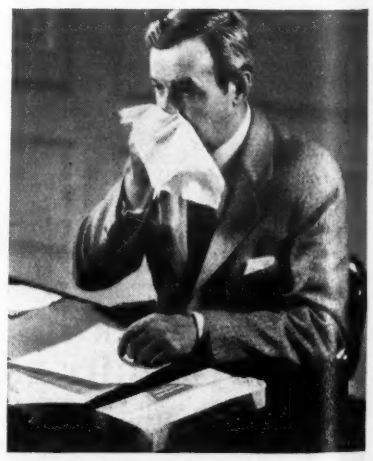
Free sample

Let us send you a sample of Kleenex, just to prove to you how lovely Kleenex is. The coupon below will bring you a generous sample absolutely free.

Kleenex Company, Chicago, Ill.

OFFICE WORKERS *find Kleenex invaluable, not only for handkerchiefs, but for applying make-up, for towels, and for removing creams after the daytime cleansing treatment which every complexion should have.*

MOTHERS *have discovered that Kleenex makes perfect handkerchiefs for children. What if it's lost? . . . the cost is not worth figuring. And think! . . . no more washing of grimy little handkerchiefs!*



FOR COLDS AND HAY FEVER *Kleenex is a vast improvement over the unsanitary damp handkerchief. Use just once and discard. Other people appreciate your use of Kleenex during colds instead of the germ-filled handkerchief which is a menace to those about you.*

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex free of charge. L-11

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

(Continued from Page 84)

who remained always wooden-faced and passive. The exhibition was over. The crowd applauded violently and I applauded, too, but I was a little disappointed.

It had been thrilling, but it wasn't stage magic of this sort, even at its finest, that I had come seeking in West Central Africa.

I said as much candidly afterward to Mori and San Dei, and got something in return for my candor. San Dei said, "I was willing, but my witch doctors were not. They were afraid that evil might befall if it were performed in the face of strangers."

I said, "If what were performed?"

He replied: "There is real magic; children are pierced and carried with the swords run through their bodies, but it is very dangerous. The recovery does not always take place. It is perhaps better that it was not attempted."

I AM relating this conversation because a month later I returned to Bin-Hounien and saw disturbing things, which I will describe when I tell of that return, but for which I can offer no adequate explanation.

The sequel of the present exhibition, however, was innocent and charming. Katie and I were in our hut in the late afternoon, half napping, lying together on a floor mat, where it was cooler than in our camp beds. With eyes half closed I became conscious that someone was entering the hut. Standing just inside the doorway, hand in hand like any kids, were the two tiny girls, washed and prettied, smiling. Squatting outside the door were the two jugglers who had brought them, and who grinned and beamed benevolently.

The children, fearless, friendly, full of curiosity, cuddled down like kittens on the mat beside us, sucked lumps of sugar which we gave them, played with Katie's beads, examined her hair and clothes with their fingers, then spied a pair of her slippers. Each put on one of them, laughing and hopping about.

WE GAVE them each a pearl necklace and a strip of blue cloth, also a little bottle of perfumery, sprinkling a few drops on their palms to show them its use. They were as sweet and clean as any white baby girls fresh from a tub.

After they and the jugglers had gone away with their gifts, we dined in the twilight before our hut. Chicken and omelettes which Diamoko had prepared were supplemented by a great bowl of goat liver and rice sent by the chief. Presently, after darkness had fallen, Mori came to say that I was awaited to take part in the *banghi* drinking of the notables on the thatch-canopied porch of San Dei's house, where torches had already been planted.

Mori brought my chair, San Dei had his own, and the others sat on grass mats. The *banghi* had already been brought, in big calabash bottles holding a couple of gallons each, wicker wound and wicker handled, with little tubelike spouts of changeable fresh green palm leaf. We drank from calabash bowls, filled brimming, which held almost a quart for a draught. The pourers, who were servants, always drank first from each newly broached bottle, and sipped also from each poured bowl before it was offered.

Soon several bowls were circulating. It was good palm wine, milky opaque, well fermented, heady and not too sweet. San Dei led presently a Yafouba war song, which put it into my head to sing John Brown's Body. I tried, through Mori, to explain the words. I found that they understood very well, for they all believe that when a man lies moldering his soul goes marching on.

I was happy, full of friendliness, but an episode presently occurred—the blame entirely mine—which destroyed my overconfident illusion that all was sweetness and light and everybody simple and happy as myself. Nothing is ever simple anywhere.

Among us sat the young bearded nephew of San Dei, the young robed chief named Yo whose eyes had seemed vaguely sad when we first met. He seemed vaguely sad still, and I had begun to notice that he was the only one who was not drinking. I am very much ashamed of what I did, for it was stupid. It was the kind of expansive, good-hearted effort to patronize which I loathe in any man, and of which I am sometimes guilty.

I HAD a sudden surge of brotherly love for Yo and an idea that he was being neglected. So I tried with friendly, insistent, blatant ostentation to force a bowl on him. I tried to make a man drink who politely didn't want to and who refused politely. Everyone was embarrassed but me. Finally Mori, grave-faced, worried, almost angry, shook me by the shoulder and whispered:

"Please stop. I beg you. You do not understand. This man is to be poisoned."

When Mori took me home to the hut where Katie lay already asleep, we sat for a long time outside the door and he told me what he knew of the recent tribal history, reproaching himself that he had not told me sooner.

Here then briefly was the tale of San Dei's family and succession, the invisible drama with its last act written but yet unplayed, which was moving to its climax in this hidden forest village where we two whites had been received with happy festival and generous hospitality.

More than a year before, the old Chief Bou, San Dei's brother, whose body lay over there in its bamboo mausoleum and whose unrevengeful ghost dwelt honored in the darkened great house, had begun to weaken and lose his power.

SAN DEI had already become in reality the tribal leader, the power behind the tottering throne. There had been a conference of witch doctors and ministers, which had resulted in the poisoning of the old chief. According to Mori's understanding, it had not been an act dictated by ambition or jealousy on San Dei's part, any more than the projected poisoning of the old chief's son would be. It had been a measure for the collective tribal good, to which the individual is always sacrificed when need be.

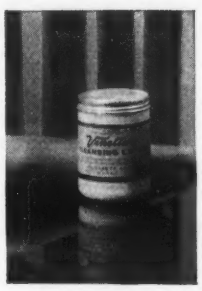
Circumstances now made it seem necessary to remove Yo in the same way. It

How Long is Your Gift List?

UPON your list, of course—there's the friend who dotes upon entertaining, the home friend who seeks new menu surprises, the smart friend who is a step ahead on clothes. And the younger friend with her hobbies and enthusiasms.

Any of them will welcome the gift, this Christmas, of a subscription to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. For the JOURNAL brings to each one a fascinating department that covers her own special interest, plus dashing fiction for leisure-time entertainment.

"*There is* a Key to Beauty!"



VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC

Cleanliness: THE FIRST LESSON

TWO things only are necessary to assure the clear loveliness of your skin—a wise selection of preparations—a perfect understanding of the way to use them. The contents of a hundred jars and bottles will not yield their loveliness to you unless each cream and lotion is used exactly as it was meant to be. It is like a locked treasure that can be opened only with the right key. The key is knowledge.

In every one of my preparations there is beauty—waiting to be released by you. The more closely you adhere to the prescribed treatment, the more confident you may be of results.

Your skin should be cleansed at least as tenderly as a fine piece of kid . . . never with scrubbing, never with harsh handling . . . but gently and thoroughly with the finest of oils. Only in this way can the tiny pores be rid of accumulated impurities. It is for this reason that I have formulated my Cleansing Cream to be of feathery lightness, and to liquefy quickly with the warmth of the skin. Swiftly it penetrates the depth of the pores. Night and morning—and during the day, when you wish to refresh your face—you should follow this little program of cleansing:

With a towel or band, secure the hair firmly away from the face so that hairline and ears are completely exposed. Squeeze a piece of absorbent cotton out of cold water. Moisten with Skin Tonic and dip in Cleansing Cream. Cleanse from the chin upward, paying special attention to either side of the nose and around the mouth and chin; work gently around the eyes. Do not overlook the neck. Remove Cleansing Cream with Cleansing Tissues carefully so as not to stretch the skin.

Squeeze a fresh pad of cotton out of cold water, saturate with Skin Tonic and commence patting on the neck. Pat from the center around to the back on either side. Then, from the chin upward to the forehead. Continue patting for about five minutes, going over the same movements. Dry with Cleansing Tissues.

If this is your morning clean-up, your skin is now ready for your make-up which should be applied according to the method I will describe in a later lesson.

Cleanliness

Cleanliness is the peg on which all beauty hangs—like a multi-colored chiffon gown on a crystal hook.

There is a kind of grubby beauty which artists like to paint, but almost nobody wants to live with it. And after all we are here in this life to be lived with—at least by a few people, let us hope by the ones we like best in the world.

We hope that when we enter a room, something clean and lifting and gay enters with us—something people feel but don't quite know what it is—it stirs the air like a nice, fresh, little wind.

It is because everything about us is so clean! We are wholly alive because nothing is clogging us up—our clothes, our bodies and faces and hair, our purpose in life, our judgments, our impulses, our dreams BREATHE!

Eat less, dream more. Strive less, direct more. Put everything that comes into your life into two piles—"These are important. These only seem important." Then lop off all the ones that only seem important. You have cleaned up your life a bit. Clean house mentally and emotionally—there is no greater waste than carrying along something through the years that you really finished with long ago.

The Preparations Required in This Lesson are:

VENETIAN CLEANSING CREAM
A light, feathery cream that liquefies quickly with the warmth of the skin and dislodges impurities. It rids the skin of dust, powder and excretions, and leaves the skin soft and receptive. $1.00, $2.00, $3.00, $6.00

VENETIAN ARDENA SKIN TONIC
A mild astringent which firms, tones and whitens the skin and brings new life to every cell. Use with and after cleansing cream to stimulate circulation and bring a glow of natural color to the cheeks. 85c, $2.00, $3.75, $9.00

VENETIAN CLEANSING TISSUES
Softest silky tissues. The sanitary and convenient way of removing cream. Roll 40 cents. Large box of four rolls $1.50; large package $2.25

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS LONDON BERLIN ROME MADRID

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a *New* safer way to eat BRAN

A delicious hot cereal that conceals bran in tender golden flakes of whole wheat.

"INFINITELY more delicious," you'll say when you eat this new kind of bran, "and it doesn't taste in the least like ordinary bran."

That's because the bran in Pettijohn's is concealed in flavory, crunchy flakes of golden wheat. It's recommended for the most stubborn cases. Yet it's gentler, more soothing. Safe alike for nervous digestions or the tender digestive tract of a child. Because every tiny, sharp bran edge has been *softened* by cooking.

And no other bran can give you the wonderful nutrition Pettijohn's offers. It provides vitamins A, B and E . . . superior protein . . . plus from 4 to 5 times as much body-building minerals as white flour.

Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Protect your health tomorrow morning . . . every morning . . . with this delicious, effective, safer kind of bran. New Pettijohn's cooks in from 3 to 5 minutes. It is made by The Quaker Oats Company, manufacturers of 49 different cereal products, with mills in 12 cities throughout the United States and Canada. Try it tomorrow at the suggestion of The Quaker Oats Company.

Pettijohn's

Are you interested in new menus for children? In new recipes for whole wheat cookies and desserts? Send for a new Free Recipe Booklet. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

Name.....

4-11

Address.....

was not that he had been making trouble or fomenting any secret plot to overthrow San Dei. It was rather that as the old chief's son, and not a weakling, he might become the center of a movement to upset the balance under which the tribe was prospering. No promise or good will or present loyalty on his part could guarantee against this possibility, for the blacks believe, as the classic Greeks did, that a man may be driven to engage in such acts by occult forces wholly outside his own intention or volition.

Up to this point one might find abundant parallels, and worse, in the dubious history of our own white royal houses. What seemed to me more curious, and perhaps without exact parallel among us, was that the intended victim, Yo, dully cognizant of what awaited him, made no effort toward ultimate defense or escape, but remained there with the tribe, and with the very family, apparently unresentful, doing nothing to protect himself beyond the futile temporary gesture of not drinking freely with the others. He could easily have fled to another tribe, or into Liberia, or even to a French administration post.

Mori explained his remaining as a sort of tribal duty. It was his duty for the collective tribal good to remain passively and be poisoned. It seemed to me a duty which the noblest white altruist would scarcely have regarded as imperative. True, we hold that it is heroic and beautiful to die for others. But I think our purest-hearted voluntary victims expect a positive posthumous run of some sort for their spiritual money.

San Dei was our hospitable host for three more days. When we departed, returning toward Dananae, he gave us a number of masks, and Yo gave Katie an otter pelt softly tanned, pliable as a glove. On the farewell morning they accompanied us to the main trail and insisted on lending us additional porters for our first day's march.

III.

TWO weeks had elapsed since our first adventure among the Yafoubas. Katie I had seen comfortably installed at Man, a French administration post in the mountains, where she had house and servants, car and chauffeur. Man was deep in the forest—a native town with everything built of mud and thatching, including the administration buildings—but connected with the coast by motor road, post and telegraph. It was to be our base during the Ivory Coast sojourn.

As for me, I was back again at Dananae, seated again on a mat in the Diagbe's hut, with his masks and skulls grinning down on us as we palavered far into the night. Mori had rejoined me and we were planning a longer trail excursion, perhaps into Liberia.

I was trying to persuade the Diagbe himself to accompany us. He was protesting that he was too old and feeble. I was disappointed, for experience had convinced me that my only hope of penetrating deeper beneath surface things lay in traveling sponsored by the actual presence of some one who had intimate, authoritative contact with the depths. In short, I had conceived the presumptuous but practical notion that having acquired my own bugler, beaters on tom-toms and shouters, I must now acquire a private witch doctor.

Mori thought, as he often did, that I was crazy. But the old Diagbe was sympathetic. After pondering awhile he said:

"No, I cannot do it. But I have a cousin, younger, it is true, but known and powerful, who travels widely and who may be persuaded to make the journey, if the Fetish is favorable. Come back tomorrow morning and we shall see."

What we saw when we reëntered the Diagbe's hut next morning was by no means what I had bargained for. There was no sign of a second witch doctor, but seated cross-legged beside the Diagbe was a handsome, youngish female creature, scantily garbed, in a red leather hat with feathers, who fanned herself nonchalantly with a silver handled cow's tail, and contemplated me with a bland, disturbing smile.

"But where is your cousin?" I demanded of the Diagbe.

"But here is my cousin," he replied. "She is willing to go with you—in a hammock—if the signs are favorable, but the Fetish must be consulted first."

"*Non*," interrupted Mori hastily in French, "*pas ça, Monsieur, je vous en prie*."

"Why not," I said, "if she is a real witch doctor?" but this was partly bravado. If she had been old and ugly, or at least wrinkled as a proper sorceress ought to be, I should have felt on safer ground.

"She is a real sorceress," he said. "The Diagbe has trained her from childhood and her power is known in the forest. But it isn't that. I have never seen her before, but I know her reputation. As a woman, when not concerned with her Fetish, she is impudent as a monkey, hard-headed as a goat, and a comedian on top of it."

THIS was not reassuring, but I found myself pushed along, without time for reflection, perhaps out of sheer perversity to plague solemn Mori. I told him his description fitted all females, whether white or black, saints or sorceresses, and that I proposed to do whatever the Fetish decided.

So the paraphernalia was made ready and the invocation began. The Diagbe, kneeling, placed a pierced calabash seed between his teeth with which he made a weird, whistling drone. It was rhythmic and sounded curiously like Lilliputian bagpipes far away. The woman sat cross-legged before him, swaying.

After a time she began to breathe heavily. The swaying ceased and she sat shuddering as if shaken by a galvanic current. The expression of her face had changed. The wide-awake, keen impudence was gone. She sat staring, a black sibyl, rather beautiful. The shuddering ceased, and even before I knew what form the test would take, I had the impression that her body had become like a battery, tensioned, highly charged.

In her hands were two polished antelope horns. These she now pressed against her shoulders, in the hollow above the armpits, where they adhered. She shook herself, and they still adhered. She put out her two hands and seized mine in a tight grip. It may easily have been my imagination which made it seem that a sort of current flowed into my fingers. But when the Diagbe laid two short, heavy ivory wands on my forearms, they adhered like the horns on the woman's shoulders. She shook my arms violently and the wands did not fall.

This, the Diagbe said, was a sign that the Fetish was favorable. She let go my hands and the wands dropped immediately to the ground.

Tricks of course, or not, as you choose. But nothing so simple as "stickum," or vacuum adhesion. My own opinion concerning such phenomena, which primitive *illuminés* frequently produce and do not themselves regard as particularly extraordinary, is that they may possess through strong emotion concentration a practical control over physiological dynamic forces, perhaps merely electrochemical, which our own advanced science recognizes in theory but has not yet put to practice.

I HAVE wondered sometimes, pure speculation, whether primitive sorcery and esoteric black magic may not possess also a control, more important to know about, over certain aspects of the fourth-dimensional world, equally recognized in our new time-space theories since Einstein. If this were true, of course, it could explain phenomena of a heavier and more baffling category without the

(Continued on Page 91)

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How they need us—these millions of babies who are born every year! Their well-being in the future so largely depends on the kind of care that we give them now, at the very start of life!

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But this way isn't always possible. Weather prevents. Clothing shuts out the precious rays of sunshine—the "Vitamin D" rays. Clouds, fog, and smoke also filter them out.

The other way is to give babies *Bottled Sunshine*—good cod-liver oil. Physicians tell mothers this is the surer way to provide them with Vitamin D.

But because cod-liver oils differ so greatly in their content of this factor, they urge mothers to get a *good* cod-liver oil, one that is tested for Vitamin D, like Squibb's.

There is another reason why they recommend Squibb's. It is wonderfully rich in Vitamin A—the factor which helps babies to grow and helps to keep them free from colds.

Squibb *guarantees* both of these factors—Vitamin A and Vitamin D—in their oil. This Squibb is able to do because they *protect* the rich vitamin content.

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(Continued from Page 88)

gratuitous blanket assumption of trickery or the necessity of crying miracle.

While I was speculating, the young sorceress had emerged from her abnormal state, still serious. She said she had seen trouble on the trail, obstacles, disappointments for me and trouble for her, but that the Fetish had told her to go with me and that she would go. She seemed a different sort of woman now, and I wondered whether my first impression had been wrong.

I WAS to learn that this Wamba was, in fact, two sorts of woman: Spoiled and high-handed, an impudent comedian, as Mori had said, a luxurious young she-devil who would have been the better off for a good beating; yet a true *illuminée*, a true abnormal, a black sorceress in very truth, whom the natives recognized and feared.

We started the next morning. Bugler, notified in advance, had collected porters and brought them to Dananae. Wamba had her own hammock—not a heavy chair swung between poles like mine, but a net hammock with a single long pole, in which she lazed like Cleopatra and lorded it reclining. I supplied her porters.

She traveled without any baggage save her sack of *grigris* and her cow's tail scepter. Whatever she needed, or fancied, she demanded and took. Whether on the trail or in camp, she respected none of my possessions or my privacies.

It had never occurred to Mori, much less Bugler, however friendly, to make common pot with me—not because I was white but because I was chief; they provided their own food, according to custom. Wamba sat at table with me, was served by Diamoko, and beat him as I would have never dared when she didn't like his cooking.

But Wamba's presence in our caravan was not all comedy by any means. Villages through which we passed knew her of old, recognized and feared her. We had a prestige less noisy but more serious than on the former journey.

THE night before we started she had taken me alone into a mud swamp near the river, where we had buried a bottle containing oil, water, palm wine and the blood of a cock which she killed there, and whose entrails she examined with great care. Muttering her incantations in the moonlight, she was not funny. She was on the job.

I have said that with Wamba I seemed to be dealing with two women rather than one, but I think in reality, absurd as it may appear to present an African jungle witch in such paradoxical guise, that she was not only a true sorceress but a true Negress, true to type, and true to the genius of her race—light-minded, emotional, a pleasure-loving animal, comic at times, gayly insolent yet good-hearted—but with another side, another soul, dark and primordial, in continual unconscious deep communication with old nameless things, demoniac and holy.

Because I felt this about the woman, or perhaps simply because I was beginning to enjoy her, I endured Wamba's whims and obeyed her as we journeyed southward, unhurried, entertained in various villages. I was rewarded well.

We performed in a witch doctor's house at Glangleu the somewhat unpleasant marassa mystery, whose beginnings I had learned in Haiti; we assisted at a *bois rouge* ordeal; we visited the old sorcerer of Globli, who spits kola juice in the faces of little wooden manikins; we performed our own various incantations.

It was only when my cherished project of crossing over into Liberia became acute that we verged on serious disagreement. I had no special business in Liberia, but an easy march westward and a small river, the Cavally, separated us from a part of the Liberian hinterland practically inaccessible from the coast, and it seemed to me an excellent opportunity to explore it a bit, entering by this easy back door.

Wamba had thrown herself into trances, sometimes suffering like an epileptic, had examined various omens, but every sign she could discover was negative or unfavorable.

ALL this had naturally aroused in me a vivid curiosity, partly superstitious and partly in defiance of superstition, to see just what would happen. I was getting very tired of Wamba's bossing. I had a puppy dog's confidence that Liberians would be nice to me, like all the other nice savages I had met.

So I told her I was going to go, and that she could come along or not as she chose. I would take Bugler and the porters and go as far as I liked. Mori I couldn't ask to cross the border. Not that he lacked courage, but his future lay with the French administration; it was expressly forbidden politically, and if I should chance after all to get into serious trouble, he would be badly raked over the coals.

The upshot was that I was to try it with Bugler and ten volunteer porters. Wamba wouldn't go against the orders of her Fetish. She was disgusted at my hard-headedness, angry and quarrelsome, but genuinely fond of me by now. She agreed to see me all the way to the river, where there was a village camp, and to await my return there. And if I was bent on engaging in this stupidity, we might as well get it over, she said. To reassert her dominance, she insisted we set out for the border camp and sleep there so that I could start into Liberia at least, fresh, in broad daylight.

The trail we took that night with torches was the narrow but well-trodden main trail from Golale to the river camp, where there was a bridge of swinging vines across the Cavally. It was used mostly by Dioula peddlers, a privileged class of natives who come and go all over West Africa unmolested.

WE MARCHED uneventfully for a couple of hours and had already begun to hear the distant murmur of the river, when things went wrong. We came to a high curtain of raffia grass hung directly across our main trail, barring it. The public trail, against all reason, had become a forbidden closed trail. I was angry and immediately suspected trickery on Wamba's part. The presence of the barrier curtain—evidently hung there that same afternoon—followed too pat on her warnings.

But I did her an injustice. She was as surprised as the rest of us, she was playing fair with me, and far more competent to deal with obstacles of this sort. It was she, indeed, who insisted on going on. This

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was not trivial, for to enter a forbidden trail without sanction is to court real danger.

Wamba, however, was at home in such matters. She carried her own sanctions. She was opposed to my crossing into Liberia, but the idea that any local witch-doctor business could bar her in her own forest was another matter. She had no theory of what might be occurring—probably serious, since public trails are rarely barred—but she proposed to go in immediately alone and find out. No matter what it was, she would return and take us through, she assured us. She was really splendid. She had quit her hammock as we talked. Alone she parted the grass curtain, which was lighted on our side by the torches, and disappeared into the darkness and silence beyond.

We waited, worried, for more than half an hour. The porters were afraid. They were saying they would not go on. Bugler said nothing, but I knew he would go anywhere. As for my own reactions, insatiable curiosity is the finest substitute for courage that I know—and the grass witch-doctor veil there, barring the trail theatrically in the dead of night, lighted fitfully by the glare of our torches, seemed a sinister dream door to mystery. I almost wished that we might never cross its threshold, for I knew full well that whatever lay on the other side could never measure up to my imaginings.

WHEN others ask what it is that drives me away from the asphalt, draws me toward deserts and jungles, I answer sensibly, with fine, fair honest words which sound so well—love of travel; desire to see a strange thing, to learn more perhaps of savage customs; a sincere liking for primitive people—and, if I am pricked to be even more honest, the subsequent vain pleasure of seeing my name spread about in bookshops and on the tables of my friends.

But all these fine, fair words are empty when one's self is the ultimate questioner and no satisfying answer comes. For I have sought less consciously but just as diligently whatever it may be in places more foolishly improbable than the far places—familiar rows of street lamps in my own block, wall-paper patterns in a hotel bedroom, subway faces, want-ad pages read meaninglessly from end to end, long city streets of shop windows peered into mechanically one by one, longer country roads, fences and tree rows stretching, always expecting to find, and never finding, I know not what.

Howbeit, the grass veil parted, and Wanda returned, blinking, out of the darkness into our torchlight. She said we could go through with her to the river camp, and from what she said I gathered that if we were to see no final thing, we were at least to see a strange one.

The bridge of vines was down, was broken, fallen in the water. The river gods and demons, if propitious, would aid the mending. We could come and see what we should see, but we must follow implicitly her instructions.

THE porters moaned, but Wamba commanded. They moaned even more when she made them put out all the torches.

We passed the barrier and went forward in darkness, though not completely dark when our eyes became accustomed, for the sky, though moonless, was bright with tropical starlight.

Two men were waiting and halted us on the outskirts of the camp. They were hurried, not friendly, but acting under instructions, and respectful to Wamba. They had a tethered goat and a big wooden bowl. They made two porters hold the goat above the bowl and hurriedly, like butchers, cut its throat with a machete. Taking a cup, they hurriedly sprinkled a little blood on our hammocks and on each piece of our baggage, seeing that no piece was overlooked, marking them with blood as customs officers do with chalk.

Wamba dipped her fingers in the bowl, smeared a little on her own forehead, then on the foreheads of Bugler and the porters. Then, dipping both hands wrist-deep and making me lean over the bowl, she smeared my entire face and neck, also my hands and arms, which were bare to the elbows. She smeared also my throat where the shirt opened, so that my white skin, I supposed, should pass unnoticed.

We entered the camp, which seemed completely deserted, piled the baggage in a hut and went down toward the river.

ON THE river's bank, beneath towering trees, to one of which the swinging bridge of vines had been attached, people were grouped, silent, watching, waiting for something. There were several knots of them, but no great crowd. They paid no heed to us as we joined them. Wamba held me by the hand, kept me pressed close to her as if I was a child.

There was no sound, no movement, save for occasional moans. There was only tension. It was not like anything I had ever seen, except perhaps the pause before the liquefaction of the blood in the cathedral at Naples. There were no tom-toms, no wailing, no mumbo jumbo. There was only the tension.

This tension was broken by death-bleating from darkness under the trees close by. A witch doctor in mask and high headdress came to the water's edge, bearing a dreadful mass of entrails, which glistened in the starlight. With all his strength he lifted them above his head and hurled them far out into the water. There was more tense waiting, but nothing happened. The sacrifice to the river demons was repeated.

And then whatever it was that happened began happening.

Wamba clutched my hand tighter and pointed at the faintly rippling water's edge. At first I saw nothing. Then I saw that two ends of twisted vines were poking themselves up out of the water and crawling like living serpents, moved by no apparent human agency, up the steep bank toward the trees. They writhed like headless serpents crawling upward, dragging their long length out of the river depths, becoming thicker in body as a great emerging snake does, until they were vine cables heavy as a man's forearm.

Now the silent tension turned to shouts and action. Men seized the cables, a long line of men straining, some wading into the stream to get a hand grip. Tugging up the slope like a road gang, they dragged out the submerged end of the fallen bridge, which they moored to a tree trunk.

LATER I tried to persuade Wamba to explain, if she could, just what had happened. Of course we got nowhere. The river demons, it seemed, had restored the bridge. If it had been salvaged by human hands only, the river demons would have ripped it down again.

I asked her candidly if she didn't believe the witch doctors had a physical hand in it. My own opinion—forced, since I have never seen any convincing proof that magic black or white can endow inanimate objects with action—was that we had witnessed a ceremony comparable to that of the Egyptian Memnon, in which priestly mechanics produced the marvel. But questioning Wamba, herself an initiate priestess, brought no result.

So I went to sleep, content that I had seen a strange sight, but wishing that I could believe I had seen a miracle.

Next morning, leaving my sorceress, who promised to wait faithfully at the river camp, but who exhausted her Bambara to express how great a fool she thought me, we crossed over into Liberia.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Wamba protested that a journey into Liberia would be foolhardy and ill-starred, and Wamba was right. Mr. Seabrooke continues the story of his remarkable experiences on the Ivory Coast in the December Journal.

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Hands and Elbows adorably soft . . . Arms and Shoulders radiantly white—with Jergens Lotion!

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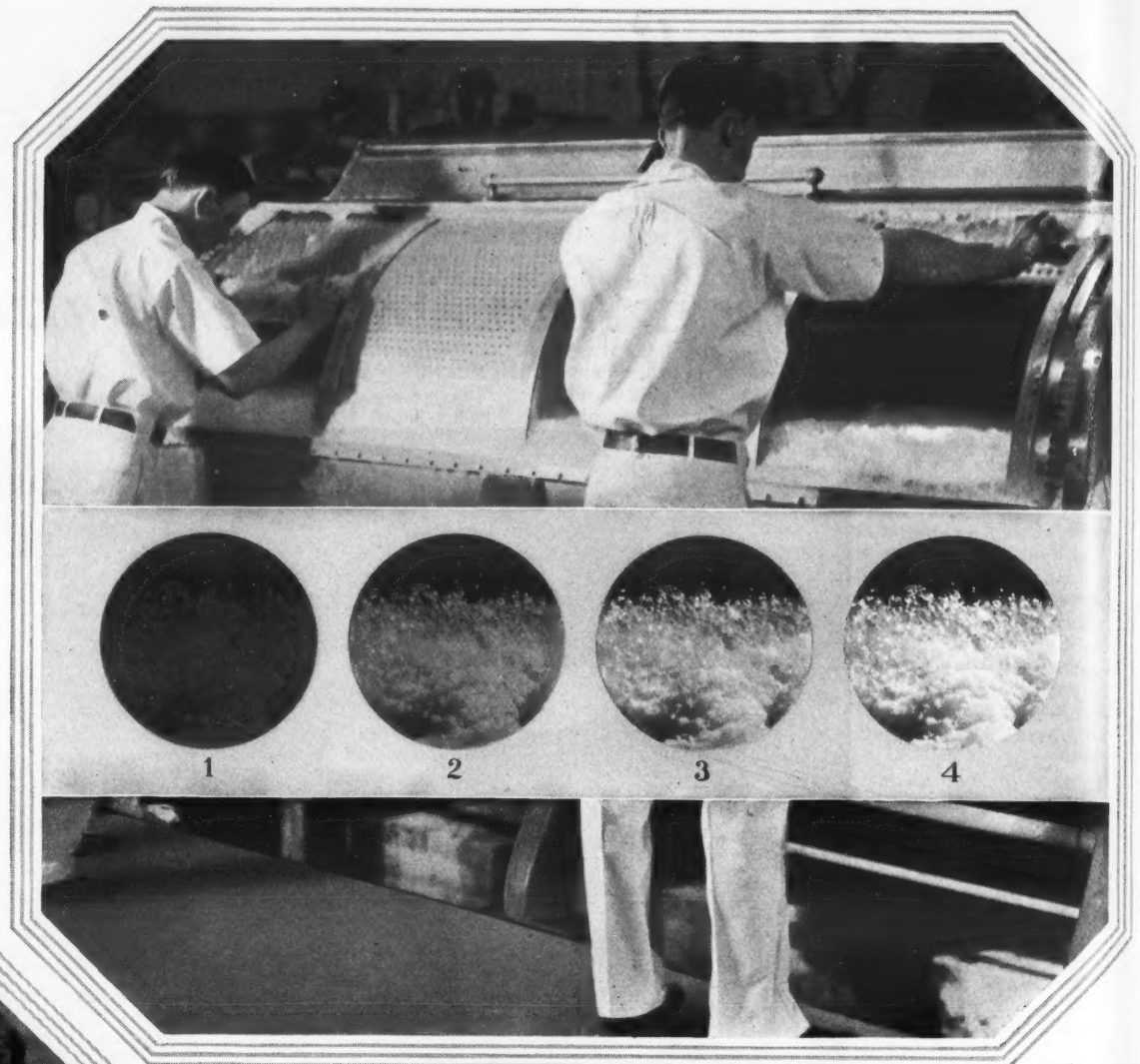
Successive creamy, soft-water sudsings mean cleaner, longer-lived clothes



Suds—suds—suds—suds! Each soapy, soft-water bath drained and discarded after use; each creamier and whiter than the one before. This basic "multiple-suds method" is one reason laundry-washed clothes are so spotless, so long-wearing

The modern mother is ready for fun and companionship when her children need her most—thanks to the efficient aid of today's laundry

●

LEFT—*America's stage and screen favorites rely upon the laundry for safe washing of even their most delicate garments. Here is "Puff" Devereaux, personal maid to Frances Williams, petite danseuse of George White's "Scandals", putting away the lovely star's freshly laundered things*

By MRS. MARTHA LANG
Consultant in Improved Methods, American Institute of Laundering

LET me explain this *supremely gentle* way clothes are washed in the present-day laundry. The way that has influenced 8 million women to "let the laundry do it." The way that banishes all risk of *under-washed* or *over-washed* clothes.

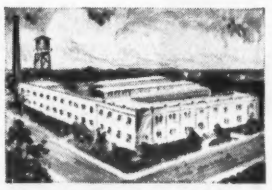
We call it the *multiple-suds method*, because each article in your laundry washing receives several successive suds baths before we even start to rinse!

You can just *see* the clothes getting cleaner as the suds get richer and whiter. For each creamy suds-bath is fresh, rainsoft water; the old bath is drained and discarded forever. After swishing through these mild soapy baths—one, two, three, sometimes four or more of them... even that stubborn, under-the-surface dirt has vanished!

This *multiple-suds method* is a development of the American Institute of Laundering—the million-dollar "proving ground" of the laundry industry. Today practically all laundries employ it. Water temperatures vary with the kind of material being washed, but the *multiple-suds* principle remains the same.

And in every other washday step, laundries following the Institute standards exercise the same super-care. Sorting of all articles by fabric and color; water removed from clothes by spinning baskets rather than wringers; non-scorching ironers—these are but a few of the many advances that safeguard your clothes nowadays.

You'll find one of these present-day laundries nearby, ready to serve you faithfully and well. Telephone for a routeman this week, and know the multiple joys that the *multiple-suds method* can bring to your home every week! *Sponsored by the Laundry-owners National Association of the United States and Canada.*



Above—the Million-Dollar "Proving Ground" of the Laundry Industry, Joliet, Illinois

Let the LAUNDRY *do it!*

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Merging Our Churches

(Continued from Page 13)

no longer prevails. Many of them, probably most of them, were built before the invention of the telephone, the telegraph, the camera, the bicycle, the trolley or the horsecar. Almost all of them were built before the movie, the radio or the motor car. These worn-out churches represent an investment of three billion dollars. They cost three hundred million dollars a year to maintain.

There are also a great many thousand unneeded churches which function in competition with other churches of the same denomination; there are several thousand which function only once in three or four weeks; there are between seven and eight thousand which do not function at all. It is not necessary to dwell on the dilapidated exteriors and cold, dead interiors of the great majority of these church structures. It is not to be wondered at that sixty thousand of them failed to produce a single convert in a whole year of Christian work. The fact is, the church plant has run down; it must be repaired and in most cases replaced if it is to exist at all; and no one who has the money will give it to rebuild on the present economically unsound plan.

Every year the condition I have just described becomes more acute; and every year, as it becomes the object of closer study by men who have the future of the church at heart, it is more and more evident that the main source of the trouble is denominationalism. A large proportion of the churches which form a drain on church funds are supported wholly or in part out of the treasuries of denominations warring upon one another. A study of two hundred and eleven "aided" churches in twenty-five counties disclosed the fact that only fifty-one had a legitimate field; in fact, seventy-eight of the two hundred and eleven were competing with other "aided" churches. It is obvious, in the face of such figures, that "partisanship for truth" is expensive and wasteful business. It is obvious, too, that something must be done about it.

Wasteful Division

THAT something will be done—and that right soon—is becoming increasingly obvious. So long as "ministers only" were interested in the problem, it was natural that the immediate matter of raising the annual budget should obscure the larger financial questions involved. Those of us who have had experience raising church funds know just how natural it would be. But now, cold-thinking, hard-minded laymen are looking at the wasteful division in the Protestant Church and comparing it with the efficient union in the non-Protestant organizations. Why should the former, for example, provide three seats for every one member when the latter do very nicely with one seat for every two-and-a-half members? Why should the former go to the expense of maintaining a thousand churches in the city of Chicago, for example, when the latter, ministering to practically the same number of members, do the work with two hundred and fifty-three?

The modern minister's position, like that of the church itself, is fast changing. There was a time when it was hard to find enough pulpits for the men who wanted to preach the gospel; now it is impossible to find anywhere nearly enough men to fill the existing pulpits. And no wonder! Not only has the minister's prestige as a leader of community thought been badly shaken by the movie, the radio, and the wide dissemination of knowledge generally, but his financial position has become well-nigh unbearable. His expenses have gone up just like other people's, but his salary—except in a few fortunate cases in prosperous pulpits—has remained the same.

How?

THE average minister's salary in the United States is still estimated at $800 a year. The minimum, under union in Canada, is $1800. The same comparative figures hold good in this country in individual localities where union has been tried. A wide survey of such localities shows an average salary of $1030 for the strictly denominational churches as against $1865 for the federated churches. So it won't be long before ministers, harassed by the problem of keeping themselves and their families in decent respectability, will realize that the real reason budgets are so hard to meet is not, as Doctor Brougher believes, because of all this talk about church unity, but because church unity remains only talk.

These economic facts are not presented as arguments, because the purpose of this article is reportorial rather than argumentative, but because they show that there are factors at work for church unity which may force much more speedy action than church leaders—busy with matters of doctrinal differences—now contemplate. My own conclusion, after studying the difficulties and estimating the possibilities, is that the church must get together or get out. Unity is no longer a theological problem; it is a practical one. The problem of achieving immortality in the next world is obscured for the moment by the necessity of escaping mortality in this world. In short, the paramount problem of church union is no longer "Whether?" It is "How?"

The Question Box

By DOUGLAS CARY WENDELL

DADDY, tell me—
What's the Sun?
"A flaming mass
Of red-hot gas ——
Now laddie, go and
run!"

But Daddy—tell me
What's the Moon?
"A cold gray planet
Mostly granite ——
Son, your bedtime's
soon!"

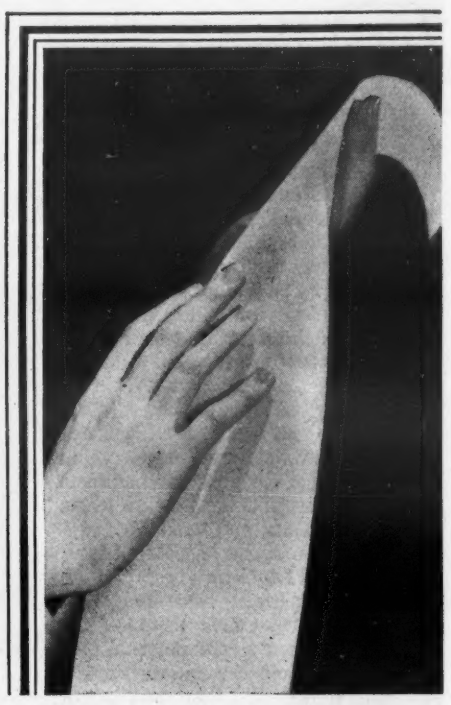
Just tell me, Daddy,
What's the earth?
"Some land and ocean
Set in motion ——"
But Daddy, what's it
worth?

"Well, son, I'm not precisely
sure;
To answer is no sinecure;
But I would say on second
thought
It's worth the things that
can't be bought—
Like laughter and a few
bright tears,
And courage—steadfast
through the years!"

A Far Whiter, Softer Bathroom Paper

Created to meet modern ideals of luxury

. . . . Made from the Same Material as Silky, Soft Rayon—



this Bathroom Paper is Indescribably Soft—Immaculately, Wonderfully White

TODAY a new-type bathroom paper is supplanting old-type "toilet papers" in thousands of better homes. Because it meets their demand for entirely new standards of health, luxury and fastidiousness.

This new-type bathroom paper has the softness of fine silk; the immaculate whiteness and great absorbency of a hospital absorbent. *It is made from the same material as silky RAYON!*

You note the difference the moment you open a roll. For it looks different, feels different, from probably any other bathroom paper that you have ever seen. Some 254 Health Commissioners in 45 different states endorse paper of this new-type. *Especially for homes where there are children.*

Banishes The Harshness of Ground-Wood Papers

It differs from old-type "ground-wood" bathroom paper—paper in which millions of minute splintery particles of ground-wood are imbedded—in this way:

It is COOKED from the same material from which RAYON *is made. NOT ground from splintery masses of raw wood as are ordinary "toilet papers".**

It is cooked some 8 hours under 302° temperature. And it is softened to supreme gentleness. *Then every sheet is 20 times sterilized in manufacture* . . . every roll protected by a sanitary wrapper. Its importance in health protection is a major one.

Same Cost

It is called "NORTHERN TISSUE." Its price, the same as ordinary toilet paper—only 10c the roll. Most groceries, department stores and druggists have it.

Try it. Ask for "Northern Tissue" next time you buy. You'll never again put old-type bathroom paper in your home.

*How Science Tests for Ground-wood in Paper. The chemical phloroglucinol is an infallible test for ground-wood in bathroom paper. Even though wood slivers are not visible, a drop of phloroglucinol turns paper a reddish-purple if it contains any ground-wood. "Northern Tissue"—made from rayon material—shows no change under this searching scientific test. It simply absorbs the light orange color of the chemical.

© N. P. M., 1930

NORTHERN TISSUE

With the Blue Core 262

The Modern Homemaker

A DEPARTMENT OF HOUSEHOLD ADMINISTRATION—DIRECTED BY LITA BANE

The Thanksgiving Dinner Plus

By CAROLINE B. KING

JUST why this matter of the Thanksgiving dinner should present any sort of problem, it is difficult to understand. The menu as chosen by our honored ancestors the Pilgrim fathers and mothers is still as fixed and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, nevertheless each year in innumerable American homes the important question as the November days roll by is, "What *shall* we have for our Thanksgiving dinner?"

Usually, if the masculine members of the family are consulted they answer with surprise and conviction, "What for dinner? Why, turkey, of course!"

And this is as it should be. In spite of the fact that scholars tell of Phrygian turkey served at early Roman banquets and history describes the old-time feasts of Mel and Kern, and what not, supposed to be European ancestors of our Thanksgiving Day, turkey is by all counts an American bird. Benjamin Franklin even went so far as to suggest that he be chosen as our national bird in place of the imperial and rather useless eagle, and should take the place of honor on the great feast day which our forefathers left us as a heritage and which we shall insist is as American as the Stars and Stripes.

"All very fine," complains the mistress of the small ménage, "but who is patriotic enough to wish to eat even the tenderest of turkeys, hot, cold or warmed over, for a whole week?"

"And perhaps," adds the hostess, planning for a large family gathering, "perhaps a turkey, even a large turkey, will not be enough. What, then—two turkeys?"

The Turkey

"AND is turkey quite correct for a smart dinner?" asks the woman who is expecting very important guests. "You are sure it is not just a little bourgeois?" The answer to all these queries—and the answer to almost any query about the great dinner of the year—is that turkey is correct—a small turkey for the small ménage, a large turkey with some "plus" feature such as I will describe later for the large dinner, and a turkey dressed and garnished and served in some chic and elegant fashion for the chic and elegant dinner to important guests. But I may also state right here that as several other varieties of birds and fowl as well as turkey graced that first Thanksgiving dinner so many years ago, we may quite properly either substitute or serve with the turkey chicken in some form, ducks, domestic or game, or guinea fowl.

Whichever may be chosen, if it is to be the main dish, do serve it brown and juicy and whole, with a savory filling, a delectable brown gravy, and all the correct and proper accessories and embellishments.

THE FOUNDATION MENU	
Main Dish	Roast Turkey, Bread Filling, Giblet Gravy, Garnish of Crisp Sausages or Fried Oysters *or* Roast Chicken, Prepared and Garnished Like the Turkey *or* Roast Duck, Sage and Onion Filling, Gravy, Parsley Garnish *or* Roast Guinea Hen, Bread Filling, Parsley Garnish
Vegetables	White Potatoes, Baked Hubbard Squash or Glazed Carrots, Spinach or Beets *or* Sweet Potatoes, Cauliflower in Hollandaise or Cream Sauce, Buttered Onions, Beets or Spinach
Relishes	Celery, Homemade Pickles, Cranberry Sauce *or* Currant or Guava Jelly
Dessert	Pumpkin, Lemon or Custard Pie *or* Indian or Cracker Pudding *and* Fruits, Nuts, Raisins
Beverages	Cider Coffee

MENU NO. 2—THE LARGE FAMILY GATHERING *(Built on Foundation Menu)*	
Add a First Course	Fruit Cup or Oyster Cocktail or Oyster Soup or Bisque
Main Course	Add Ham Baked in Cider or Chicken Pie
Vegetables	Serve Both Sweet and White Potatoes
Relishes	Add Spiced Peaches
Dessert	Pie or Steamed Fruit or Fig Pudding Add Mint Bonbons

MENU NO. 3—THE SIX-O'CLOCK DINNER *(Built on Foundation Menu)*	
Add a First Course	Fruit Appetizer or Clam Broth with Deviled Crackers
Main Course	Add Individual Chicken Pies or Ham Croquettes Add Oysters or Chestnuts to Turkey Stuffing *or* With Chicken, Add Scalloped Oysters *or* With Duck, Add Hominy Croquettes and Currant Jelly *or* With Guinea Hen, Add Rice Croquettes and Guava Jelly
Vegetables	Substitute Brussels Sprouts in Béchamel for Spinach Substitute Onions au Gratin and Harvard Beets for Buttered Onions and Beets
Relishes	Substitute Cranberry Jelly for Cranberry Sauce
Add a Salad Course	Lettuce, or Lettuce and Fruit, with French or Russian Dressing Toasted Crackers and Cheese Balls
Dessert	Individual Pies with Whipped Cream or Frozen Pudding Add Bonbons and Mints

MENU NO. 4—THE FORMAL DINNER *(Built on Foundation Menu)*	
Add an Hors d'Œuvres Course	Caviar Canapés, Sandwiches, Cocktails
Add a Fruit Course	Christmas Melon or Grapefruit or Fruit Cup
Add a Soup Course	Tomato Bouillon or Cream of Mushroom Soup
Main Course	Add Hot Ham or Tongue Mousse
Vegetables	Sweet Potatoes and Bananas Glacé, and Broccoli Béchamel, or Onions Stuffed with Nuts, or Tomatoes Farci
Relishes	Substitute Cranberry Sherbet or Cider Frappé for Cranberry Sauce
Add a Salad Course	Avocado, Endive, Romaine, Tomato or Combination Vegetable
Dessert	Individual Pies with Whipped Cream, or Marron Sundae, or Nesselrode Pudding with Fruit Cake Add Roquefort Cheese, Toasted Crackers, Nuts and Bonbons

Why not plan for a Thanksgiving dinner which shall answer not only for this year of 1930 but for any year or any occasion? Arrange a foundation menu which shall include the accepted Thanksgiving dishes, then on this foundation work out the especial menus as they are required.

Let us suppose that the Thanksgiving dinner is to be the real thing, no unusual frills, no exciting embellishments, just a delicious home-cooked, home-served repast for home folks, a dinner that follows as closely as possible the accepted Thanksgiving-dinner ritual. Naturally, the main dish will be turkey, turkey garnished with crisp little sausages or fried oysters and bread stuffing, and of course there will be plenty of rich, brown giblet gravy.

If the family is very small and a turkey, even a modest one, means a whole week of cold or warmed-over Thanksgiving fare, then a good-sized chicken prepared exactly like the turkey, or a savory duck with sage and onion filling, or a delicate guinea hen may take its place as the pièce de résistance.

The Vegetables

FOR vegetables one makes a choice first between white and sweet potatoes, and upon this selection rests the remainder of the vegetable course. With white potatoes, mashed, browned, boiled with parsley butter, latticed, or prepared in any popular style, serve baked Hubbard squash, or glazed carrots, with spinach or beets for color and piquancy. With sweet potatoes, glazed, soufflé, mashed, or as you will, serve cauliflower in cream or Hollandaise sauce, buttered onions and beets or spinach. Sometimes rice is used instead of potatoes.

In lieu of salad, which is not at all necessary at a dinner of this type, serve crisp white celery and home-made pickles, old-fashioned cranberry sauce with turkey or chicken, currant jelly with ducks or guinea hen. Pie for dessert, naturally—pumpkin, custard or lemon—or baked Indian or cracker pudding, with plenty of flavorful hard sauce. Fruits, nuts and raisins with the dessert and cider all through the meal are correct accessories.

No opening course, no prelude of soup, fruit cocktail or hors d'œuvres is either essential or appropriate at this Thanksgiving dinner, the family usually preferring to begin at once with the real part of the repast, the turkey or its substitute fowl. Nor is salad required, nor salted nuts nor bon-bons; these trifles are all modern additions and, as a matter of fact, have no part in the traditional feast. Mince pie may be included in the dessert, but it is really a Christmas dish and should, in my opinion, be served for that other great dinner occasion. Indian pudding and cracker pudding are genuine

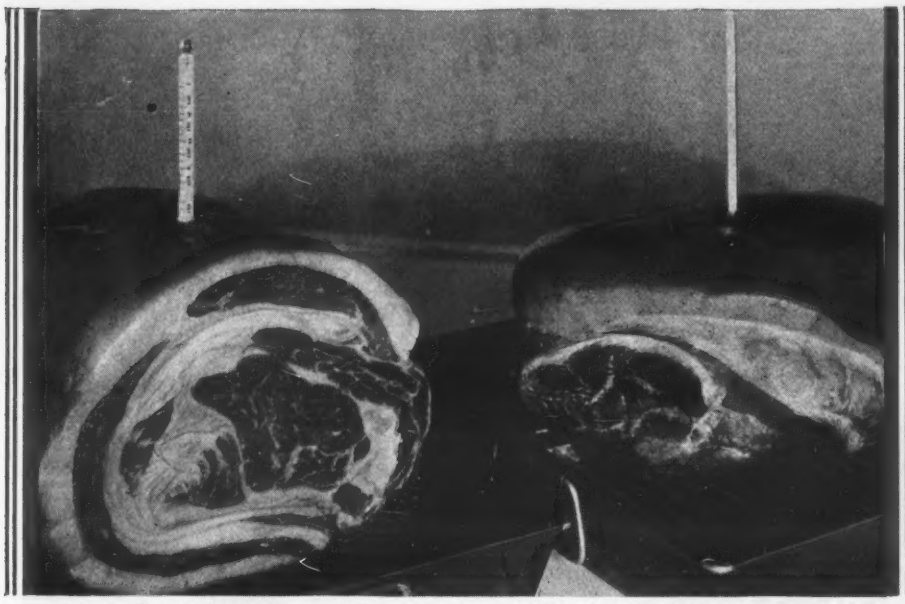
(Continued on Page 118)

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

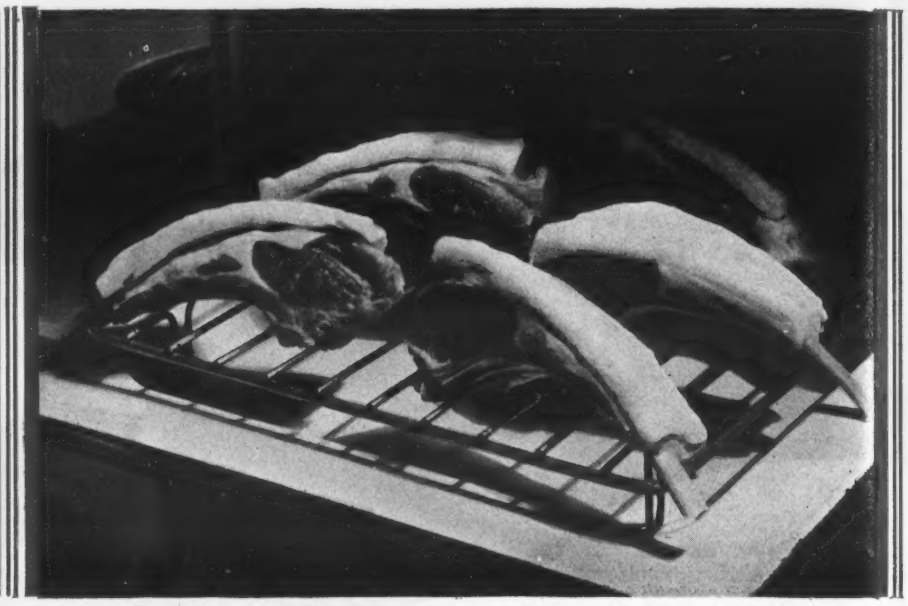
APPLE fritters! They're an old, all-the-year-'round favorite in many homes. Slices of juicy, slightly tart apple encased in a tender golden covering. To have them taste just right—first a little surprise crunch, then a smooth richness—they must be *fried* just right. And for a fritter Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard is ideal. Because it is rendered so pure, it fries evenly and thoroughly, right to the very center. Experienced cooks say "Silverleaf" as a matter of course when they are marketing. Beginners find it another prop to confidence. In the half, one and two pound self-measuring cartons, so conveniently marked for scoring, and in the 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

Swift's "Silverleaf" BRAND PURE LARD



Rare? Medium? Well done to the center? Whichever you wish and every time, with a roast-meat thermometer as guide.



Rib chops are self-basting if set rim up on broiler rack. The heat must be intense to brown the meat in a few minutes.

New Methods of Roasting and Broiling Meats

By LUCY M. ALEXANDER *and* RUTH VAN DEMAN

United States Department of Agriculture

THERE are times, every now and then, when someone takes a pot shot at our ways of cooking meat. The tender roasts and savory stews of other days he describes in such appetizing phrases our mouths water as we read. But was it, is it all, as he makes out? We disagree. Never before have we had so much high-quality meat to cook, or such clever devices to cook it with. What's more, we are on the way to a technic that assures full flavor and aroma from every cut.

Cooking according to the cut is where the new meat cookery first leaves the old. Now we definitely divide the less tender from the tender cuts, and choose a way of cooking that brings out the best in each. Beef is, of course, the star example. It is simply going against nature to fry round steak unless ground into hamburg first. A thick slice of round, though, becomes a tender savory Swiss steak by long slow cooking in a covered pot. Quite as much a sacrifice of good meat would be to pot-roast choice beef ribs.

Meat recipes, like those for every other food, must keep up with market trends if we are to get the most from what we buy. Lamb has now practically replaced mutton. Moreover, what is sold for lamb is lamb, from yearlings or younger. Except for some very bony parts, where muscles run too much on the bias, all lamb is tender enough to roast or broil.

The general run of pork comes also from the younger animals. What's more, dealers have found new tricky ways of boning shoulders and other cuts once thought impossible to carve. Filled with savory stuffing these make extremely neat and economical roasts.

Roasting Made Easier

ROASTING the modern way makes easier than ever the cooking of the tender cuts. The open pan with rack is best for tender, well-fatted roasts—ribs of beef rolled or standing, leg and shoulder of lamb, and all pork cuts can come out of the oven done to a turn in an open roaster. Even cured ham, after overnight soaking, can be roasted out in the open in no longer time than it takes to boil.

Veal is the one exception in tender meats. It has so little fat of its own that it requires the protection of the covered roaster.

Placed fat side up these tender roasts baste themselves. The rack holds the meat off the pan and prevents burning, and no water is needed at any time. Certain notions notwithstanding, experiments have proved that a roast actually loses less in weight cooked in an open pan and rack than in a covered roaster, *if the heat is properly regulated.* Quick searing in a very hot oven browns the outside, develops rich flavor, and starts the fat trickling over the lean. Then a slow finish at moderate heat keeps the juice in tender roasts and cooks them evenly to the center.

The Roast-Meat Thermometer

THE roast-meat thermometer is a simple device, as thoroughly practical in the home kitchen as in the laboratory. Thrust into the center of a roast and left there all during the cooking, it records exactly when the meat reaches rare, medium, or well done. For pork, which must be thoroughly cooked, and for lamb, which most people prefer that way, 182° F. on the roast-meat thermometer indicates "well done." Roast beef is "rare" at 140° F., "medium" at 160° F., and "well done" at around 180° F.

How many minutes to the pound for a roast? That cannot be answered so exactly. Oven temperature naturally makes a great difference. With the oven at 500° F. or thereabouts for quick, short searing, and at 300° F. for finishing, a standing rib roast of beef takes about 16 minutes to the pound to reach the rare stage, 22 minutes the medium, and about 30 minutes to the pound to become well done. Rolled roasts take longer. Lamb and fresh pork need about 30 minutes, and a half a ham, particularly the butt end, may take even 45 minutes to the pound. A hotter oven will of course speed up the cooking, but the meat is bound to shrink more. Off into thin air and drippings sometimes goes an extra pound or more from a 10-pound beef roast when the intense heat of searing is kept up to the end. Drippings too are burned and charred past the point for good gravy. For large pork roasts, only the longer, slower cooking keeps the outside from scorching until the inside is well done to the bone. Cured ham should be cooked even more slowly than other pork cuts.

The boned stuffed cuts are as easy to roast as the rest. They too are self-basting when placed fat side up on a rack in an open pan, and after searing need but little attention.

When to season roasts is a point on which cooks often disagree. Salt does draw out the juices. But if the raw meat is rubbed well with flour immediately after it is salted and peppered and just before it goes into the oven, the outside gets an excellent brown crust. The newer meat recipes favor salting roasts first, but steaks and chops always last.

PHOTOS. BY E. C. PURDY

Boned and filled with savory stuffing, shoulder of veal is easy to roast and a joy to carve.

Broiling to a Turn

WITH modern broilers it is easier to get steaks and chops with that perfect rich brown crust outside and tender juicy lean inside. There is more knack in broiling than in roasting. Times and temperatures are not so easy to gauge. Five minutes overtime on a steak, and pinky rare fades into well-done gray. How thick the meat is for broiling also matters greatly. Tender beefsteaks and lamb chops with a generous rim of fat—the only meats suited to broiling—are better cut anywhere from one to two inches thick.

Quick searing is the start of good broiling as of good roasting. Whether the heat comes from grill or flame or from a sizzling skillet, it must be intense enough to brown the meat in a few minutes. Then to get the lean cooked evenly all through, lower the heat a little for the finish.

Roasts may be left to sputter away by themselves in the oven, but not broiled steaks and chops. They demand lots of turning and frequent basting. Double rib chops are self basting if set fat rim up on the broiler rack for quick searing.

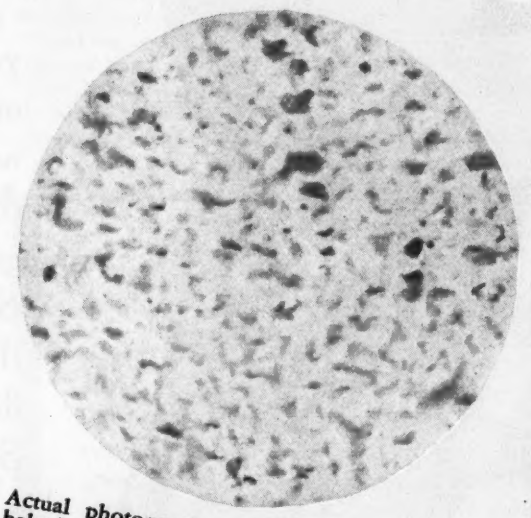
For successful pan-broiling the skillet must be very hot and rubbed lightly with a bit of the lamb or beef fat when the meat is dropped in to sear. No water and no fat should be added then or later. In fact, if much fat cooks out, drain it off so the meat will broil, not fry. Nor should a lid ever be used on the skillet in pan-broiling.

A convenient way to finish very thick pan-broiled cuts is to slip a rack under the meat after it is well seared and then to set skillet and all into a moderate oven.

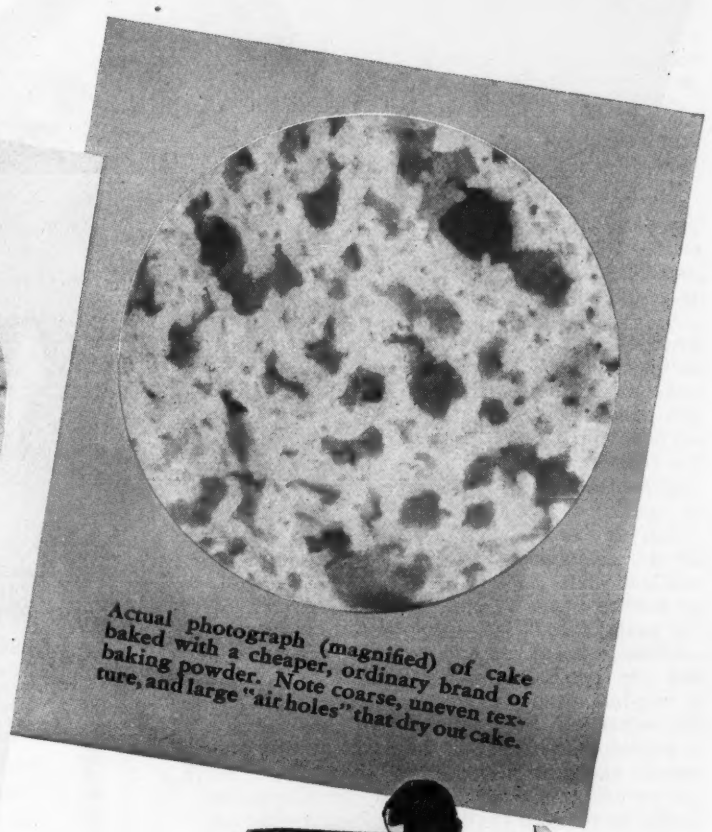
Broiling times are far from easy to give. As a general thing 20 to 30 minutes is about right for steaks and chops 1½ to 2 inches thick to reach medium rare. This time holds for either pan or oven broiling.

3 Days Old.... *still fresh and moist*

Movies through microscope show why ROYAL baked cakes keep flavor longer.....



Actual photograph (magnified) of cake baked with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. Note fine, even texture that retains moisture and keeps cake fresh.



Actual photograph (magnified) of cake baked with a cheaper, ordinary brand of baking powder. Note coarse, uneven texture, and large "air holes" that dry out cake.

© 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

These remarkable photographs actually prove the superior baking results of a Cream of Tartar baking powder . . .

WHAT makes some cakes stay moist, fresh, delicious? While others dry out . . . crumble . . . and lose their flavor? For years this question has puzzled both food experts and women who bake at home.

The answer has been found by a group of scientists and dietitians who took an actual moving picture of cake batter rising in the oven.

Two cakes were made—one with Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder . . . the other with an ordinary, cheaper brand of baking powder.

All other ingredients in the cakes were exactly the same. They were made exactly the same way. Both were baked in the same specially constructed, scientifically controlled oven.

The pictures show the Royal cake rising gradually . . . evenly. Tiny, uniform gas bubbles, forming myriads of strong cellular walls . . . giving the cake a fine, even texture . . . and retaining its freshening moisture.

This Royal cake came out of the oven fluffy and light, tender . . . delicious.

But the cake made with the cheaper baking powder rose irregularly. Large gas bubbles broke through among the small and medium-sized cells, forming large "air holes" with thin, weak walls. When taken from the oven this cake tended to become heavy and soggy. The texture was coarse . . . uneven.

After three days the same cakes were compared again under the magnifying glass—and tasted.

The Royal cake was still fresh and moist—as rich in flavor as the day it was baked.

But the cake made with the cheaper baking powder had dried out . . . crumbled . . . lost its flavor. The large "air holes," with thin, weak walls, had allowed the moisture to escape.

These tests were repeated several times—with invariably the same result.

Royal always leavens perfectly . . . makes all your baked foods deliciously light and tender. Keeps your cakes fresh and moist to the very last crumb.

And, after all, it takes only 2 cents' worth of Royal to insure the success of a large layer cake.

Send for revised edition of the famous Royal Cook Book . . .

Royal Baking Powder.....Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. 18, 695 Washington Street.....New York City

Please send my free copy of the new Royal Cook Book.

*Name*_____

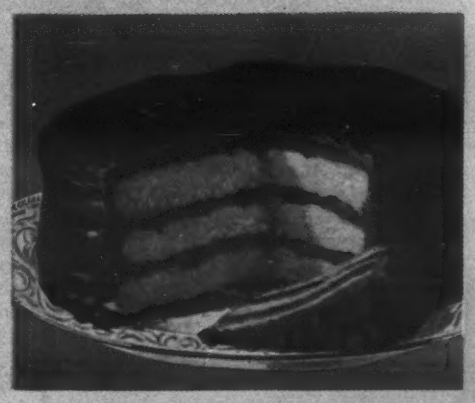
*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

In Canada: Standard Brands Limited, Dominion Square Building, Montreal, P. Q.

Warning to Housewives who bake from recipes

If you bake at home, it is important to realize that the baking recipes in practically all modern authoritative cook books are planned for Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder. When you use a cheap, ordinary type of baking powder, you risk having a coarse-textured cake that will become stale quickly. Don't take chances! Always use Royal, the standard of food experts for 60 years.



"A perfume taught me the secret of *Youth*"

says LILA LEE

"YOUTH—what is it? An age? . . . a number of years? No—I thought that once . . . before I knew . . . about Seventeen. Seventeen—you've seen it? Worn it? Oh, you must! A glorious fragrance, like nothing else . . . except perhaps . . . those rose-colored dreams, those gossamer fancies . . . one has at Seventeen! Not for years had I thought of such things . . . and dreamed of such things . . . It took Seventeen to teach me that Youth's a *mood* . . to be recaptured . . triumphantly worn . . . forever, if I like!"

Eight Toiletries bear the fragrance of Seventeen

The Perfume . . . in a French-cut flacon, so smart . . . A Compact (single or double) which holds a Seventeen-scented cake of Powder, or may be changed into a loose-powder compact in a twinkling. A Face Powder in subtle youthful shades. A Dusting Powder . . . that makes your bath luxurious. A Talcum . . . in a smart, convenient glass container. A Toilet Water . . . so refreshing. Two Brillantines . . . solid or liquid . . . to smarten the coiffure, and give the hair the merest hint of Seventeen. A Sachet . . . the correct way to scent one's clothing and lingerie.

Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.

6208

Seventeen

Mental Hygiene in the Home

New Lamps for Old

By KARL MENNINGER, M.D.

A MONTH ago we talked about the existence of mental-hygiene problems in the home. We mentioned nagging wives and tyrannical husbands, neurotic mothers and nervous children, fathers who act like babies and mothers who resent the fact that they are women. We related some actual cases. We suggested that rightly viewed and dealt with, some of these little tragedies could have been avoided, since mental health, like physical health, is susceptible of control by a proper application of the available scientific knowledge about it.

It has been my experience that when this point of view is presented to the average person he comes back with something like this: "Well, when you deal with the mind, aren't you dealing with something rather intangible? How can you be definite or concrete in your program? What is to be gained by calling family rows of various kinds 'mental-hygiene problems'? Granted that it is a point of view, new and different and perhaps in some way or other scientific—what can you do that isn't just plain common sense?"

I am going to answer these questions by citing some concrete examples.

Two Sons

GEORGE was two years older than his brother David. They were the sons of prominent parents who were proud of their standing in their community and very ambitious for their children. They were close enough together to have been playmates from their earliest childhood.

Until about the fifth grade, there was little marked difference between them. Both did well in school. Both were popular among their playfellows. But then a change began to be noted. David seemed to go ahead—George seemed to fall back. His school work slumped. He was impudent and offensive to the teacher. He played truant. He became increasingly quarrelsome on the playground and sullen and rebellious at home. To cap the climax, he was discovered in a theft of some clothes from the lockers of the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, where he had been sent by his parents in the hopes of benefiting him.

His teachers reported to his parents that he was failing in his work, that he was inattentive, that he was uncoöperative, that he did not apply himself, that he was a nuisance on the school grounds, that they almost despaired of being able to retain him in school.

The truant officer said George was just like all the rest of the kids, that he had got to the place where he thought he didn't need any schooling. Just mean, that's all.

The Y. M. C. A. secretary was deeply chagrined that one of their boys should have proved himself so unworthy. Much as he would like to extend George's privileges . . .

Hear the parents themselves: George's father was a thoughtful man, and it puzzled him exceedingly that a lad who up to a certain point had made such a good adjustment to life should suddenly develop so much difficulty in getting along. He could only attribute it to some inexplicable perversity which had entered the child in some way, perhaps at the suggestion of a schoolmate. A few instructions about this and a little reasoning with the lad ought to help.

When a little reasoning didn't help, a little threatening was tried, then a little punishing, then a little more punishing. All of which of course didn't achieve any more than did the tactics of the teacher, the truant officer, or the Y. M. C. A. secretary.

George's mother, on the other hand, was quite sure that he was sick. She called in the family physician, who was unable to confirm this opinion, but she retained it nevertheless. She didn't know just what sickness it was, but George must be sick to act in this fashion.

Whether these views seem reasonable or unreasonable, I can bear witness from many, many experiences that they are very typical explanations of misbehavior from very typical American citizens. These people were up against a problem of human misbehavior which puzzled them, which hurt them. Their explanations were based on the way they felt rather than upon an impartial, clear-sighted scientific analysis of the boy's problem.

When we apply such an analysis, what do we find? By omitting all the details we could make it very long; by omitting them we can make it very brief, and I think sufficiently convincing. We have said that George was about two years older than his brother David. It had gradually become apparent, however, that he was less brilliant and less prepossessing than David. Everyone preferred David. These things became much more apparent after the boys left the primary grades. They were very painful to George, because David was constantly being held up to him as an example on the one hand and excelling him on the other. No one suspected this enviousness of his brother; he was much too loyal to David ever to betray it to him. Instead, however, he made violent efforts to assuage the pain, first by trying desperately to catch up, and when he found this impossible, by compensatory measures. If he could not be so brilliant as his brother, he could at least excel him in disagreeableness; if he could not be the best-liked boy in the room, as was his brother, he could achieve the distinction of being the most thoroughly disliked; if he could not be praised for his honesty, he could at least be damned for his dishonesty.

"Well," says the casual reader, "what did you do?"

This, too, may be answered in much less time than it took to accomplish it. First came a program of mental-hygiene education for the older people concerned in the case. It was particularly important that the parents and teachers understand the real motives and mechanisms back of George's misbehavior.

Simultaneously direct efforts were undertaken by the psychiatrist. First, he made friends with George. He got his confidence. He learned at first hand all about his humiliations and envies and aspirations. He listened sympathetically to old and new confessions. He discovered some of his talents. Psychological tests showed, for example, that George was very skillful with his hands, both in sketching and in mechanical manipulations. The psychiatrist used this as a start in building up his self-confidence.

Meantime, the new ideas and knowledge which the parents and teachers had acquired had considerably modified their treatment of George. He was no longer given occasion to feel inferior to his brother. On the contrary, he began to take great pride in the things at which he could excel, and these were no longer such things as disagreeableness and disobedience. Instead, his drawings and woodworking were the pride of his school. His grades came up, too, and although never equal to those of his brother David, they were no longer a source of mortification to him. His compensatory gestures disappeared. He ceased to be a problem child.

In other words, here is a case in which consideration from common-sense viewpoints resulted in nothing but a continuation of misbehavior and distress, whereas consideration from a mental-hygiene viewpoint, on the other hand, resulted in their prompt disappearance.

Why be Unhappy?

WHY are so many people apparently so unhappy? They live in the same world which others, often below them in economic and social advantages, find good. They are embittered at life, and yet others find that selfsame life a glorious adventure.

What makes the difference? What is it that causes them to make others, as well as themselves, miserable, even ill? Has life some special grudge against them? Is Fate taking an unfair advantage of them? Why aren't they happy?

There is only one sane answer. Their viewpoint is not right. They are doing those things and thinking those thoughts which deny them the right to happiness. Their mental viewpoint prevents their making a harmonious adjustment with the life around them.

Mental hygiene is the science of mental adjustment.

Doctor Menninger stands ready to help any JOURNAL reader to make this adjustment—to find this happiness.

A Daughter

NOW let's jump ahead a few years, and instead of a boy let's take a girl. Gertrude Torrington was a sophomore in college. Her first year had been a very successful one, judged by college standards. She had been quite popular and she had made good grades.

But now a change had come over her. She appeared to be strangely disconsolate. She wandered about on the campus lonely and tearful, utterly miserable, and unable to extricate herself from her depression. She was so dismal that she discouraged friendliness on the part of other students. She was so uninterested and unresponsive that her teachers regarded her as stupid.

But the mental-health counselor of the college, to whom she finally went, recognized her as a girl suffering from maladjustment to her surroundings. He did not tell her she was lazy, indifferent, failing, and disappointing everyone, nor that she ought to buck up and do better. He simply said, "Tell me all about it."

She had gone to college very well prepared academically and quite unprepared emotionally. She had never understood the relations of women and men in the world. She had had no brother. Her father had been errant and negligent and her mother was one of those women who fear lest their daughters become contaminated with the evil of the world. She was opposed to Gertrude's going with any boys in high school. She warned her against them.

So Gertrude came to college in this state of ignorance and prejudice and fear, but with no less curiosity and desire to be attractive to men than any other girl. During the latter part of her freshman year she met a lad who became warmly devoted to her. He was so much the antithesis of what she had been led to expect from her mother's warnings about men that she had completely lost her emotional balance. She thought him the most wonderful person alive. Nothing in the world mattered so much as her evenings with him, many of which had to be clandestinely arranged so that her parents would not become alarmed at her frequent dating.

The inevitable happened. The lad's parents became alarmed and insisted on a change of school. There were tragic scenes between the lovers, reiterated promises of eternal faithfulness. But six months later his letters had diminished almost to the vanishing point, and Gertrude realized she had been supplanted.

Her disappointment was tinctured with resentment, with hate, and with a sense of guilt. But most paralyzing of the many emotions which swept her soul was the feeling that something about her must be wrong to have lost so dear a lover. She lost self-confidence and self-respect—her sense of inferiority became the nucleus of her depression. She continued to go through the motions, but books, education, college life, social activities—what were these to her?

She didn't recover as the result of a single conference—it took a good many for her to get a new orientation, a better understanding of her self and her instincts, a new objective, and finally a new start. But she was faithful and her counselor was patient, and a few months later she was quite herself again—as happy as ever, and much wiser. She had been helped over rough waters which might easily have capsized her, as they have many another.

These cases should suffice to show that there is some utility, some practical advantage in the new and scientific point of view in dealing with problems of human behavior. Next month we shall go into more detail as to the specific factors contributing to the distress of the members of one troubled family.

Meantime, if you have any problems of mental maladjustment in your own family don't hesitate to write to me, care of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

A COMPANY DESSERT
. . . *at slight cost*

RASPBERRY PRINCESS PUDDING — Dissolve 1 package Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin Dessert (raspberry flavor) in 1 cup boiling water; add 1 cup cold water. Pour ¾ cup of this mixture into shallow pan to depth of about ½ inch. Chill until firm and cut into cubes. Add ¼ teaspoon salt to remaining liquid gelatin mixture and chill until it begins to thicken. Whip until thick and frothy. Fold in ½ cup cream, whipped, 1 cup of sponge cake cubes and the cubes of clear gelatin. Pour into mould and chill until firm. Cut into slices to serve. Serves 6.

Approximate cost—30¢.

Imagine!..
Gelatin Dessert in *One* Hour

That's all the time it takes with Royal *Quick Setting* Gelatin

A NEW TYPE of gelatin dessert has been discovered. A gelatin that sets in half the time you usually allow.

It's called Royal Gelatin Dessert. And it sets perfectly—ready to serve—in an hour or less, with mechanical refrigeration.

This means that you prepare your gelatin dessert just before mealtime—instead of hours ahead . . . or the night before.

Just mix it . . . and slip it in the ice box. Then put the rest of your meal on to cook.

When you're ready to serve the dessert—Royal is ready, too. Perfectly shaped . . . smooth, and delicately tender in texture.

And what a wonderful difference in taste! You get the rich, natural flavor of red raspberries, scarlet strawberries, ruby red cherries. The ripe juiciness of orange . . . the sharp tang of lemon. And the refreshing coolness of lime—a brand new flavor.

You get these flavors always full strength. For Royal is never allowed to grow stale on your grocer's shelf. It is delivered to store regularly in small quantities by the nation-wide delivery system of Standard Brands Incorporated.

Doctors, you know, recommend gelatin—especially for children. Because it promotes growth . . . and digests so easily. And how the youngsters love its color and sparkle!

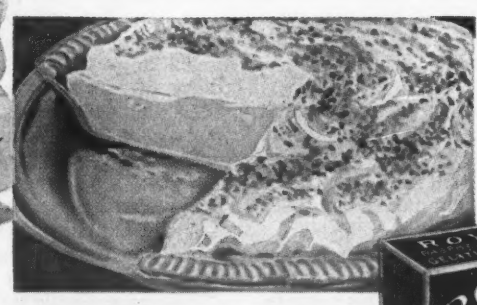
So be generous with Royal. Serve it often. Two or three times a week. As a salad. As dessert. Plain—or with cream. Combined with fruits, nuts—or bits of left-overs. Its possibilities are almost endless . . . for giving zest and variety to your menus.

Buy a package from your grocer today. But be sure to insist on the *quick setting* kind. Ask for it by name—Royal Gelatin Dessert. In the red box—the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can.

Once you try Royal—and note its speed and ease of preparation, we doubt if you'll ever again be satisfied with slow setting gelatins.

Six delicious flavors to choose from: Raspberry, Strawberry, Cherry, Lemon, Orange, and a brand new flavor—Lime.

A NEW KIND OF LEMON PIE—MADE WITH GELATIN . . .



LEMON SPONGE PIE—Beat 2 egg yolks slightly, add ¼ cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt; mix well. Add 1 cup cold water and the juice of 1 lemon. Cook in double boiler, stirring until thick enough to coat spoon.

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Dessert (lemon flavor) in 1 cup boiling water. Add custard mixture and grated rind of the lemon; cool. When it begins to thicken, fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour in baked pastry shell; chill until firm. Cover top with thin layer of whipped cream; sprinkle with rolled corn flakes or grated macaroon crumbs. Makes one 9-inch pie. *Approximate cost*—32¢.

ROYAL *Quick Setting* GELATIN DESSERT

Copyright, 1930, by Standard Brands Inc.

Let the Clearing House Solve Your Problems

WHAT housewife is there among us who hasn't experienced that sinking feeling which comes when important guests arrive and the potatoes simply won't get done or the last can of peas in the cupboard turns out to be old and tough? Such things happen occasionally in the best managed homes, yet they can be prevented ninety-nine times out of a hundred. It's just another case of knowing what to buy.

In order to help the housewife know more about grades and qualities of such everyday goods as potatoes and canned foods, the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Clearing House of Consumer Information has added four more to its list of leaflets. These four bring together material on selecting potatoes, canned goods, beaters and pillows, to help the home buyer get the most in value and satisfaction from what she buys.

PHOTO. BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

New Journal leaflets help the home buyer get the most in value and satisfaction.

Buying Potatoes We Like

IN THUMBING through the potato leaflet (No. 224), we discover that there is practically no excuse for having soggy baked potatoes, mushy boiled potatoes, or potato salad that is smeary.

That happens when we order just a "peck of potatoes" from our grocer without specifying the variety.

Says the author of this leaflet: "It is easy to have boiled potatoes that keep their shape, baked potatoes that are fluffy, and mashed potatoes that are smooth and white. It is a question of knowing what variety to ask for when shopping.

"We may get fooled occasionally, even then, when growing or storing conditions have been wrong, but we are at least on the safe side and we will have satisfactory, if not perfect, potatoes for our uses."

Potatoes are commonly listed as a starchy food, but they also contain protein in varying amounts. It is this difference in the proportions of starch and protein in the various varieties and ages which determines the way in which the potatoes are to be used. Potatoes that have a high proportion of starch are "mealy" when they are baked. The starch grains expand and tear apart the cell walls, making the center a white mass of flaky starch. This is not so desirable in boiling, for the potatoes fall apart. They can usually be steamed, however, when they are to be cooked on the top of the stove.

Potatoes that have a higher proportion of protein than of starch, on the other hand, are "waxy" when cooked. They are the ones that make guests exclaim over salads and garnishes. They do not break up and yet are tender. When heat is applied to these waxy potatoes, the protein coagulates and holds the potato together. This results in a heavy texture, with a waxy appearance and consistency. Almost any variety of new potato is more or less waxy, especially those with a smooth pink skin and yellow flesh tinted with pink.

The ideal potato for boiling is one that is mealy, but not so mealy as the best baker, and just waxy enough to hold together while cooking.

There's a very helpful little chart in the back of this new leaflet. It lists the most important commercial varieties, telling their characteristics and best uses. No matter whether you buy your potatoes by the bushel or the pound, you'll find that these guides help select the best varieties for your family's favorite dishes.

Buying Canned Food by Name

IN BUYING canned food, too, we learn that we get just what we ask for. If we ask for a "can of peas" we may find, when it is opened, that the peas are large or small, young or old, or in-between. But if we ask for a can of "fancy" peas, we will get the finest of the crop—the kind we like to serve our guests.

When we go to the store to buy a can of fruit or vegetables, or even of meat or soup, the first question that pops into our mind is either "What quality do we want?" or "What price do we want to pay?" quickly followed by "What size can do we need?" and "Shall we buy one tin, three, or a case?"

The answers to these questions depend upon each individual family's tastes and pocketbook, but a knowledge of the trade classifications and practices often helps solve them so that we get what we want at a saving.

In the new canned foods leaflet (No. 225) Miss Ruth Atwater, of the National Canners Association, takes up each one of these three questions. She tells, for example, what grades of canned vegetables it is economical to buy for soups and what grades for salads, and points out that there is no economy in buying salad quality for soup, where a much less expensive grade will serve the purpose just as well.

Did you know that it is perfectly safe to store canned goods in the refrigerator in opened cans? Those of us brought up on the theory that poisonous substances were formed when the food remained in contact with the can after it was opened will find it hard to believe, but science has proved that no harmful results can follow. This is just one of the many useful tips passed on by Miss Atwater.

Whenever possible, she recommends buying canned foods in large quantities, and she gives these suggestions for storing them:

1. Put the cases in the cool part of the cellar on roughly made benches or set them on blocks of wood.
2. If cellar space is not available, shallow shelves for storing a dozen or more cans may be put into a cupboard that backs on an outside wall and is cool.
3. Put cases of the same variety of food side by side or pile them two cases high.
4. Take out one side of each case, leaving the cans standing upright. This makes it possible to see the stock on hand.
5. Arrange cases back to back, two tiers high, making neat blocks of supplies.
6. Leave an aisle between the blocks.
7. Shallow shelves, wide enough to hold two rows of cans, are convenient in or near the kitchen where an assortment of the canned goods on hand may be kept.

Included in this leaflet, too, is a chart telling the different grades and qualities of canned foods and the most economical uses for each one. By taking this chart to the store or by examining it just before leaving on a shopping trip, it is possible to ask for just the thing that is needed and to receive it.

Do Your Beater Gears Mesh?

IF THEY do, you are getting the greatest amount of volume from your beater. Mrs. Vivian Brashear, of Iowa State College, has been studying a great many beaters to see the effects of the different kinds of construction, and she has found that the way gears mesh is one of the important factors in securing good volume from beaters.

These "gear" types of beaters are great timesavers over the fork that we used not so many years ago to beat the whites of twelve to fifteen eggs for an angel-food cake. But they have their limitations. Mrs. Brashear says that there are three kinds of beaters—the whisk, the wheel, and the turbine—and that each kind seems to have certain work that it does best.

Among the many interesting things she found in her study was that while the wire whips operating on the same principle as the fork gave the greatest volume—a thing we want in angel food—they do not develop so fine a texture as the wheel and turbine beaters. Since these gear types are so much easier to use, Mrs. Brashear's work telling us where we need a whisk and where we can substitute the others for it is a real labor saver.

However, just selecting the right type of beater isn't enough, she found. We must go one step further and select the right construction in each type. Such things as the thinness of the blades or the wire and the number of blades on the wheel type have a big influence on the results which we obtain from them. Mrs. Brashear has listed in the beater leaflet (No. 226) all the things that she considers essential in a good beater of each type and she has worked out specifications for securing the maximum of effectiveness with the minimum of work.

Choosing Restful Pillows

THERE are a few individuals in this world who don't want pillows—but they are so few that every housewife must buy pillows when she starts in housekeeping, and from time to time thereafter replace those that have become flat and "dead."

Whether our pillows are to be large or small is purely a matter of choice, but we all insist that they be buoyant, clean and durable. Of two pillows of equal plumpness, the lighter is the better, according to Miss M. Attie Souder, former home-management specialist at the University of Illinois. The difference, she explains, may be due to the kind of feathers used, or to the fact that all the quills and dirt have not been removed.

As for the filling, there are a great many from which we may choose—goose feathers, duck feathers, turkey feathers, chicken feathers and the down, or even vegetable fibers or shreds of silk. All these different fillings, however, are not equally good, Miss Souder warns us. It is the amount of spring or buoyancy in the filling that counts, and certain feathers naturally have more of this springiness than others, while the fibers rank low in it.

Apparently, the color of the filling makes little difference, for Miss Souder says that she would be just as willing to have a gray goose pillow on her bed as one filled with white goose feathers. Pillows filled with white goose feathers are luxury articles, and are, in reality, no better than the gray ones.

Another point made by Miss Souder is that domestic feathers are larger and so will fill the pillow better, and that they contain a much higher percentage of down than imported feathers. Even the best of feathers, however, wear out, the same as any other article. The natural oil they contain dries up and the feathers become brittle. They still remain soft, but they have no natural spring.

In order to keep them in as good condition as possible, pillows should be fluffed up thoroughly every day and placed where the air can get at them, so that the air may go through and keep them fresh. This fluffing tends to separate feathers which have become matted together and keeps pillows more buoyant than they otherwise would be. When the feathers become dirty, they may be washed by the housewife, or they may be sent to a factory for cleaning.

Among the many suggestions in Miss Souder's new leaflet on pillows (No. 227) are the fillings that prove most satisfactory, the kinds of casings that wear best, how feathers may be prepared for pillows, and how they may be cleaned.

These leaflets, and others published by the Ladies' Home Journal, as listed on page 122, may be had for two cents each on application to the Service Bureau, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.

DISHES *like these bring husbands home to dinner*

WHAT wife doesn't enjoy tempting her hungry husband's appetite—seeing him smile when he sits down at the dinner table?

And it means so little extra effort to win that happy commendation—always!

There's asparagus, you know. Asparagus gives even the simplest menu the *better-touch* that makes the difference between the meals you *have* to eat and the meals you *want* to eat.

Just think of the array of dainty, eye-tempting, appetite-teasing salads you can make with asparagus. Think of the many smooth, delicious asparagus soups. And think of the hundreds of hot dishes that look better, taste better, and get a far finer welcome when they're made with this enticing vegetable delicacy.

And, from the kitchen standpoint, there are two other mighty attractive reasons for serving asparagus oftener. First, there's no waste—you serve every ounce you buy. Second, asparagus is ready to serve right from the can—cooked and sealed for you to preserve all its fresh tenderness for *your* table.

But for all its healthful goodness, asparagus is a non-fattening food! Indeed, eat all you want. Asparagus fits any diet; and it fits every appetite. No wonder so many prudent housewives buy half a dozen cans at a time.

For the newest asparagus recipes, send for our newest recipe book, "This Business of Tempting Appetites." You'll marvel at the many enticing asparagus dishes you can make, so easily. Write tonight for your free copy of this newest guide to appetite satisfaction!

Canners League of California, Asparagus Section, Department 178
800 Adam Grant Building, San Francisco, California

Please send me, free of charge, the new recipe book, "This Business of Tempting Appetites."

Name _____

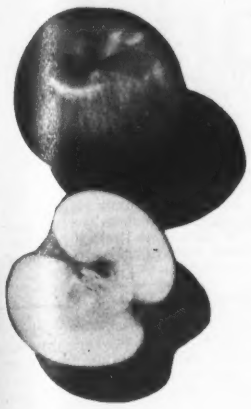
Address _____

City _____ State _____

CALIFORNIA CANNED

Asparagus

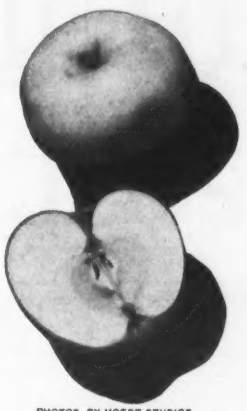
The World's Most Popular Salad and Vegetable Delicacy



The Winesap.

An Apple Buyer's Guide

By JOSEPHINE SCOTT



PHOTOS. BY HOEDT STUDIOS

Yellow Transparent.

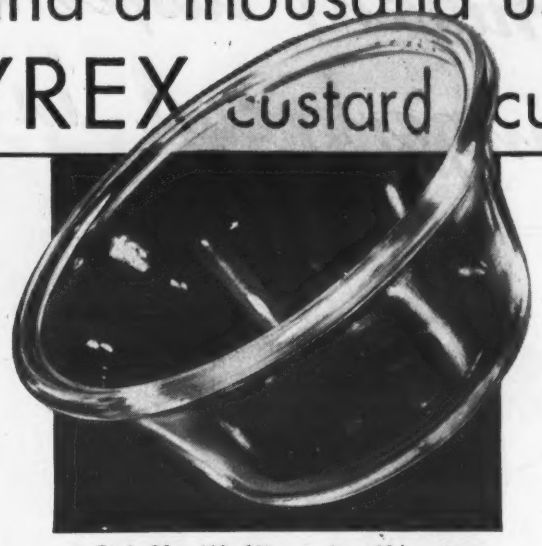
WITH so many apples to choose from, it is not surprising that consumers often purchase the wrong type for a use for which it is intended. It would be folly for the average person to attempt to become familiar with very many varieties, but each housewife should be able to identify at least a dozen varieties and know their best uses. Those using large quantities of fruit will find it advantageous to know more.

Many new varieties are offered every year but few become important. Each variety of apple has its own good and poor features and is at the height of its physical perfection at a definite time. Certain kinds are especially desirable for eating purposes, while others are particularly suited to the culinary arts. All apples should be purchased with a definite use in mind.

(The Chart Below is Concluded on Page 106)

IN SEASON	VARIETY	APPEARANCE	USES
AUG. TO NOV., INCL.	*Maiden's Blush*	A beautiful apple of pale waxy lemon-yellow color with crimson cheek.	Very juicy, slightly acid, good quality especially for cooking. Very good for pie, sauce and jelly.
AUG. TO NOV., INCL.	*Wealthy*	Pale yellow or greenish background, flecked and marked with stripes of red. Highly colored specimens are brilliant red. Skin is thin but tough.	A very popular late-summer apple, excellent for cooking and fair to good for eating.
SEPT. TO DEC., INCL.	*McIntosh*	Bright deep red color and usually good size. Skin is thin, moderately tender, smooth, and readily separates from the flesh.	An excellent dessert variety and fair for culinary purposes, probably best baked. Very juicy, agreeably aromatic, perfumed, slightly acid, becoming mild and nearly sweet when very ripe.
SEPT. TO DEC., INCL.	*Tompkins King* or *King*	Large to very large size; prevailing color is an attractive red over yellow. Flesh is a yellowish shade, quite juicy, and slightly acid.	Fair to good eating quality, good to very good for cooking.
OCT. TO DEC., INCL.	*Jonathan*	Color is pale to bright yellow overlaid with lively red, striped with bright carmine, making general appearance a lively deep red. Flesh is white to somewhat yellow, sometimes has tinge of red. Juicy, very aromatic, and slightly acid.	One of our most popular late-fall varieties, highly flavored, and of excellent quality for both dessert and culinary use. Adds color to the Halloween party.
OCT. TO DEC., INCL.	*Grimes Golden*	Skin is tough, somewhat rough, clear deep yellow with scattering pale yellow or russet dots. Flesh is yellow and moderately juicy.	One of the old favorites. An outstanding dessert apple, also quite satisfactory for cooking.
OCT. TO MARCH, INCL.	*Delicious*	Size is small to very large, usually large. General color is brilliant dark red striped over yellow. Has five distinct knobs on bottom. Flesh is fine grained, crisp, and juicy with a delightful aroma. A rather sweet apple.	A comparatively new apple and all that its name implies. A mild-flavored eating apple that fairly melts in the mouth, but rather poor for cooking.
OCT. TO FEB., INCL.	*Yellow Bellflower*	Prevailing color is bright pale or lemon yellow. Highly colored specimens may show a pinkish-red blush.	Very good for culinary use but rather too acid for dessert early in the season; later its acidity becomes somewhat subdued.
OCT. TO MARCH, INCL.	*Wagener*	A beautiful bright light red with some contrasting pale yellow. Very juicy, slightly acid, aromatic.	Very desirable for culinary use, but especially esteemed for eating.
OCT. TO FEB., INCL.	*Winter Banana*	Usually large size fruit. Clear pale waxy yellow with pinkish-red blush.	Good dessert quality and makes apple sauce "like golden butter."
OCT. TO MARCH, INCL.	*York Imperial*	Red or pinkish red distinctly striped with carmine over a yellow background. Often has many pale dots. Skin is tough and smooth. This apple is usually lopsided or oblique in shape.	A good eating variety, especially late in season. Flesh is rather hard but good flavor. Slightly acid early, but later becomes nearly sweet. Will cook fairly well.
NOV. TO APRIL, INCL.	*Spitzenburg*	Color is bright red inconspicuously striped with darker red over a background of yellow. Skin is tough, sometimes waxy, slightly roughened by russet dots. Flesh is tinged with yellow, crisp, juicy, slightly acid.	A choice dessert fruit and one of the best apples known for canning and general culinary use. A flavor all its own.
NOV. TO JAN., INCL.	*Ortley*	Not very uniform in size or shape. Skin is thin but rather tough and smooth. Color is pale whitish yellow varying to rich yellow in well-developed fruit, rarely with a faint pinkish-red blush.	A yellow apple somewhat similar to the Yellow Bellflower but has less acidity and is more pleasant in flavor for dessert use. Cooks well, a fine baking apple.
NOV. TO MARCH, INCL.	*Northern Spy* or *Spy*	Large to very large size. Skin is thin, tender and smooth. Prevailing color is red or striped red, or bright pinkish red mottled and splashed with carmine.	One of our best winter apples. A fine-flavored juicy apple for eating, and cooks well.

You'll find a thousand uses for PYREX custard cups



Style No. 410, 3½-oz. size, 10¢ each

Six 3½-ounce cups cost only 60¢

A PERFECT custard, lightly brown, delicately smooth and firm! A dish that even the most experienced cook may well be proud of . . . that's at its very best served in sparkling little cups of Pyrex resistant glass. So evenly and gently does Pyrex ware absorb the oven heat that baking is gentle and even, as custard baking *must* be if curdling and watery separation are to be avoided.

Style No. 424 contains 4 ozs., costs but 15¢

And Pyrex cups have a host of other uses! For cup cakes, for muffins, for meat pies and puddings . . . for molding jellies for salads or desserts. For individual service, in the most tempting form, of meat and vegetable left-overs. Spinach,

Style No. 422 holds 6 ozs., and costs 20¢

for instance. Butter your Pyrex cups and half fill with spinach. Pour over some nice white sauce. Drop in an egg and then bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are set . . . a happy solution of one day's luncheon problem.

You'll think of many, many other uses for these attractive, sturdy little dishes. You'll find them economical to use, because they absorb oven heat (metal throws it off), and so reduce the time of baking.

You'll find, too, that foods cooked this way *stay hot*. Pyrex ware retains the heat extraordinarily and, of course, there is no transferring from one dish to another in the kitchen. A Pyrex custard cup, like all the other dainty Pyrex ware, comes proudly right to the table.

Pyrex ware is resistant to both heat and cold—does not break in

Style No. 426, 6-oz. size, is only 20¢

oven heat or ice box cold. The custard cups come in 4 sizes, 2 styles—the 3½-ounce size for as little as 10¢ apiece!

Free . . . Book of 30 Menus

Whole meals cooked in the oven in 20, 30, or 45 minutes. Address: Corning Glass Works, Dept. O-75, Corning, New York.

Name.....
(Please print name)

Address.....

Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada.
Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"I haven't tasted such Gingerbread in years"

THREE hungry men —and one of them her husband's Chief.

How *could* Jim!

But when he got her aside for a minute and began explaining; how it was awfully cold out on the golf course and he thought he'd just ask them to come and have a cup of coffee before driving home—

Well, when Jim got that humble, pleading look in his eyes, there was no use trying to stay cross; she couldn't.

She flew to the kitchen, to see what she could get together.

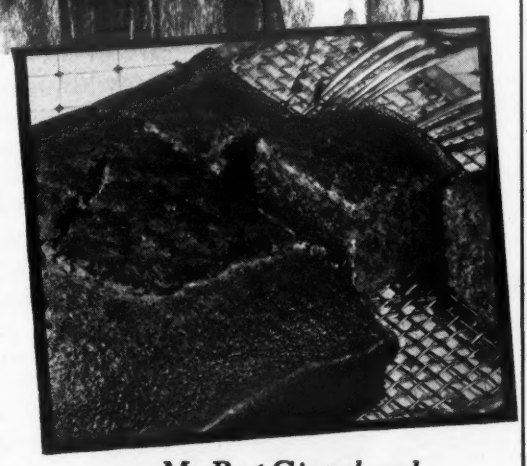
There was that Virginia ham she had cooked the day before . . . praise heaven for that! And there were cold potatoes . . . she could make a potato salad. And coffee with cream . . . and she would just stir up a pan of her wonderful Brer Rabbit gingerbread. Men always loved it, and it smelled so good, and tasted so good, and was delicious on a chilly night.

SHE could tell from the moment they sat down at the table, that the Chief liked her. Every time his eyes rested on her, they were wonderfully kind.

He took two big helpings of everything, but he took three of her gingerbread. He said it was just like the gingerbread he used to get in his mother's kitchen at home; he said he liked it better than the finest dessert the finest French chef ever made. And when he had finished the last crumb, he turned to Jim and almost shouted at him—

"You're lucky, young man. Can't help getting on, with a wife like yours. I didn't know there were any women left in the world who could bake a pan of gingerbread like that!"

It's a question of individual taste whether you prefer Gold Label Brer Rabbit—the highest quality light molasses, or Green Label Brer Rabbit—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.



My Best Gingerbread

Cream together ½ cup butter and lard mixed, with ½ cup sugar. Add 1 egg beaten and 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses. Sift together 2½ cups flour, 1½ teaspoons soda, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and ginger, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon salt, and add to first mixture. Add 1 cup hot water and beat until smooth. The batter is soft, but it makes a fine cake. Bake in greased shallow pan 35 minutes in a moderate oven (325° to 350° F.)

GIVE your men folks hot gingerbread for Sunday night supper! Make it with Brer Rabbit Molasses—the real, old-time, New Orleans molasses—and see what a perfectly delicious flavor it will have . . . pungent, spicy, full of golden goodness.

The reason Brer Rabbit gives you such matchless flavor is that it's made from the very cream of the fresh-crushed sugar-cane juice. It's rich in iron and lime—absolutely pure—and gives your gingerbread that luscious flavory quality that you get only with real New Orleans molasses.

There are two grades of Brer Rabbit Molasses: *Gold Label*—the highest quality light molasses for fancy cookery—delicious on pancakes, waffles and biscuits; and *Green Label*—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses. Get a can at your grocer's today—serve hot Brer Rabbit Gingerbread next Sunday night.

Send today for the recipe SHE used!
FREE—with 94 other Brer Rabbit recipes

PENICK & FORD, Ltd., Inc., Dept. L-11
New Orleans, La.

Please send me my free copy of
"94 Brer Rabbit Goodies"

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

DEC. TO APRIL, INCL.	*Stayman's Winesap* or *Stayman*	Medium to large size. Skin is smooth, rather thick and tough. Nearly completely covered with rather dull mixed red and rather indistinctly striped with dull carmine over a background of green or greenish yellow. Often has light gray or russet dots. Juicy to very juicy, pleasant slight acidity.	Another comparatively new apple that has enjoyed much popularity. A fine eating variety and a fair to good cooker.
DEC. TO MARCH, INCL.	*White Winter Pearmain*	Skin is tough, smooth, slightly waxen, pale yellow, or at first greenish, with a shade of brownish-red. Has numerous tiny dots, pale or russet. Flesh slightly tinged with yellow, fine grained, juicy, pleasantly aromatic.	An old favorite, fine eating quality and good cooker. Its light-colored flesh is very good for salads, as it does not turn dark very quickly when exposed to the air.
DEC. TO MAY, INCL.	*Rome* or *Rome Beauty*	Has yellow or greenish background mottled with bright red and striped with carmine. Prevailing effect is red mingled with yellow. Flesh is nearly white with slight tinge of yellow or green. Juicy and mildly acid.	Good dessert variety and excellent for cooking. Probably our best winter cooking apple, an exceptionally fine baker either whole or in tarts, dumplings, etc.
DEC. TO MARCH, INCL.	*Rhode Island Greening*	Medium to large size. Color is grass green varying to rather yellow, sometimes has brownish-red blush. Usually has greenish-white or russet dots. Flesh is yellowish, firm, juicy, and peculiarly flavored.	A good midwinter eating apple and excellent for cooking.
DEC. TO MAY, INCL.	*Northwestern Greening*	Variable in size and not uniform in shape. Skin smooth, somewhat waxy, clear pale yellow or greenish, sometimes faintly blushed. Has whitish, gray or russet dots. Flesh is tinged with yellow; firm, juicy, and has slight aroma.	Very much like the Rhode Island Greening but does not have its high flavor or quality. A fair to good dessert apple. When cooked has fine yellow color. Cooks quickly and evenly.
DEC. TO MAY, INCL.	*Baldwin*	A bright red apple, sometimes shows slight striping effect, also slight yellow or green. Has grayish or whitish dots. Flesh is yellowish, crisp, juicy, and not very acid.	Excellent for both cooking and dessert purposes. Very good for pies. One of our best general-purpose apples.
JAN. TO APRIL, INCL.	*Gano*	Color is red and yellow, usually a fine red obscurely striped. Flesh generally white to slightly yellow, rather coarse, juicy.	Poor eating quality, fair for cooking.
JAN. TO MAY, INCL.	*Ben Davis*	Bright deep red or red striped with yellowish and greenish shades. Skin is tough, waxy, glossy, smooth. Flesh is whitish to slightly yellow, not very crisp, rather coarse.	Ben Davis and Gano are very much alike. Poor eating quality, fair for cooking, best for pies and baking.
JAN. TO MAY, INCL.	*Winesap*	A bright deep red to purplish red. Has small whitish dots on skin. A beautiful smooth, glossy fruit. Flesh is tinged with yellow, veins sometimes red, very firm and very juicy, slightly acid.	One of the oldest and most-used apples in America. One of our finest dessert apples and fair to good for most culinary uses.
FEB. TO MAY, INCL.	*Arkansas Black*	Color is very bright dark red, at times almost black. Flesh is decidedly tinged with yellow, very firm, rather fine grained, moderately juicy, slightly acid.	Only fair as a dessert apple, but good for cooking. Flesh holds up well in pies, etc.
FEB. TO JUNE, INCL.	*Yellow Newtown* or *Albemarle Pippin*	A bright yellow fruit with a distinct pinkish blush, at times greenish yellow with duller brownish pink. Flesh is distinctly tinged with yellow, highly aromatic, mildly acid, fine grained.	Excellent in every way, an apple of real quality. "The autocrat of the breakfast table." Recognized as a fine cider apple by early Virginia and Carolina colonists, also sent from Virginia to Queen Victoria during her reign.
JUNE TO AUG., INCL.	*Yellow Transparent*	Skin is thin, smooth, waxy, pale greenish yellow to yellowish white. Flesh is white, slightly acid, with pleasant but not high flavor.	Excellent for culinary use and acceptable for dessert. Our principal source of early summer apple sauce, also good for pies, jelly, and most all general cooking purposes.
JULY TO OCT., INCL.	*Gravenstein*	Thin tender skin, slightly rough, greenish yellow to orange yellow overlaid with broken stripes of light or dark red. General effect yellow striped. A rather aromatic, slightly acid flavor.	An attractive apple of excellent quality, good for eating and very good for cooking.
JULY TO SEPT., INCL.	*Oldenburg* (Duchess)	A moderately thick but tender smooth skin. Color is pale greenish yellow or pale yellow, almost covered with irregular splashes and stripes of bright red mottled and shaded with crimson. An attractive red-striped fruit.	A fine cooking variety brought to this country from Russia. A particularly good summer baking apple. It has too much acid to be a good dessert apple.

What You Should Know About Eggs

EGGSHELLS are porous. For this reason eggs should never be washed until immediately before they are used.

When an egg is laid, there is deposited on the shell a mucilaginous substance which dries and forms a seal for the pores of the shell. If this seal is destroyed by washing, several things may happen. The unsealed pores of the shell allow the too rapid evaporation of moisture. This causes the growth of a large air cell at one end of the egg, so that it is not attractive for serving.

A gas, carbon dioxide, which is in the egg and which is closely related to the maintenance of egg quality, diffuses through the shell and the quality of the egg deteriorates. And, to cap the climax, any foreign odors or flavors have easier access to the washed egg.

Eggs, like milk and meat, easily absorb foreign odors and flavors, so that care must be exercised to retain their delicate flavor.

A really high-quality egg is clean when it leaves the producer, who takes every precaution to see that only clean eggs are sold from his farm. The poultryman knows that dirt on the shell not only makes an egg unattractive, but that it may be the breeding place for bacteria which can destroy the quality and the flavor of the egg meat within.

—CLARA GEBHARD SNYDER.

When Dull Film Covers Teeth Smiles Lose Fascination

Film

is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known; wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present.* Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins teeth's appearance by absorbing stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these discolorations?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

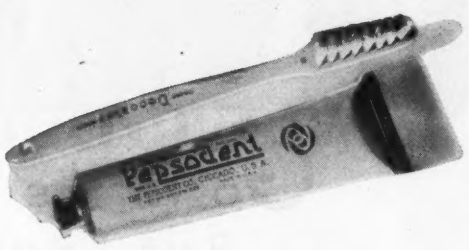
* * *

AMOS 'n' ANDY America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time. 10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time. 9:30 p. m., Mountain time. 8:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Do These Three Things

to have strong, healthy teeth

1 Follow this diet daily: *one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. 1 quart milk—and other food to suit the taste.*



2 Use Pepsodent twice a day.

3 See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent —the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy radio program.

Go to the Game But Leave the Dinner in the Oven!

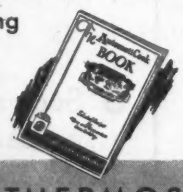
FORGET about dinner and don't give the turkey a thought. Enjoy every play. Cheer the boys. Enjoy all the thrills that come with the winning score. Then come home as leisurely and carefree as you choose—the dinner will be deliciously cooked—ready to serve.

➤There's no mystery or magic about it—just the ever trustful Robertshaw, governing your range and controlling your cooking with modern, scientific, never-failing precision. The Robertshaw is that trim little device alongside the oven with its full-vision dial, gleaming porcelain handle, and clean chromium finish.

➤In these days of good living, every woman has the right to a range that will serve her with a mechanical conscience. And there are a hundred good makes of ranges to choose from, all fitted with the Robertshaw by the makers. You always have full faith in the Robertshaw for it renders a one minute temperature check with clock-like precision.

➤The Robertshaw is part of the range and cannot be sold separately. Let your range dealer show you what a priceless helper it is!

Another cook book, yes, but one you would not even loan. Just send 25c to pay for packing and mailing.



Know the fine things controlled cooking will do for you—and the newest menus for Fall & Winter dinners.

ROBERTSHAW THERMOSTAT COMPANY
YOUNGWOOD, PENNA.

PHOTOS. BY HOEDT STUDIOS

The number of strokes makes the difference in texture.

From Our Journal Kitchen

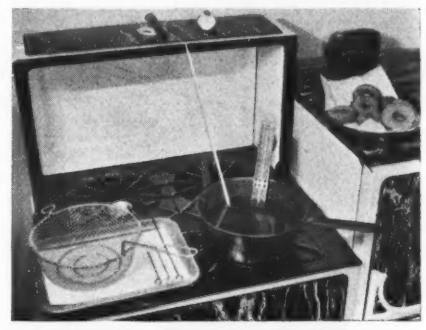
Tender Crullers--By Viola M. Bell

IN OUR JOURNAL Test Kitchen we set ourselves the task of developing a standard procedure for producing a cruller of good flavor, well shaped, with a thin, crisp, unbroken crust and golden brown in color. The inside was to be fine grained and tender and absorb little fat.

The ingredients used were butter, granulated sugar, sweet milk, general purpose flour, salt, grated lemon rind or spices, and baking powder. Two types of baking powder, a tartrate and a mixed S. A. S. and phosphate, were tried and found to give good texture. Fat for frying was of vegetable origin.

When a cruller satisfactory from all points of view was made, the next problem was to standardize the method for obtaining it. The ingredients, at room temperature, were both weighed and measured. The same tools and utensils were used each time for mixing, rolling, cutting and frying. The dough was rolled to a quarter-inch thickness before cutting and slipped directly from the board into the fat. The cooking time for each cruller was checked by a stop watch. A frying basket and skewers are of great help in frying.

To insure the same degree of mixing each recipe, the strokes for each step were counted. In this case a stroke with a spoon meant one motion completely around the bowl. For your convenience the number of strokes has been put in tabular form. It is only the first few times that counting the strokes seems complicated. After that it becomes automatic.



Temperature is another important factor.

Rolling and Frying

THE dough was weighed and stirred so many strokes. One-fourth of it was weighed out, labeled and put to chill, the remaining three-fourths stirred an additional number of strokes, a second fourth weighed out, and so on, until the last fourth had been disposed of. The change in the appearance of the dough was quite marked. The last fourth became thinner, tougher and was stringy as it fell from the spoon.

Chilling the dough one hour before rolling it made the dough easier to handle, requiring less flour. Longer chilling lowers the temperature of the frying fat too much.

The contrast between the doughs was even more striking in rolling and frying them. The least mixed was soft, hard to cut, lost its shape in frying, absorbed much fat, but was tender and light. The part of the dough given the most strokes was sticky and gummy to roll, and in frying kept its shape, absorbed the least fat, but was tough and small in volume. Its characteristic texture is shown in the photograph by the cake at the left. Ease both in rolling and frying was evident in the fourths which were given an intermediate number of strokes. A total of 375 strokes to the mixture gave the best product.

Recipe for Doughnuts

FOUR DOZEN (3 INCHES DIAMETER)

2½ Tablespoonfuls of Fat	31.3 gms.
1¼ Cupfuls of Sugar	250.0 gms.
1 Cupful of Milk	244.0 gms.
3 Eggs	144.0 gms.
5 Cupfuls of General Purpose Flour	560.0 gms.
1½ Teaspoonfuls of Salt	
2 Tablespoonfuls of Baking Powder	21.0 gms.
2 Teaspoonfuls of Grated Lemon Rind, *or* ½ Teaspoonful Each of Cinnamon and Nutmeg	
½ Cupful of Flour for Rolling	56.0 gms.
4 Pounds of Deep Frying Fat	1815.0 gms.

CREAM the softened fat (lemon rind, if used) with one half of the sugar, using seventy-five strokes. Blend the eggs with twenty-five strokes of a rotary beater, then add balance of sugar, using fifty more strokes. Combine fat, eggs and sugar with fifty strokes, then add thirds of the milk and flour, with which have been sifted the spices, salt and baking powder, using fifty strokes after each addition. A final stirring of twenty-five strokes brings the total to three hundred and seventy-five strokes.

	NO. OF STROKES
Cream Fat and Half of Sugar	75
Eggs Alone	25
Eggs and Half of Sugar	50
Fat, Eggs and Sugar	50
One-third of Milk and Flour	50
Second Third of Milk and Flour	50
Last Third of Milk and Flour	50
Additional Strokes	25
Total	375

COVER the bowl and chill one hour before rolling. Dust the board and rolling pin with flour and press the dough to a quarter-inch thickness. Dip the cutter into flour before cutting the cake.

Heat the fat 385° F. (195° C.) and cook the cakes a few at a time for three minutes. Turn the cakes every half minute. Quickly lift each cake onto a steel skewer, hold over the kettle of fat to drain before placing it on absorbent paper. Sprinkle with granulated or powdered sugar. Reheat the fat before each frying of cakes.

You'd hardly think of serving the coffee now that pleased the tastes of 1859!

CARRIAGES, stately dances, the "groaning board"—such was Washington's great Napier Ball, given to the British Ambassador in 1859 and pictured, for society, the same year in Harper's Weekly Magazine. How times—and coffees—have changed since then. And most of all, in the last few years.

But how about the coffee on your table today~~does it bring you *all* the better flavor this 20th century owes you?

Serve DEL MONTE Coffee tonight—and enjoy a coffee that only modern resources and modern skill could have brought to your table!

True—DEL MONTE *is* a brand new coffee. It is *not* a coffee that older days made famous.

But think what that means to you!

DEL MONTE Coffee was created for today—to satisfy the most critical, exacting age in history—under the finest conditions the world has ever known for growing, selecting and roasting a better coffee!

We didn't have to take an older blend and improve it to keep pace with modern opportunities—and modern tastes. We had no established prejudices for any one type of coffee, no old equipment, no older type of package. We were able to start clean and fresh—to take advantage of every modern improvement—to combine them all in creating a new and finer coffee flavor.

This coffee is now on your grocer's shelf—marked with the familiar red and green DEL MONTE label you know so well. A coffee fully up to the best flavor-traditions of DEL MONTE. A coffee expressly created to bring you the finest coffee enjoyment the world can produce.

If you love good coffee, don't fail to try it. Ask your grocer for it today. Make it just as you think coffee should be made. Add just the amount of sugar or cream you are accustomed to use. Then lift this 20th century nectar to your lips.

Here at last is the coffee the 20th century owes you—the coffee you'd expect DEL MONTE to bring to your table.

Time stops when this modern can is sealed

DEL MONTE Coffee comes to you only in the modern vacuum tin—quite a different package from any old style container. It is not cardboard. It is not a tin can with a loose lid top. It is not paper sealed. Its lid is "spun on" in a vacuum chamber—it can be opened only by cutting the tinned-steel can itself with the convenient key you find on every package. Air-tight, air-proof. You hear the rush of air as the seal is broken.

When you lift the lid, you are welcomed by all the rich aroma of a finer coffee—at its best. Not a *week* fresh, not a *few days* fresh, but coffee as fresh as it came from the roaster.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION

Always fresh

IN THIS MODERN VACUUM TIN

DEL MONTE COFFEE

©C. P. C. 1930

A MODERN COFFEE – FOR MODERN TASTES

She grew like a weed but didn't fill out

—until we found that Cocomalt could make her strong and sturdy

"MY DAUGHTER Patricia was tall for her years—but so painfully thin we couldn't help worrying. Even the other children noticed it and called her 'Skinny' at school.

"Then a neighbor gave me a sample of Cocomalt. Patricia liked it so well I started giving it to her every day. In a few weeks she began to lose that 'weedy' look and started building up. Today she is so strong and well developed that everyone speaks of it."

Vitamin D builds health

The actual experience related by this mother has many parallels. She is not the first to be worried because her children grew too fast without filling out. Doctors say it is a danger signal that should never be ignored.

When children fail to build up, it is an indication their systems are begging for *extra* tissue-building proteins, carbohydrates and minerals.

Cocomalt not only provides these in concentrated form, together with malt enzymes which help digest other foods, but it also contains Vitamin D —that mysterious element which makes summer sunshine so effective in preventing rickets and in building strong bones and sturdy bodies.

Cocomalt is not a medicine; nor is it to be compared with ordinary malted milk, cocoa or foreign substitutes. Cocomalt is a delicious, chocolate flavor food drink of exceptionally high nutritive value—prescribed by physicians, dieticians and child experts everywhere.

Mail coupon for trial package

Cocomalt comes in powder form. Packed in three sizes: ½ lb., 1 lb., and the 5 lb. family size. High as Cocomalt is in food value, the cost is surprisingly low. At grocers and leading drug stores. Easy to prepare; simply add it to milk—hot or cold.

We'll be glad to send you a trial package of Cocomalt. Simply mail this coupon and 10c for your trial can—enough for the whole family to judge what a wonderful food drink Cocomalt is.

Cocomalt

DELICIOUS HOT OR COLD

ADDS 70% MORE NOURISHMENT TO MILK

R. B. DAVIS CO., Dept. 611, Hoboken, N. J.

I am enclosing 10c. Please send me a trial-size can of Cocomalt.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Overanalyzing Our Children

By S. JOSEPHINE BAKER, M.D.

PHOTOGRAPH BY H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

We cannot, and should not, discount the importance of proper child training.

FOR the past two or three years an increasing number of young mothers have been coming to me with a plea for help which usually resolves itself into just about these words: "I know, of course, that Jimmy has to be fed and washed and put out to play and have all the other things done that I have been told were good for him. That kind of care for babies and little children now seems like A B C to me. It's just a sort of routine background. But what I am most interested in, and what gives me the greatest concern, is the way Jimmy behaves; the way in which he reacts to life."

We agree that we want our children to be well-behaved, intelligent social beings fitted for the place they must occupy in the world in which they must live. The secret of happiness, and this is also true of mental and physical health, lies in an adjustment to our environment. Individual initiative and individual ambition will cause any person to rise above the common herd if given half a chance, and individual self-expression will always have an opportunity to show itself when it does not run counter to the common good.

It is stressing of the importance of the child's mental over his physical growth and expression that holds possibilities for harm. Much of the present-day overanalysis of the behavior of children leaves us with the feeling that we are not dealing with a simple, developing organism but with a complex puzzle in human form whose every gesture and manifestation is potentially abnormal. To my mind, there is distinct danger in this attitude. In the first place, parents are apt to assume that ordinary everyday behavior is in reality abnormal and should cause anxiety. In the second place, there is the equally real danger that children whose every movement is watched and analyzed must necessarily become so conscious of their personality that any normal development, mental or emotional, is impossible.

The Child Entity

WE CANNOT, and should not, discount the importance of proper child training. Bad habits need to be corrected, and even more important is the prevention of wrong behavior trends. But that is not so difficult nor so complex as some modern methods of child care would have us believe. My plea to parents is not that they should ignore the importance of mental hygiene or the formation of fine character for their children. It is rather that they should not be so occupied with seeing the trees that they fail to see the forest. A child is an entity—mental, moral, physical and emotional—he is a human being with all the frailties of every human being. There still resides in all of us perhaps more than a trace of what the old-time theologians used to call "original sin." You cannot see your child at all unless you see him whole. There is always the possibility that a child may have tendencies in behavior that approach the abnormal. A mentally abnormal child needs skilled attention just as surely as a physically abnormal child needs skilled attention. It is well, too, that parents should know the simple methods of prevention of the dangerous behavior trends during childhood. The first five years are the most important ones in the life cycle, both mentally and physically. Upon the type of care that the child receives during this period will rest, to a great degree, his mental and physical health throughout the remainder of his life. Modern psychology has made a distinct contribution to child welfare, and the sane and balanced use of this knowledge is valuable. It is not with care and attention to your child's needs that any objection need arise. It is in overcare and overattention that the danger lies.

A Balanced Life

THE child whose every action is watched and charted is apt to grow into a self-centered and antisocial being. Intelligence and ultra common sense, with a balanced mentality on the part of parents, are the best background for child care. Any illness or real abnormality should have attention, but building up a bogy of ill health or wrong emotional and mental trends leads to maladjustment on the part of the child and a wrecked and shattered poise on the part of the parents.

A balanced and decent home life, with the force of example in daily behavior, offers the best background for normal mental and emotional development during childhood. Guidance is essential. Attention to wrong tendencies is necessary. The world in which the child must live is one of give and take, and every human being must learn that lesson. Consideration for others, unselfishness, even temper and an acceptance of the rights and comfort of others are the attributes that lead to a balanced and happy as well as useful life. Children learn by force of example and not by precept. This example must be part of their everyday living. It may come in their nursery school or in their home, but to be effective it must be part of the normal, daily life of the child.

Note the beautiful polish and brilliant lustre of the bath-tub and washstand after you clean them with Old Dutch.

Use Old Dutch Cleanser

and you are protecting your family with Healthful Cleanliness

Old Dutch cleans perfectly. It gets rid of all the dirt at once—hidden uncleanliness and impurities at the same time the visible dirt is removed. In the bathroom, which is devoted to personal cleanliness, this distinctive Old Dutch feature is reassuring. It means that the tub, bowl and fixtures, when Old Dutch is used, are sanitary and hygienic. Healthful Cleanliness prevails.

Old Dutch cleans quickly. You'll marvel at the ease and quickness with which the tiny, flat-shaped Old Dutch particles work. One smooth sweep and the dirt is gone. Old Dutch is a natural cleanser—*cleans quicker* than anything else you can use. Saves you time and effort.

Old Dutch cleans safely, too. You'll be surprised with the sparkle of the porcelain, tile and enamel. Old Dutch is kind to lovely surfaces. It doesn't scratch—contains no harsh, scratchy grit or other abrasives. Old Dutch preserves and protects original lustre.

Old Dutch has modernized cleaning completely. Use it throughout the house; keep a can in the bathroom, kitchen and laundry. Old Dutch is the one and only thing to use for bathrooms, floors, walls, woodwork, kitchen utensils, refrigerators, metal work, in fact on any surface on which water may be used for cleaning. And it's economical to use because a little goes a long way.

Old Dutch homes are Healthful Homes

CLEANS QUICKER

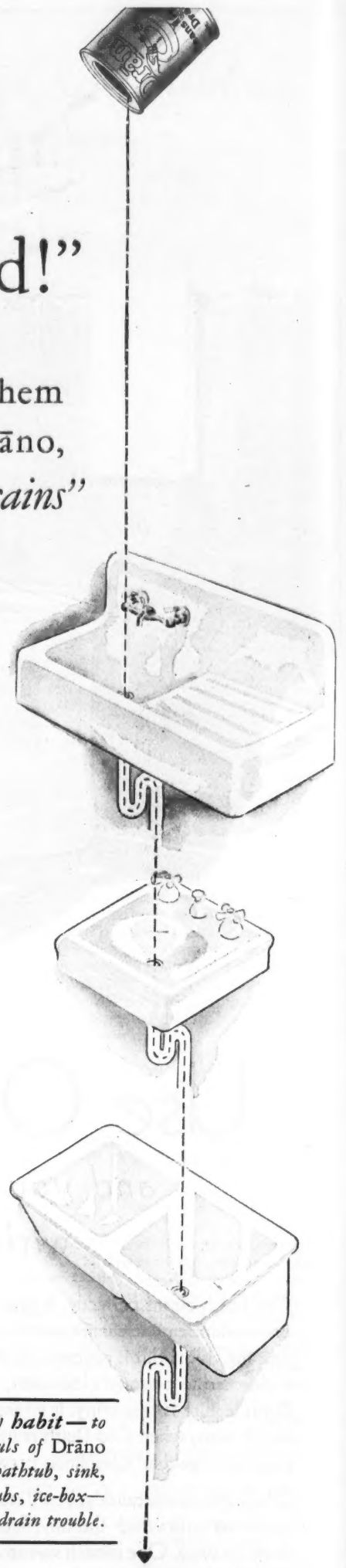
© 1930 The C. P. Co.

"We lived in a rented house

. . . every drain was sluggish or clogged!"

WRITES MRS. N. W. CUNNINGHAM

. . . now, by giving them regular doses of Drāno, *"the drains work like drains"*



SLOW MOTION at the kitchen sink . . . water lagging in the bathtub. That was the usual misbehavior of drains in the home of Mrs. N. W. Cunningham of Clyde, Ohio. Then a word from a friend about Drāno. Ever since, Mrs. Cunningham uses Drāno down every drain, every week.

Drāno is the short, sure way to keep drains sweet and swiftly flowing. Drāno is also the easy, laborless way to clean blackened cooking utensils and oven-glass, grease-encrusted roasters and broiler-pans, stained glassware and vases; clogged burners and messy garbage cans. In fact, you can turn *every* hard-to-do cleaning job over to Drāno. For Drāno removes grease and grime, animal and vegetable matter wherever it accumulates.

Drāno is on sale at all grocery, drug, hardware stores and house furnishings departments. And for a copy of our helpful booklet, "Making Hard-to-do Cleaning Jobs Easy with Drāno," write to The Drackett Chemical Company, 5020 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Make it a weekly habit *— to sprinkle a few spoonfuls of* Drāno *down the drains—in bathtub, sink, wash-bowl, laundry tubs, ice-box—and you'll never know drain trouble.*

Drāno to help your husband, too!

Does your husband know that Drāno is packed in 5, 10, 25 and 50-lb. containers for industrial use? Drāno is used for difficult or unusual cleaning jobs—in hotels, mills, mines and all kinds of factories—and is available through supply houses.

Drāno

Cleans and Opens Drains

. . . keeps them free-flowing

What's New?

HAD you ever thought of the importance of the color of your child's food? Did you ever think, too, that children may not like the way in which their food is served? The results of a recent investigation at Mills College show that the color and arrangement of food have a definite influence on the choices made by a group of children ranging in age from eighteen months to three and one-half years. When one hundred and two pre-school children were offered a choice of cherry-red, grass-green and neutral-colored apple jelly, the results were as follows: Red was chosen in 52 per cent, green in 25 per cent and neutral in 23 per cent of the cases. These same children were two to one in expressing a preference for food neatly arranged on their plates. Plates containing food which had been stirred together after it was cooked were refused in over two-thirds of the cases when there was opportunity to have the same food arranged in discrete mounds. After this study, these two bits of advice were passed on to the mothers. Every meal served a child should contain some color which is attractive to him. Caution should be used in mixing foods before they are presented to young children, and the prediction is made that they will learn to like a larger variety of foods if the color and taste of one food are not modified by combinations with others. *—Ruth Peters.*

Moth-Proof Chest

AN AIR-PROOF cedar chest is said to kill moth worms of all sizes. To insure that the chest remains air-tight, there is a copper strip around the top, new hinge construction, and new aroma-tight spring lock, and all the bottoms and corners are sealed with a flexible sealing compound. The chest is guaranteed to be moth-proof for five years and comes with moth insurance.

—The Lane Company, Inc.

New Egg Container

COUNTRY women who pack eggs and city women who receive them will be interested in a new container to carry eggs by parcel post from farm to consumer. The carton is said to have withstood a crushing weight of over one thousand pounds. If used for three round trips, the postage saved pays the original cost of the container.

—The Da-Old-Egg Box Company.

Garterless Socks

MAKING socks support themselves is the idea backed by one hosiery company. It is bringing out a sock, called the autogart, which needs no help to stay up on the leg. Made into the top edge of the sock is a half-inch band of a new type of rubber with no seams. Experiments carried on during the past decade are said to prove that this band will outlast the sock itself. *—The Holeproof Hosiery Company.*

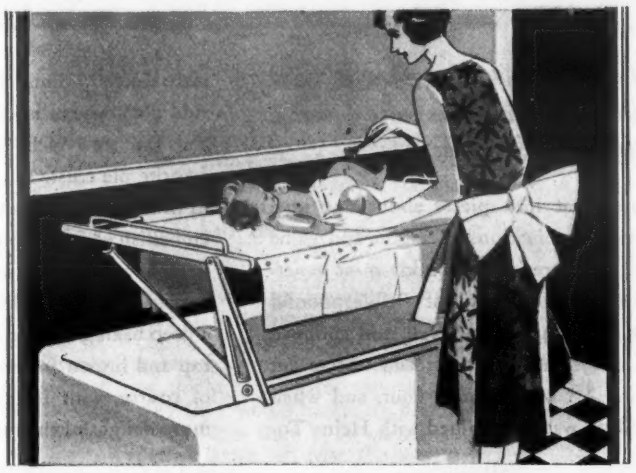
Moth-Proofing Service

CLOTHES can now be sent out to be moth-proofed by Konate just as they are dry cleaned. This same moth-proofing substance also protects upholstered furniture, rugs and draperies. To insure thorough penetration, the chemical is injected into the furniture under a pressure of from eighty to one hundred pounds per square inch. Many furniture warehouses and dry cleaners will bring this service into the home. *—American Cyanamid Sales Company.*

Mapes-McNary Act

THE Mapes-McNary Act, passed by a recent Congress, is a step forward in establishing standards for canned goods. This act authorizes the United States Department of Agriculture to establish standards for each of the different kinds of canned foods and to enforce the labeling of any foods falling below such standards to indicate that they are below grade. This does not mean that these foods are not wholesome; it simply means that they do not reach certain government standards. The act still leaves the way open for the establishment of higher-quality grades.

—Ruth Atwater, National Canners' Association.



Both baby and mother enjoy this bath.

Modern Kitchen Range

RESEARCH shows that the hottest point on the range is three inches to the right of the traditional cooking-cover location on coal and wood stoves. The covers on a new kitchen range are so placed that they cover this "hot spot." The range has been brought up to date and is being manufactured in new designs and colors. The fuel is fed through a door at the side-top so that cooking food need not be moved. Either coal or wood may be used and the type of fuel may be easily changed by a simple turn of the grate. A quick-heating copper reservoir and a space under it for storing utensils or a warming oven are two of the features of this stove. The oven is equipped with a spring balance door with adjustable tension.

—Globe American Company.

Beef for Pellagra

FRESH or dried lean beef was among the materials which the late Doctor Goldberger and his associates of the United States Public Health Service found to be effective in the treatment of human pellagra, a disease which is particularly common among the poor of the South because of their badly balanced diet. Since foods which are good sources of vitamin G (B_2) are generally effective in the treatment or prevention of pellagra, it is of interest that Hoagland and Snider of the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, have reported in the Journal of Agricultural Research that samples of commercial beef extract obtained from several manufacturers have been found to be from fair to excellent sources of vitamin G. In general, one pound of concentrated beef extract contained approximately the same amount of vitamin G as eleven pounds of fresh lean beef.

Baby Bath Table

A NEW bath table, which fits over any bathtub at just the right height for bathing the baby, makes it possible to give the daily shower or sponge bath with no danger of slipping or splashing. The baby is bathed on a canvas that has small openings through which the water may flow. After the bath, the canvas is covered with a rubber sheet and the table serves as a dressing table. Included in the equipment are an adapter, hose, spray, canvas, and rubber sheet. The bath table is reported to have been tested by more than five hundred mothers, and in no case were any but favorable comments made. *—Simplex Manufacturing Company.*

Adjustable Light Brackets

ADJUSTABLE light brackets slide in a slot at the edge of the mirror in a new bathroom cabinet which combines cabinet, mirror and light in a single unit. Being closer to the mirror than wall brackets, these lights, it is pointed out, provide complete and intense illumination for shaving or make-up. *—Henkel Edge-Lite Corporation.*

Prickless Scouring Pads

PRICKED fingers will be few if the improved pads made of long interwoven strands of scouring wool which are impregnated with a special cleansing soap are used for keeping pots and pans bright. The pads are said to hold together well, last a long time, clean well and to be economical.

—S. O. S. Company.

Automatic Toaster

WHEN the toast is done to the desired turn, the door of a new model toaster is automatically opened. It is claimed that the toast held in this position is kept warm by the residual heat, but is not dried out.

—Trimble Manufacturing Company.

Children like colorful foods.

Women win praise —when they serve Chinese dishes

ARE you thrilled by a beaming look of approval on their faces at mealtime? If so, you'll appreciate the irresistible appeal of Chinese dishes. Try La Choy food products yourself, today. You, too, can delight your family and guests with these genuine Chinese delicacies, and they'll want them again and again.

Ready to Serve

Your grocer has La Choy Chicken Sub Kum Chop Suey. To serve this savory food, as the Chinese do, you'll also wish La Choy Cooked Rice. Or, for Chow Mein, use La Choy Chow Mein Noodles instead of rice. These La Choy products are ready-cooked for you. Just heat in cans and serve on individual plates. No scouring of pots and pans and only a few dishes to wash.

Make Your Own

If you have fresh or left-over meat on hand, you can easily prepare Chop Suey or Chow Mein in your own kitchen. Simply combine with La Choy Sprouts and domestic vegetables according to instructions on La Choy labels. Coupon below will bring you a recipe booklet of forty new and easy-to-make Chinese dishes.

La Choy

FOOD PRODUCTS

SPROUTS SUB KUM
SOY SAUCE COOKED RICE
KUMQUATS BROWN SAUCE
WATER CHESTNUTS BAMBOO SHOOTS
CHOW MEIN NOODLES SUB KUM CHOP SUEY

☐ Send free La Choy Booklet of Recipes L.H.J. 1130

☐ An assortment of four La Choy products for a ready-to-serve Chinese dinner sent postpaid for $1 ($1.25 in Canada).

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LA CHOY FOOD PRODUCTS INC., Detroit

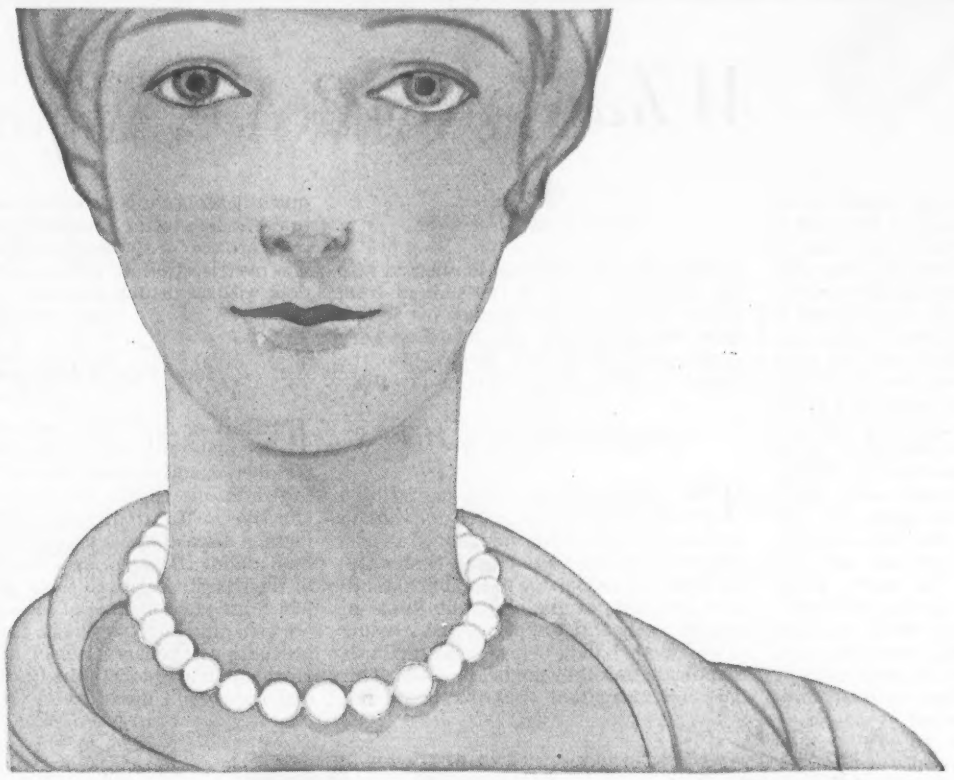
"ON NIPPY DAYS IN CAROLINA —OR ANYWHERE ELSE—WHAT A JOYOUS DISH THIS IS!"

says Miss Gibson, of the Home Economics Department, H. J. Heinz Company

"When mornings get nippy, as they must even in Carolina, and black Emma swings along the road, kitchenwards, and sees a glint of frost on the rail fences, then some lucky white family in 'Cah'lina' is going to get meat pie for dinner.

"And such a meat pie! Big, deep, steaming—with a flaky, brown crust crimped so becomingly on its circumference, and pierced twice in the center. What goodness is concealed in its depths! Meat or game—with the tenderest of vegetables—and the tiniest and daintiest of dumplings, and a rich, thick gravy over all!

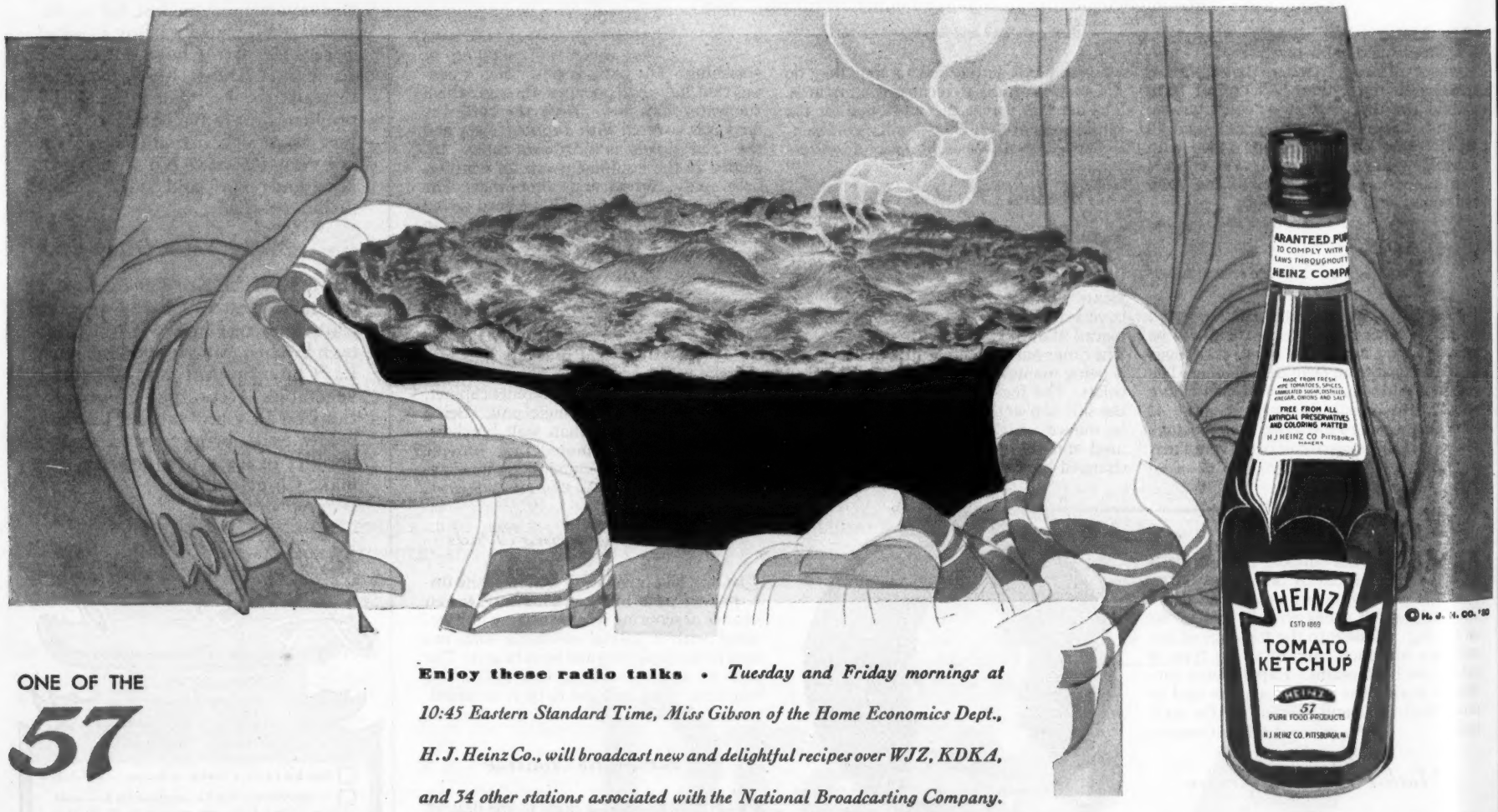
"You serve it *invariably,* as black Emma's 'fambly' has found out, with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. They are inseparables, these two. For the rich essence of plump, vine-ripened tomatoes that is Heinz Tomato Ketchup, adds its own delightful flavor, and awakens the full flavors of the pie."



CAROLINA MEAT PIE

1 pound shoulder of Veal (or rabbit, venison, etc.)
1 small slice of Ham • 1 tablespoonful butter or lard
2 carrots • 2 tablespoonfuls flour • 1 quart boiling water
½ cupful Heinz Tomato Ketchup • 2 onions • 4 potatoes
Salt and pepper to taste

Cut Ham finely—cut meat into pieces about one inch square. If using game, combinations of rabbit and game birds or venison and birds are best. Sprinkle meat generously with salt and pepper. In a pot, put a tablespoonful of fat and when hot add meat. Brown well, add chopped onions and cook a few minutes longer; add carrots cut in dice. Sprinkle with 2 tablespoonfuls flour, and when browned add the boiling water combined with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Simmer for one-half hour until meat is tender. Add potatoes cut in dice and cook until potatoes are tender and the stew rich and thick. Meanwhile prepare your favorite pie crust. Line a deep baking pan with this; pour in the cooked meat and vegetables. Cover with a top crust, embellish edge and pierce the center and bake until brown, in a hot oven. Or in place of using the pie crust, and baking with an under-crust, pour the meat mixture into a deep baking dish or casserole—place a biscuit dough over top and brown in the oven. Garnish with parsley. Serve, of course, with Heinz Tomato Ketchup. Few dishes are more delightful than this one.



ONE OF THE **57**

Enjoy these radio talks • *Tuesday and Friday mornings at 10:45 Eastern Standard Time, Miss Gibson of the Home Economics Dept., H. J. Heinz Co., will broadcast new and delightful recipes over WJZ, KDKA, and 34 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company.*

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

Turkey and Table-Talk

By SUE MOODY

IN THE Rue de la Tour-Maubourg, that once aristocratic quarter of Paris near the Invalides where many an old nobleman teaches French today and mourns the time "avant la guerre" when his income was sufficient—in this little street lives the Baron de Berrenger. Up four flights and the first door to the right.

It is a Thanksgiving dinner that I particularly remember—a Thanksgiving dinner given by the baron for his six American pupils of French.

Teasing and laughing, keeping his party gay, the baron lifted piece after piece of the luscious turkey onto plates offered by the little maid. He did not seem confused or preoccupied by the serving. There were none of the father-carves-the-duck disasters at table. Where is the difference between this typical bourgeois dinner and a similar Thanksgiving meal in America? You will find it in the turkey, mesdames, messieurs.

When a French turkey comes to the table it looks from a distance like any other fowl—perhaps a bit more stylized, that is all. But look closely and you will find the secret of its successful serving. You can discern faint horizontal lines there like the markings on a map. Putting it on the plates at the table is only a matter of discovering your guests' preferences then. Because a French turkey, "prevoyant," has already been carved in the kitchen—and then put together again!

A French host likes to serve the meat course himself. He loves to arrange the choice pieces according to his guests' tastes, and to show in this old-fashioned way a true hospitality and pleasure in their company. At the same time he dislikes any interruption of the conversation at table.

The Baron de Berrenger, like many another French host, is modestly proud of his ability to slip into the kitchen before the dinner, carve his fowl into any number of pieces, and then put it together again so beautifully that his guests exclaim over its lifelike presentation. Here is the accepted manner for cutting up and putting together again:

FIRST. Before baking the turkey, cut off its neck close to the body. Then take out the wishbone by cutting away each tip, following it to the fork with your fingers, pulling it loose, and cutting it off. If you do not take it out it will impede your carving later.

SECOND. After the turkey is baked, prepare to carve it while hot. You will find that you can handle it best with the aid of a clean dish towel. Be sure that your knife is keen.

THIRD. To carve: *(1)* Slice the skin along the leg to the thigh joint, then pull the leg and thigh away from the carcass, now slicing the skin of the thigh, and finally pulling the entire leg and thigh off. Cut where the thigh bone joins the carcass.

(2) Cut the wings off in the same way.

(3) Now with one or two big whacks of your knife cut the bottom half of the carcass away from the breast bones.

(4) Holding the breastplate firmly with your towel, slice down the breast by cutting filets parallel to the bone.

FOURTH. To arrange: *(1)* Gather together the stuffing, which fell out on your carving board when you cut away the bottom part of the carcass. Arrange it in the middle of a large platter, in the long, mounded shape of a turkey carcass.

(2) Over the top of it, where the breast of the turkey can be imagined, stretch out the filets of breast in reverse direction—that is, opposite the way they lay before carving. Press them close to the dressing along the sides.

(3) Lay the two wings against the side of the dressing base, at the place where they would have been before cutting. They will protrude more of course, but this only gives the "flying" appearance to the turkey.

(4) Cut the leg and thigh into three pieces: the leg away from the thigh, the thigh into two segments. Place the two thigh pieces, as foundation for the legs, just a little under the dressing at the places where the legs would naturally grow. Lay the legs on top of these pieces of thigh, in realistic resemblance of the way they would naturally be found.

(5) Now that your turkey is put together again, in case the guests haven't arrived, cover it with a buttered paper and put it back into the oven to keep warm.

If you would like to serve a really French Thanksgiving dinner, from turkey to coffee, here is a suggested menu, with directions for obtaining certain French flavors or effects:

TO THE hosts who have no great fondness for carving at the table this suggestion "straight from Paris" may contain more than a grain of comfort. Like Baron de Berrenger, the American host may slip into the kitchen before dinner, carve his fowl into any number of pieces and then put it together again so that it appears at the table just as it came from the oven.

FRENCH THANKSGIVING DINNER

Potage Petits Pois — Cheese Croutons
Turkey
Sautéd Green Beans — Purée of Potatoes
Horse-Chestnut Stuffing
Compote of Cranberry
Salade de Laitue
With
Fines Herbes Dressing
Caramel Parfait With Almonds*
Roquefort Cheese, Wafers
Mixed Fruits
Café Filtré

*Substitute "Tarte Pumpkin," an individual pumpkin tart with crisscross pastry design on top if you prefer.

POTAGE PETITS POIS, Green Pea Soup. This is wonderfully thick and green, and is brought to the table in bouillon cups with a spoonful of whipped cream on top of each serving. Make by using a pound of fresh green peas if obtainable, otherwise two good-size cans, a few green leaves of lettuce, two or three green stalks of leeks, a tablespoonful of butter, two quarts of bouillon or water, and a good pinch of salt. Cook moderately for about half an hour and then put through a fine sieve. Add a few drops of green vegetable coloring, reheat, and just before serving stir in a good cupful of cream.

CHEESE CROUTONS. These are easily made at home by cutting dry, crusty bread into the desired shapes, sprinkling thickly with grated cheese, and passing under the flame in the oven until brown.

SAUTÉD GREEN BEANS. If you live in a city large enough to furnish green beans in November, string them and put them on the stove in a very little water, sealing the vessel tightly so that they cook in steam. When almost tender pour off any remaining water, add a large morsel of butter, seasoning, and allow them to sauté as the French do until done. You can sauté canned beans in the same manner.

PURÉE OF POTATOES. Parisians like their mashed potatoes richer than ours, and more liquid. I must admit that they taste very good this way: To eight large potatoes add a quarter pound of butter, about a cup of milk, or less if you prefer them not so moist, and two yolks of egg. Beat constantly as you slowly pour in the milk, so that they become very light and fluffy. Reheat for a few moments in the oven just before serving.

HORSE-CHESTNUT DRESSING. To your favorite stuffing made from dry bread, try adding a pound of boiled horse-chestnuts instead of oysters or whatever you are in the habit of using. Moisten your dressing amply with milk. The nutty flavor of this stuffing with the juicy meat is something you will remember from one Thanksgiving to the next.

CRANBERRY COMPOTE. Cranberry sauce. Serve on beds of green lettuce.

SALADE DE LAITUE WITH FINES HERBES DRESSING. Since an intricate salad served with a heavy dinner is usually as little appreciated as a fussy ornament on an already overtrimmed hat, you will find that a simple lettuce salad tastes best after the meat course on Thanksgiving. Especially if you take the trouble to make a French Dressing with Fines Herbes. Here is a famous one: To your basic oil and vinegar dressing add the pulverized yolk of two eggs, and about a quarter cupful of parsley and watercress chopped very fine. Serve in little individual salad bowls, first rubbed with garlic, and then dressed with the salad.

CARAMEL PARFAIT WITH ALMONDS. For a perfect entremet, French and at the same time with a taste that Americans love, serve vanilla ice cream in tall sherbet glasses with plenty of caramel or butterscotch dressing. Sprinkle with shredded almonds. Perhaps your family will prefer the traditional pumpkin pie. Then make individual tarts, with lattice-work tops. They are attractive in appearance, continue the French aspect of the meal, and are more appetizing after such a big dinner than large slices of pie.

CHEESE, FRUIT, COFFEE. Roquefort cheese is an excellent one to use after either a caramel or pumpkin entremet, and you will find it tastes best with delicate salty wafers. No French banquet, or Thanksgiving either, would be complete without its basket of assorted fruits arranged artistically to make a picture in color. And black coffee, filtered, seems to taste twice as good from fragile little cups. If you will serve it away from the table, in the living or drawing room, you will enjoy it even more because a new grouping of your guests will once again stimulate conversation which might otherwise lag at the end of a heavy meal.

Like Having a French Chef in Your Kitchen!

To know the secret of using Kitchen Bouquet in your cookery is like having a Master French Chef at your beck and call.

More than fifty years ago Monsieur L. L. Tournades, himself a famous chef, said to the housewives of America: "Here is a bottle which contains a magic essence of fresh vegetables, herbs and spices. I call it 'Kitchen Bouquet'. I have brewed it myself so that you may have my expert knowledge of seasonings to flavor *your* foods".

STEWS are completely transformed by Kitchen Bouquet... from ordinary foods to flavory delicacies.

SAUCES for FISH or MEAT are given a piquancy and zest by Kitchen Bouquet that can be added in no other way.

For GRAVIES . . . well, just try a dash of Kitchen Bouquet, and listen for the delighted comments.

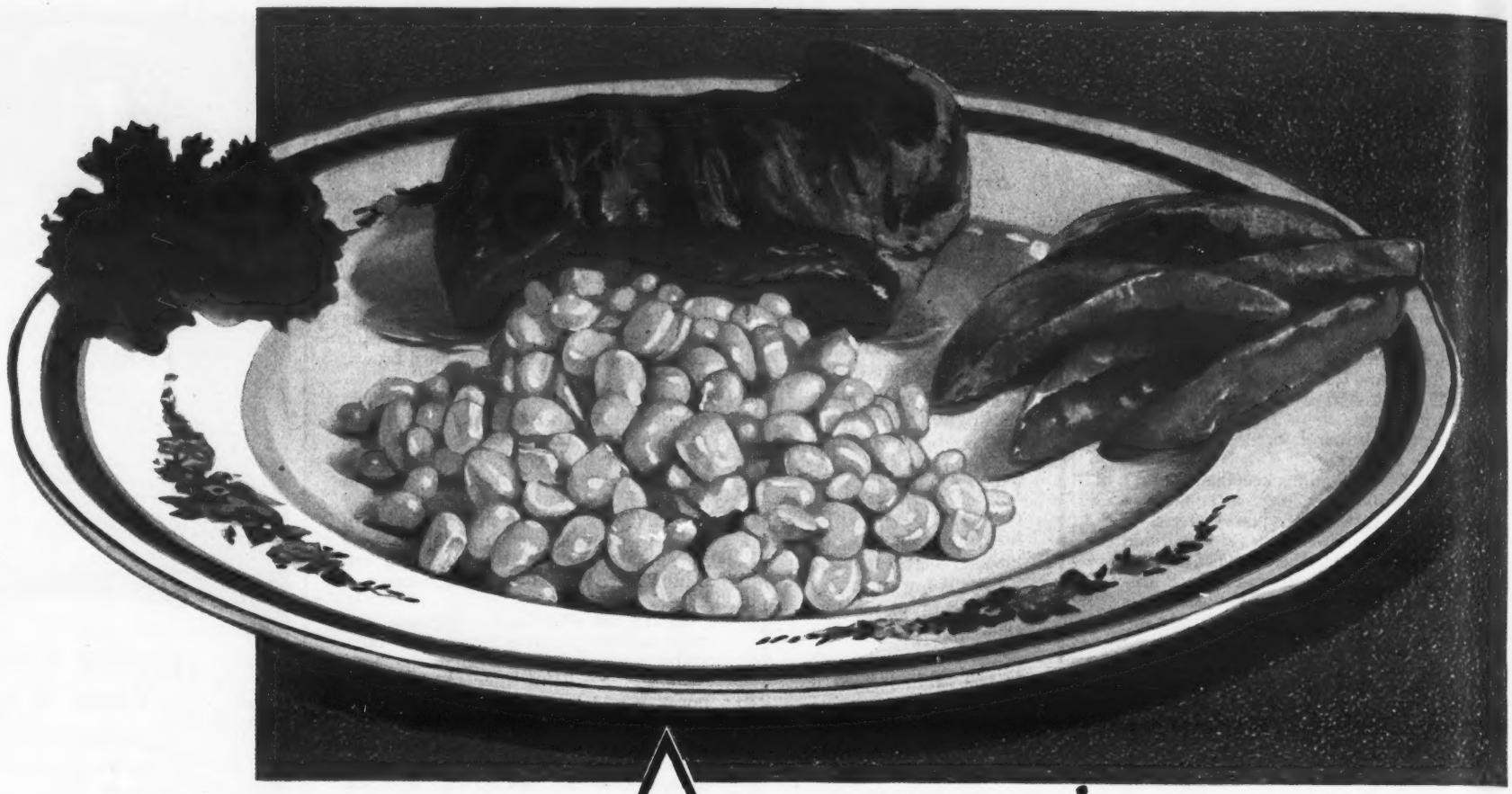
CANNED SOUPS become your own personal achievements in delicious-ness when you add Kitchen Bouquet.

From today on... let *your* guests wonder how you have attained the especially delicate and distinctive flavor that they so enjoy in your cookery. Let Kitchen Bouquet help you lift your cooking out of the commonplace.

FREE! *Long-handled Measuring Spoon, Mixer and Bottle Opener in One!* A gift with every 10¢ trial size Kitchen Bouquet. Send 10¢ to Kitchen Bouquet, Inc., West Hoboken, N. J.

Kitchen Bouquet

The Chef's Flavoring for Home Cooking



Announcing . . . . the All Kernel Corn DEL MAIZ Niblets

If you hanker for the real, fresh-corn flavor — the big, meaty, golden kernels just as they're sliced off the cob — then here's news! The deep, tender kernels of Del Maiz Corn are now packed without cream just like fresh corn. And they're called Del Maiz Niblets.

By a new process for which even a special size can is necessary, these plump, golden kernels are sealed in a vacuum and kept perfectly fresh until they reach your table. Don't confuse Del Maiz Niblets with ordinary whole kernels packed in brine. They're entirely different. Their mission in life is to be just Del Maiz kernels. They are fresh as the moment they were sliced off the cob. This new way of packing brings you the exclusive, unduplicated Del Maiz kernels — the taller kernels — in their natural perfection.

Shut your eyes and taste them. "Fresh Corn," you'll say, just the same as though you were eating Del Maiz that you had picked from your own garden that same morning. And that's the best of it. You don't have to wait until next summer to enjoy the fresh corn flavor. Del Maiz Niblets bring you the pleasure of fresh corn right now.

You'll find Del Maiz Niblets at your grocers. Or write us if you have any difficulty securing them. Minnesota Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minnesota.

Enjoy Niblets This Way

Buttered Del Maiz Niblets are the last word in corn flavor. Just empty the corn into a pan containing three tablespoons melted butter. Season with salt and pepper. Heat gently until warmed through. Serve on the dinner plate. Simply delicious.

For other recipes send for "Variety With Del Maiz Corn"— the new cook book just out. Every recipe tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Your copy sent Free. Just write: Minnesota Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minnesota.

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THE "Off the Cob" CORN
You'll enjoy Del Maiz both ways—Niblets and Creamed Style. The same grocer carries both.
Look for these cans on your grocer's shelf, or for this special License Seal on a distributor's label.
DEL MAIZ
CORN

A New Breed of Corn - - - Not just another Brand

Fruit Cake for Sale

By BERNICE DODGE
Associate Professor of Home Economics, University of Wisconsin

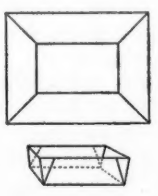
PHOTOGRAPH BY HOEDT STUDIOS

Choose colorful boxes and wrappings.

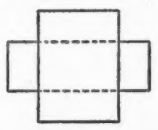
THE booth displaying this sign will be the most popular one at the Christmas bazaar. Fruit cake is sure to sell, for it is as truly a part of Christmas merrymaking as the holly and red ribbons. Then, too, it offers a happy solution of the problem of finding an inexpensive gift for the friend who seems to have everything she wants and might not care for the usual trifles we can afford to buy.

The labor of making fruit cake for sale will be well worth while, for it will bring a generous profit. The best of materials for a rich cake, including decorations and wrappings, will not cost over forty cents a pound, and in most communities it can be sold readily at a dollar a pound.

The appearance of the cake when it is sliced depends largely upon the way in which the ingredients are prepared. Each thin slice of cake should show distinctly long slender strips of almond and citron, and pieces of candied cherries, raisins or figs, large enough to be distinguishable but not so large that they will tear the cake as it is cut. Almonds should be blanched and, while they are still wet, shredded—that is, cut in slender strips. Citron can be shaved in thin slices and then cut in narrow strips. This can be done quite rapidly by working on a cutting board with a sharp paring knife. Raisins, figs, dates and cherries may be chopped in a wooden bowl if each fruit is chopped separately so that its individual color and texture are retained. It is not advisable to use a food grinder.



In choosing the pans in which the cakes are to be baked, plan to have some one-pound cakes and some two-pound ones. These small sizes are the most popular ones. A one-pound cake is about the size of a pound brick of butter; a two-pound cake will fit nicely into a one-pound candy box. Gayly decorated tin boxes make the cake look very attractive to sell, and they are of practical value if the cake is to be packed for shipping. These can be purchased; or we may use tin candy boxes. If these are to be used the cake can be baked in its box, in this way saving considerable trouble and insuring a fit. The steaming and baking will not seriously injure the paint on the bottom of the box, and the cake itself is well protected by its wrappings.



Lining the Tins

HEAVY paper linings in the baking tins are essential for two other reasons: they make it certain that the cake will come out of its pan without sticking and breaking, and they make an effective protection against scorching, a disaster which can occur amazingly easily. Two linings are needed, one of heavy brown wrapping paper next to the tin, and one of a firm quality of waxed paper next to the cake. To cut the brown paper wrapping for an oblong tin, place the tin on the paper and draw a pencil mark around it. Measure the depth of the tin, and mark another line that distance from the first one. Cut around on the outside line; then cut on diagonal lines at the four corners, from the outside to the inside pencil line. Fit this into the pan smoothly, lapping the corners to make the lining double there, and creasing the paper sharply in all the turns so that the cake will be even in shape.

The waxed-paper lining is cut differently, so that it will strip off the cake most easily. Cut one strip the width of the bottom of the pan, and long enough to reach along the bottom of the pan and up to the top at both ends; cut another piece as wide as the pan is long, and long enough to reach across the bottom and up to the top of the pan on both sides. Trim them off so that they will lie perfectly flat in the pan.

Cooking the Cake

TWO coverings are tied over the top of the tin after the batter is in: one of cheesecloth to absorb any excess moisture in the steamer, and one of waxed paper underneath it next to the cake, so that none of this moisture can get through, and so that if the cake rises to the top of the pan it will not stick to the cheesecloth.

The one best method of cooking for fruit cake is steaming followed by a slow baking. One-pound cakes should be steamed for three hours and two-pound cakes for four hours; then the cloth and paper covers should be removed, and the cakes baked at 275 degrees, for one hour, to dry them out a little.

Between steaming and baking is the best time to decorate the cakes. To hold the decorations in place, use a little white of egg on the back of each piece as it is put on. The cakes are then put into the oven uncovered, and baked slowly for an hour. This will toast almond decorations to a delicate brown, but these, and cherries and pineapple as well, will stand out perfectly. If the oven is hotter at the back or on one side, avoid that location, for these cakes burn easily even inside their wrappings.

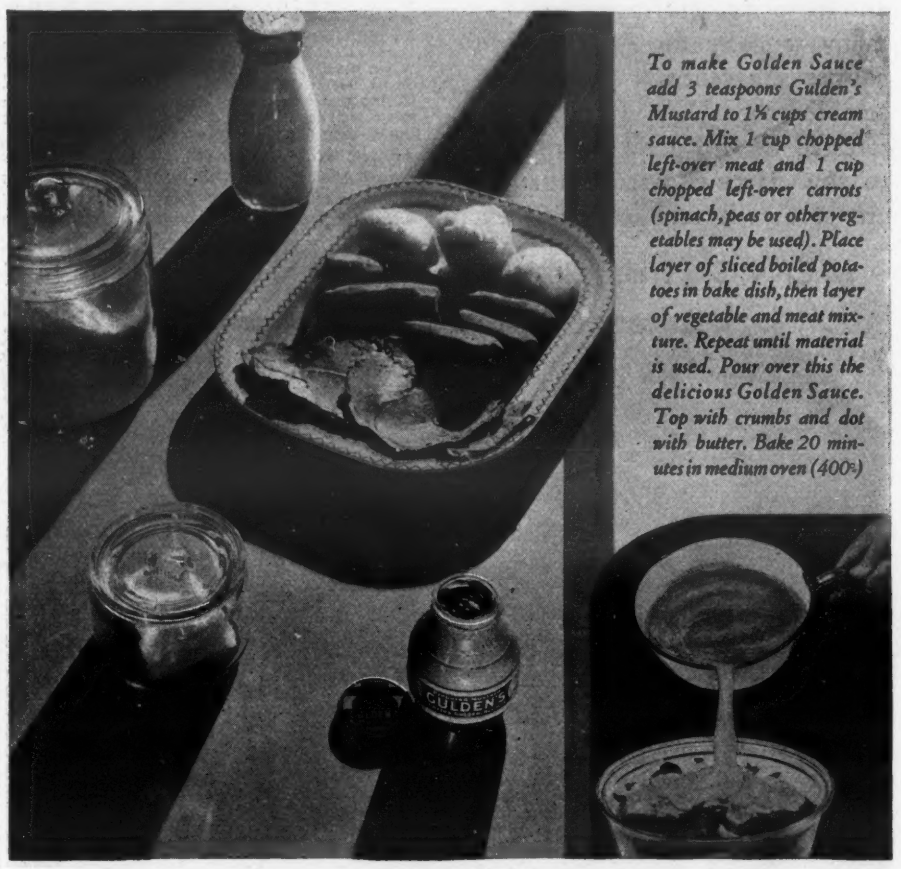
When the cakes are done remove them from the pans and let them stand upside down for a few minutes until the papers will strip off easily. When they are completely cooled store them in bread boxes lined with waxed paper. Fruit cake is not nearly so good when it is fresh as it will be after a ripening period.

A wrapping of Cellophane paper adds greatly to the attractiveness of the cakes. Place the cake carefully upside down on this transparent paper, lap the sides together on the bottom of the cake, make neat package folds at the ends, and fasten them with Christmas seals. When the cake is turned right side up again, the designs show through a plain smooth wrapping.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The recipe for this fruit cake and others will be sent upon receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address, Service Bureau, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

BOXES COURTESY AMERICAN CAN COMPANY
WRAPPINGS BY DENNISON MFG. COMPANY

this Golden Sauce gives new deliciousness to left-overs



To make Golden Sauce add 3 teaspoons Gulden's Mustard to 1½ cups cream sauce. Mix 1 cup chopped left-over meat and 1 cup chopped left-over carrots (spinach, peas or other vegetables may be used). Place layer of sliced boiled potatoes in bake dish, then layer of vegetable and meat mixture. Repeat until material is used. Pour over this the delicious Golden Sauce. Top with crumbs and dot with butter. Bake 20 minutes in medium oven (400°)

LEFT-OVER potatoes, meat, vegetables to be recooked—it doesn't sound very interesting. But when you prepare them with this Golden Sauce, seasoned to exciting perfection with Gulden's Mustard, you will find them "better than the first time."

Sauces and Gravies are day in—day out necessities in cooking. Just think what it means to be able to season them so that they give a new deliciousness to the whole meal! And that is exactly what Gulden's does. Try using two teaspoons of Gulden's Mustard the next time you make gravy and note how eagerly your family and guests demand "more."

Since 1864 Charles Gulden, Inc., makers of mustard and *nothing but mustard*, have taken the prizes given at World Fairs and Institutes for the finest prepared mustard. Gulden's has a matchless flavor—for it combines the world's choicest mustard seeds and rare spices, blended with skillful exactitude in just the right proportion for seasoning.

Gulden's brings out the hidden goodness in meats, gives new relish to salads and sandwiches, and appetizing flavor to vegetables.

New Recipes for Savory Sauces

Send for our recipe book of seasoning secrets compiled by expert cooks, and the popular Gulden chart of savory sauces and how to use them. There is also a new leaflet of appetizers. Enclose ten cents if you want a 2-ounce bottle of Gulden's.

CHARLES GULDEN, Inc., Dept. Q-14,
50 Elizabeth St., New York City.

☐ Please send me a free copy of "Seasoning Secrets," containing 76 recipes with a new taste-thrill, the chart of Savory Sauces, and the appetizer leaflet.

☐ I enclose 10 cents for a 2-oz. sample bottle of your delicious seasoner.

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GULDEN'S Mustard » » »

USE IT AS A SEASONING IN COOKING

SURPRISE THE FAMILY NEXT SUNDAY NIGHT!

We know that many other families are like ours when it comes to the Sunday night supper. Usually we have our big meal in the afternoon and, while nobody is really hungry at night, everybody has enough appetite for something just a little bit *unusual* and tempting. Having received so many requests for Sunday night supper suggestions, we have assembled them, and if you are interested we will gladly mail them to you. Here is a recipe that we are sure will take care of next Sunday night's supper and which you can put together very quickly while you are preparing the midday meal. We feel sure *your* family will love it.

SAVORY CHEESE SALAD
(*6 Servings*) (*Illustrated*)

2 teaspoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · ½ cup boiling water · ½ teaspoonful salt · ¼ cup mild vinegar · 1½ cups grated cheese · ½ cup stuffed olives, chopped · ½ cup celery, chopped · ¼ cup green pepper, chopped · ⅓ cup cream or evaporated milk, whipped.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve in boiling water; add salt and vinegar. When nearly set, beat until frothy, fold in cheese, olives, celery, pepper and whipped cream. Chill until firm and unmold on lettuce leaves. Serve with salad dressing. Very nice used with whole wheat sandwiches, plain or toasted.

Try this recipe and the one below. There will be enough gelatine left for two other delightful dishes of six servings each—a total of four different dishes for four different days.

AMONG THE BETTER THINGS OF LIFE

Women who must cook three meals a day, 365 days a year, will find Knox Sparkling Gelatine offers endless easy ways to serve ordinary dishes in new and delightfully tempting forms. Knox Gelatine—being *real* gelatine—not a mixture with flavoring, coloring, and sweetening—gives a new attraction to other real foods like fish and meat, fruits and vegetables in making desserts, salads, meat loaves, aspics, candies and pies that taste ever so much better! Here's one that has tempted many a lagging appetite:

SALMON (OR TUNA FISH) LOAF
(*6 Servings*)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine · ¼ cup cold water · Yolks of two eggs · 1 teaspoonful salt · 1 teaspoonful mustard · 1½ tablespoonfuls melted butter · ¾ cup milk · 2 tablespoonfuls mild vinegar or lemon juice · 1 can salmon, tuna or crabmeat · Few grains cayenne or paprika.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Mix egg yolks, slightly beaten, with salt, mustard and cayenne; then add butter, milk, and vinegar. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Add soaked gelatine and salmon, separated into flakes. Turn into wet mold, chill, and unmold on bed of crisp lettuce leaves.

Mail the coupon for the Knox Recipe Book, which answers every possible question about desserts, salads, candies, meat and fish dishes and other dainties. It furnishes daily surprises for your table.

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FOR DESSERTS AND SALADS

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Please send me FREE copy of your Recipe Book.

My name is_____
My address is_____
My grocer's name is_____

The Thanksgiving Dinner Plus

(Continued from Page 96)

Thanksgiving specialties—and delicious ones, at that.

Now let us consider another and more elaborate Thanksgiving dinner, one which shall preserve all the traditions of the day, even to the presence of grandpa and grandma, aunts and uncles, cousins and old friends—in short, a family gathering of good old-time flavor, where everybody comes prepared to enjoy a bountiful dinner with a right good appetite.

It isn't difficult to arrange for such an entertainment; the original menu *plus* certain appropriate and intriguing dishes or courses, and one is prepared for a family gathering of any size or kind.

The first plus is a tasty and intriguing introduction, something to whet appetites for the other good things, and to serve as a sort of conversational stimulant. This plus may be either a fruit cup or an oyster cocktail, but a genuine old-fashioned beginning would be a delicious oyster bisque or oyster soup served by the hostess from a genuine old-fashioned tureen; if more convenient, however, it will be quite permissible to serve the soup individually, but do see that it is hot; that's quite important to the success of the occasion.

The next plus comes as an addition to the main course; the turkey naturally will be a large one and it will be stuffed and accompanied as in the foundation dinner and garnished accordingly; then to flank it at the other end of the table, a tender, succulent brown-crusted ham baked in sweet cider, or a savory old-time chicken pie surmounted by a rose of pastry and emitting puffs of tempting steam, will present a most intriguing appearance.

As to the vegetables, no additions are required, though it will be quite proper to serve both sweet and white potatoes, and in this case one has a wider choice of accompanying vegetables.

Omit the salad course in a dinner of this kind also, but serve in its stead not only the crispy white celery, the crimson cranberry sauce and homemade pickles but a variety of popular relishes, including spiced peaches, which are always a most tempting and satisfying feature with roast fowl and baked ham. Serve cider and coffee, if you so desire, throughout the repast.

At My Window

By ALINE KILMER

THE beech so overspreads
my window
Only a rift among the leaves
Lets in the glitter
Of the sun,
Or the glimmer
Of the moon,
Or the flicker
Of a star.

It is night before night at
my window.
The dawn comes late through
the trees;
And a twilight, a ghost light,
Falls darkly at noonday,
From the shadow
Of a cloud,
Or the swaying
Of a bough,
Or the wide flying wings
Of a bird.

But perhaps the real old-fashioned Thanksgiving gathering is not quite what you wish; it may be that a more sophisticated affair has been planned: a dinner served late in the afternoon or at six o'clock to just a few good friends or relatives as guests, with the theater or bridge to follow; a dinner that, while a real Thanksgiving repast in every way, admits of several innovations and additions. Such a dinner may be made a very delightful one merely by adding various courses and accessories to the foundation menu.

Additional Touches

A FIRST or introductory course is the initial plus; it is quite essential and it is advisable to select something piquant and appetite-provoking rather than the more substantial soup of the large family dinner. Halves of grapefruit with non-alcoholic sherry or bits of candied ginger, or hot clam broth served in cups, with a garnish of whipped cream made pink with paprika. Either will prove a satisfying beginning and it will be quite in order to serve both the fruit and the broth, deviled crackers accompanying the latter.

For the main course, one naturally selects the turkey with its appropriate garnishings, and as the plus feature individual chicken pies or ham croquettes make a pleasing touch. Serve the cranberries in the form of jelly in attractive molds and add oysters or chestnuts to the turkey stuffing. If chicken is to replace the turkey prepare it in the same way and use scalloped oysters for the plus feature. Hominy croquettes with currant jelly accompany roast duck deliciously; rice croquettes and guava jelly add zest to the dinner where the pièce de résistance is guinea hen.

Celery, olives and relishes are placed on the table and the guests help themselves to them at any time through the main course of the dinner. White or sweet potatoes are chosen as in the original menu, with Brussels sprouts in béchamel sauce for the green vegetable, onions au gratin, and Harvard beets accompanying either.

Salad takes its place in this menu quite naturally, in the nature of a plus course. It may be served individually with the turkey, or from a salad bowl cold and crisp and refreshing after the table has been cleared entirely of the main course. Lettuce with French dressing, lettuce and orange salad with French dressing, lettuce, avocado pear and orange with French or Russian dressing, or a tart fruit salad, if hot broth has formed the first course, will be very nice and very welcome, as it will prepare the palate for the richer, heavier things the dessert has to offer. Serve tiny toasted crackers with the salad and, if you like, cream cheese made spicy and hot with paprika and Worcestershire sauce; it is always a pleasant accompaniment.

The Dessert

THE dessert may be the same as that suggested for the foundation Thanksgiving dinner, though one may prefer a light steamed fruit or fig pudding in place of the baked Indian or cracker pudding; several kinds of pie may be included, but let the plum pudding and the mince pie be reserved for the Christmas dinner. Nuts and raisins are proper accompaniments to the dessert, and one may add, for good digestion's sake, some form of mint bonbon. Coffee with the dessert will be quite correct even if it has been served during the main part of the dinner.

(Continued on Page 121)

And now the SECRET'S OUT!

Open a box of STEERO *cubes and it opens the way to flavorful dishes!*

THE secret of intricate French cooking is yours in every Steero cube. For Steero cubes combine the flavors of choice beef, fresh vegetables and fine spices—the very things famous French chefs use in their cooking. Each Steero cube is an exact measure of seasoning. Simpler to use than salt and pepper!

Steero is a magic cube that gives every-day foods a brand-new flavor. Soups, salads, meats, vegetables, eggs, sauces and gravies gain interest and zest. Steero will even make a cool jellied base for colorful vegetable salads. It can be used to make "stock" in recipes that are complicated only because they call for a tediously prepared ingredient. And they give fresh flavor to left-over foods!

But Steero is more than a mere flavor. It's a stimulating drink, too. A cup of hot water transforms a Steero cube into a cup of fragrant hot bouillon for the beginning of a meal or a fag hour "pick-me-up" for tired bodies.

Try the four new Steero recipes on this page. We'll send you sample cubes free. Then let Bertha M. Becker, food specialist, tell you about the other things you can do with Steero in her cook book, "101 New Dishes." Mail the coupon below for free samples of Steero; and, if cook book is desired, enclose 10¢.

Why shouldn't a French chef be famous for his French dressing? Roger Cretaux, chef of the Hotel Roosevelt, N. Y. City, has developed this recipe. You'll like it, too.

A DRESSED-UP DRESSING

Dissolve 1 Steero cube in a tablespoon boiling water. Let cool. Now combine ¾ cup pure salad oil with ¼ cup vinegar, ½ teaspoon onion juice, ¼ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon sugar. Then add the Steero and shake well. Pour into bottle and keep in refrigerator ready for instant use. No salt is required in this recipe because the Steero is sufficiently seasoned. This dressing may be used for both fruit and vegetable salads.

Domestic experts at the Delineator Institute say, "In sauces for meat or fish, Steero makes a splendid base and gives a distinct flavor." They've worked this recipe out:

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE," ETC.

Brown 2 tablespoons butter and 3 tablespoons flour. Blend carefully. Add 4 Steero cubes dissolved in 2 cups boiling water. Cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick. Add 1 cup finely chopped cooked ham. Chop one small onion and saute in a little butter. Add to sauce and heat, and lastly add the juice of half a lemon. This sauce is excellent to serve with chicken or game or with meat balls. Appetizing with cooked hot vegetables.

"Now my children like vegetables," says Mrs. Jesse E. Carlock of Portland, Oregon, "since I've discovered the Steero flavor secret. Here's what I do to give them a new flavor:"

A HOUSEWIFE'S FLAVOR NOTES

Dissolve a Steero cube in a little boiling water, then add to mashed potatoes . . . when carrots, turnips, spinach, peas, cauliflower, green beans, beets or cabbage are half cooked add a cube or two . . . navy or lima beans are improved the same way . . . add a Steero cube to syrups on glazed sweet potatoes . . . stewed squash is better with Steero cube added about 5 minutes before done. Note the difference!

"I can't cook much of anything but eggs. But I've discovered that even eggs taste different when you use Steero," says Merritt Barnum of New York. Here's a bachelor's recipe:

HOW TO IMPROVE EGGS

Dissolve 2 Steero cubes in ½ cup boiling water. Pour into shallow, greased baking dish. Break 3 eggs carefully into dish. Sprinkle with ¼ cup grated American cheese. Place in moderate oven (375°) and bake about 15 minutes till eggs are set. Recipe can be doubled for average family. This is one of the simplest ways of improving the flavor of one food that's *always* in the kitchen . . . eggs.

Try the Steero idea in your own home. Remember, Steero cubes are useful in two ways—to make a delicious hot drink and to use to make foods more appetizing and flavorful. Fill out and mail the coupon below and receive sample Steero cubes free. Miss Becker's new cook book, "101 New Dishes," will also help to ease your cooking problems. It contains 101 different recipes as well as various attractive menus for the busy housewife. This book will be sent with the free sample Steero cubes if you enclose 10¢ with the coupon.

AN APPETIZING HOT DRINK

A cube, a cup, and boiling water. That's all you need for the most appetizing hot drink. You can serve it any hour of the day when a hot drink is needed. It's an excellent beef bouillon as the first course at dinner . . . a splendid "pick-me-up" when you're tired out . . . a soothing, comforting drink on nights when you find it difficult to sleep.

Ask your grocer or delicatessen store for Steero cubes. Drug stores sell them, too. There are boxes of 12 cubes, 50 cubes and 100 cubes. Please be sure to say Steero cubes. "Steero" stands for a definite quality and a full flavor. To get that Steero quality and that Steero flavor, Steero cubes must be used.

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Formerly Administrative Ass't to Chairman U. S. Shipping Board

E. H. Frederick
formerly of the United States Shipping Board
tells why

He did *not* give up coffee

"I had for some years been up against the indigestion and sleeplessness that often go with coffee drinking," writes Mr. Frederick. "I could not indulge in any brand of regular coffee, nor even coffee substitutes. As a last resort I tried G. Washington's. Now I drink it regularly for breakfast and dinner—often taking two cups at a meal. I can drink this coffee without distress and insomnia, and cannot drink regular percolated coffee...Our household is most enthusiastic about G. Washington's."

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G. Washington's is real coffee—with all the invigorating, stimulating qualities of real coffee!

Yet it is coffee specially prepared so that you make it in the cup, instantly, by merely adding hot water! And because every cup is fresh-made in exactly the same way, every cup is clear, rich-flavored and wholesome.

G. Washington's coffee contains no bitter oils, no accidental woody infusions or unwanted rancid parts to upset digestion. It is pure coffee in its most modern and scientific form.

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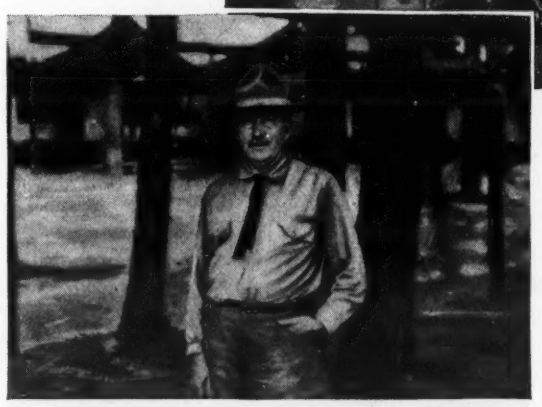
Mrs. Jennie Parkinson, Director of the Albany School of Cookery, says, "G. Washington's fine rich flavor, ease of preparation, deliciousness and economy, make for a product desired by discriminating housewives."



Dillon Wallace, Editor of the Camping Dept., of the Hunting & Fishing Magazine states, "Not only have I used G. Washington's upon exploring trips and on the trail during these many years, but I always have a can on hand at home."

The Boston School of Cookery reports. "The new G. Washington's coffee is certainly a labor saving product far more uniform in quality than the average 'Coffee-pot Coffee'. Everybody will appreciate the ease with which it can be served, as well as the unvarying quality."

G. Washington's
COFFEE
the coffee part of the coffee bean

How G. Washington's is prepared for your table

Made from the finest coffee beans, roasted, ground and percolated in glass containers; the moisture is then removed, leaving only coffee part of the coffee bean. All you need do is add hot water to have a perfect cup of coffee, uniform and fresh.

(Continued from Page 118)

And now for the dessert. Pie again has first choice because it is a genuine American dish, but let the pies be baked in tiny individual pans and of the open tart description, made with a flaky puff paste crust, and topped with a rosette of whipped cream. Frozen custard or a frozen pudding may be served in place of or in addition to the pies, and of course there will be bonbons of several sorts, not forgetting the inevitable mints, nuts and raisins. Black coffee concludes the menu, and it will be quite proper, this being a Thanksgiving dinner, to serve cider throughout the meal.

But there are occasions when one likes to do even better than one's best when guests are very formal or very important, and the affair prepared in their honor must take on even more a certain air of elegance and chic—what, then?

Well, even in such an extreme case the hostess may place absolute reliance on the foundation Thanksgiving menu, making what few changes or additions she deems wise. She will probably serve dinner at seven o'clock or later, at all events after the game and tea and all the attending chat, and she will begin it with cocktails of some description and the ubiquitous canapé or tiny caviar sandwiches, served in the living room or library.

When the guests take their places at the table they will find halved Christmas melon, or grapefruit cup with cubes of mint jelly, or some other fruit appetizer. Clear tomato bouillon or cream of mushroom soup topped with a spoonful of whipped cream sprinkled with minced parsley may follow, or not, as the hostess decides, or the bouillon or soup may take the place of the fruit appetizer, or it may be thought unnecessary to serve the sandwiches or canapés in the living room. There is great latitude in dinner preludes.

But the main course should undoubtedly be roast turkey with chestnut stuffing, giblet gravy, and one may add a hot mousse of ham or tongue as an entrée. Fish is not usually included.

Olives, celery and a relish are placed on the table, and salted nuts in individual baskets or cases at each place. The familiar cranberry makes its appearance in the form of a sherbet and is served with the main course. If guinea hen or duck is selected as the pièce de résistance for this dinner, serve it as suggested in Dinner No. 3 and substitute a cider frappé for the cranberry.

Any of the vegetables suggested in Menu No. 3 will be quite fitting with this menu. Sweet potatoes and bananas glacé, broccoli béchamel, or onions stuffed with nuts, or tomatoes farci are all very tempting.

The salad, arranged on individual plates, should be served as a course either alone or accompanied by deviled crackers, or crackers and cheese. It may be either avocado, endive, romaine, or a combination vegetable salad, with a well-made French dressing to which the very faintest suspicion of garlic has been added, or a pungent Russian dressing.

And now we arrive at the dessert, which is something more of a problem in this menu than in those that have preceded it. If the pies are of the kind described for Dinner No. 3, they will be quite elegant enough for the most formal repast. Serve them on lace-paper doilies, with a spray of yellow leaves as a garnish. If you prefer something more unusual than a pie dessert, marron sundae is very fine, or Nesselrode pudding with Thanksgiving fruit cake cut in thin fingers. Fruits, nuts and raisins and mint bonbons are quite in order, and toasted crackers with Roquefort cheese for those who do not care for a sweet dessert.

Black coffee may be served with the dessert, or in the living room after the guests have assembled there.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Recipes for dishes suggested in this article, together with others appropriate for Thanksgiving, will be sent upon the receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address Service Bureau, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Earn Money for Smart Clothes!

PHOTO, BY NICKOLAS MURAY

ELIZABETH KENT was radiant! She knew that never in her life had she looked so well!

Because—never before had she been sure that her clothes were absolutely *right*. Not an accessory missing—no old gloves, worn pumps, or shabby hosiery to mar the perfect ensemble.

Gratitude to The Girls' Club swelled her heart. She knew that people were commenting on her; not only on her appearance, but her spirit and vivacity. She realized that her smart outfit inspired her with *confidence*, gave the courage to display her *personality*, and made her *charming*.

$5.95 in a Day

AND Mrs. Frank Barber finds The Girls' Club the happy way to earning and spending. She says:

Though there is no special time I can devote to Club work, in one day I made a profit of $5.95. I find most of my Club earnings go for clothes and things for the house, and of course for my little two-year old girl.

Have you a money problem? Is there a question of clothes when you want to see the Big Game, attend a dance, or appear at some social gathering where you should look your best? Let The Girls' Club help you!

All that is necessary to find out the details of our Club is to drop a little note to the Manager asking for information. There will be no charge to you and no obligation. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
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Minutes versus *Hours!*

SET your kitchen clock where you can watch the traveling minute hand. Let it prove to you, as it has to thousands, how quickly you can prepare for your own oven a luscious mince pie with None Such—and so solve your dessert problem, easily, temptingly, nourishingly. How different from the tedious hours of preparation it used to take under older methods—before None Such came to make mince pie baking a coolly pleasant task of minutes. And, too, how much more delicious is to-day's result!

Three generations of careful homemakers have relied on None Such—found it better far than home-made mince meat. For it's crammed with rare spices and ripe fruits—many ingredients you'd find it hard to buy yourself—and it's blended with a skill that 40 years' experience alone can give.

Your grocer stocks the familiar red package. Order it to-day and see how quickly and easily you can bake a None Such pie—and other tasty dishes. Serve your pie hot or cold. Then wait for the family approval—the demand for "a second helping"! The recipe? It's on the package.

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Gentlemen:

Please send me my free copy of "None Such Recipes"—half a hundred delightful ways to serve a time-tried favorite.

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Collars *and* Cuffs
learn this
Sewing Secret

FASHION insists that you have not one but several collar and cuff finishes—exquisitely fine—for your fall and winter frocks. You can make them perfectly—if you know this sewing secret. Use thread just right in size to harmonize with the fabric. For the favored materials—fine silks, georgette, chiffons, batistes and dainty linen—use size 120 to 150. These fine white cotton threads insure delicate, inconspicuous stitches and they never yellow in washing.

J. & P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T. six cord black and white threads are made in many sizes—each for a purpose. At notion counters everywhere.

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Ladies' Home Journal Reference Library

NEW ideas for the old subject of homemaking! The Reference Library will help you make this winter's activities *different*. Write for your booklets now to the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, inclosing the necessary stamps or cash. If you'd like to keep your booklets always handy, send for a Loose-Leaf Binder too. It costs 25 cents.

INTERIOR DECORATION

For a list of booklets prepared especially for the home decorator, see page 137.

HOMEMAKING

The LADIES' HOME JOURNAL Clearing House of Consumer Information offers leaflets on the following subjects: 200—Refrigerators. 201—Gas Appliances. 202—Fresh Vegetables. 203—Brushes and Brooms for Cleaning. 205—Warm-Air Heating Plants. 207—The Principles of Lighting the Home. 208—Bedding Equipment. 209—Animal Products. 210—Vegetable Products. 211—Condiments, Beverages and Miscellaneous. 212—Fruits. 213—Eggs. 214—Linoleum. 217—Safety Matches. 219—Miscellaneous Provisions. 220—Butter. 221—American Cheese. 222—Fresh Beef and Veal. 223—Personal Stationery. 224—Potatoes. 225—Canned Foods. 226—Hand Beaters for the Kitchen. 227—Pillows. Price, 2 cents each.

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PRENATAL LETTERS. *By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.* A booklet containing nine letters addressed to expectant mothers, with timely advice as to health, clothing and necessary preparation. Price, 25 cents.

POSTNATAL LETTERS. *By Dr. S. Josephine Baker.* A booklet containing six letters addressed to new mothers, with timely advice on the care of the baby during its first twelve months, and ten supplementary chapters dealing with the special care of the baby during the same period. Price, 25 cents.

MILK FORMULÆ FOR FEEDING INFANTS AND DIETS FOR CHILDREN. Prepared by Dr. S. Josephine Baker. These leaflets contain suggestions for feeding children from one week to six years of age. Price, 10 cents.

LAYETTE. (Including pattern.) Price, 35 cents.

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FROM early morning until late afternoon she may hurry after the swift Belvoir hounds, but in the evening she will look as if the English drawing-room were her only natural environment. Her glorious, roseleaf complexion is loveliest in the formal mood.

But the English woman leads an active, crowded life. She has no time for elaborate (and fantastic) rites of beauty. Nor any need. One simple, effective treatment guards her famed complexion—the Yardley treatment. Soap and cream and powder. That is all. And you, an American woman, will find the same exquisite pleasure in the use of Yardley's.

English Lavender Soap is for the initial cleansing of face and neck. Yardley's English Complexion Cream melts into your pores to loosen all the clogged impurities. Then you wipe it away with cotton dampened in Yardley's Cleansing Lotion (or other astringent). A second layer nourishes the tissues while you sleep, leaving your skin clear and refreshed.

In the morning, use English Complexion Cream as a powder foundation. A generous coat should be smoothed on, the skin absorbing as much as it will. The surplus is removed *with water and an ordinary face cloth.* Then, Yardley's English Lavender Face Powder is applied over the invisible film left by the cream, and you go out looking your very best. Our booklet, "Complexions with an English Accent," is complimentary. Would you like a copy?

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Smart women consider the informal charm of Yardley's English Lavender, "the lovable fragrance," in perfect taste for all occasions. $15 *to* $1 *in various-sized bottles.*

JEAN CARROLL'S Column on Hair Beauty

"This oily condition darkens my blonde hair"

Dear Miss Carroll: I have extremely oily hair! I wash it about once a week and the fifth day after it has been washed it looks as though I hadn't washed it for a month! This oily condition makes my blonde hair look a dull brown . . . I admire simple, smart hair styles, but they do mean you have to have good-looking hair, don't they?—P. C., Cleveland, Ohio.

YES—simple hair styles *do* mean that hair must be truly lovely. And blonde hair just must look fluffy and alive—excess oil ruins its looks. So wash your hair oftener—in fact, whenever you see it beginning to look flat and dark—wash it with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo. This is a special shampoo *for oily hair*, and it will be good for your hair even if you use it every four days at first. It contains healthful pine tar and pure vegetable oils, combined with a gentle antiseptic *astringent* which helps to coax over-active oil glands into normal behavior.

Then—a little massage done faithfully every day will wake up the blood and tone up your scalp. These two simple measures won't work wonders overnight—but you'll soon see an improvement, I'm sure.

"Dandruff" . . . and "hair like straw"

Dear Miss Carroll: Don't think I'm boasting when I say that my black curly hair has always been envied by my friends. But in the last four or five months I have seen a tragic change. My hair used to be very thick and had just enough oil to make it look glossy and lie down in lovely waves. Now it comes out by combfuls and the ends are split. I have dandruff rather badly—and the hair is coarse and dry just like straw! What should I do?—M. M., Sargent, Nebraska.

M. M., If someone could discover how to exterminate the dandruff germ forever, he'd deserve a gold crown. Dandruff can make hair excessively dry, or excessively oily, it usually makes it fall, and it ruins its sheen. The germs are hard to get rid of and seem to lie in wait for us everywhere—in hats, on combs. Fortunately, we know that dandruff germs object to pine tar.

So, one of the best things you can do is to shampoo with Packer's Tar Soap which has been a standard remedy in dandruff cases for many years. Use this pure pine tar soap as a treatment, not just as a shampoo. Use it on your hair *every day for three days*, and massage the good piney lather well into your scalp. It is antiseptic and tonic, and three or four shampoos in a row ought to start to clear up your scalp. Then lengthen the intervals between shampoos. But—if the dandruff is too advanced for this treatment—consult a doctor who specializes in the treatment of skin and scalp. You must get that lovely head of hair back to its normal beauty!

"Dry hair—and it grows so slowly"

Dear Jean Carroll: My hair is a trial—it's so stubborn. It's *very* dry. It grows very, very slowly—in fact, I just don't believe it grows. And it breaks off badly. Can you tell me how to bring it back to the way it used to be—thick and long and glossy?—A. P., Ocean City, N. J.

DEAR A. P., The oil glands in your scalp must be refusing to do any work at all. They'll have to be stirred up—with daily massage and energetic brushing. Then—use a special shampoo for dry hair. Perhaps you didn't know there was such a thing but there is—Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, especially made for hair like yours. It's a gentle, vegetable oil soap that coaxes away dust and grime without drying out the scalp. *And*—it contains soothing glycerine, so it leaves your hair softer and easier to manage.

When you once get ahead of this dryness, you'll see that your hair *is* growing. Just now the little hairs are so dry that they break off when they get to a good length. Don't be discouraged, try this simple treatment and I'm sure things will be better.

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—radio talks by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday morning.

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JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. Dept. 7-K, 101 W. 31st St., New York

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked:

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- ☐ **Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)**
- ☐ **Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)**

I enclose_____cents (enclose coin, not stamps—10¢ for 1 sample; 25¢ for all 3).

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Charming Table Arrangements

(Continued from Page 17)

carry through to perfection! Try heightening the effect of the possessions at hand by changing the arrangement or adding pieces that have a new color emphasis.

It is then the day for the hostess who can translate her knowledge and enthusiasm into originality. One of the smartest tables arranged in Chicago in winter was done on an economy program. Mrs. J. Allen Haines, who is a very clever and skillful hostess, was living at a hotel with none of her own silver and china. It was at the end of the season and luncheons which could be got at the clubs were no longer a novelty. It seemed that the gamut of the attractive and conventional had been run. She turned what might have been an ordinary occasion into a memorable one by improvising on cream sateen a startling table entirely of tin. Two flat cookie tins served as the center mirror. Octagonal angel-cake tins, piled one atop the other, and filled with sprays of purple and blue and green chenille cat-tails, were used for the centerpiece. Fish molds made decorative spots on the mirrors. The table was long and the decoration had to be carried down the center of the table to the ends. Ring timbale molds, filled with boxwood tipped with silver paint, held pineapples which sat stiffly in fluted jelly molds. Star molds were filled with kumquats, and at the far ends of the table bananas, also striped in silver, were arranged architecturally in flat tins. Instead of using the conventional hotel china, tin pie plates were used for service plates.

ANOTHER clever Chicago hostess always sends up one's breakfast tray with some amusing fancy picked up on her trip abroad—or at the five-and-ten! Once the proverbial three-minute egg wore a jaunty knit yellow sweater and cap to keep him warm. Accompanying him is likely to be the freshest and most appealing flower from the garden. If one appears at breakfast, there may be a line of beguiling animals in front of one's plate, backed by a jungle of fresh pansies that gaze wide-eyed at the parade from three turquoise blue bowls. An ingenious New York hostess copies the best of the still-life paintings for her centerpieces—such as those by Jean Baptiste Monnoyer—or sometimes she copies successful flower and fruit chintzes. Once she copied a still life of fruit by Grave. It was a luncheon table done on a Louis Quinze table of pearwood with a highly polished top. In the center was a platter of Old French pewter like a cardinal's hat upside down. Handsomely polished egg plant, stalks of pink rhubarb, little clumps of large mushrooms and heads of lettuce, rosettes of fresh pale green—tumbled out over the brim. The china used with this was cream color.

The carrying out of a hobby in table decoration is one of the most beguiling of the current tendencies. If done well it is effective and has the charm of being peculiarly yours—of having the individuality of your own house and interests. In the home of Mr. Clifford Mallory of Greenwich, whose great-great-grandfather sailed about the Horn, an entire section of the house is given over to trophies won at important regattas, and it is not surprising to find a fascinating ship table. An Old Dutch silver brig is used in the center. On either side is a silver dolphin holding a shell. The service plates are Old Zurich crackleware with rich red borders—each with a sailing vessel in its center. The goblets of garnet glass heavily incrusted with gold—Old French—were found in New Orleans. The butter knives have crystal handles and the dessert plates of garnet glass sound again the color note of red. Gold satin damask with heavy monograms is used. Because there is very little entertaining done on racing boats, the stimulating spirit of the sea can be carried into the home with such a table. The place cards have the private yacht insignia crossed with that of the club. Sometimes some of the trophies—a lovely old cup got at the New Bedford Regatta in 1856 or the Puritan cup won at Plymouth—are filled with flowers and used as a centerpiece.

Hunting, which one can quickly see is the *leitmotif* in the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Davis, of New York, is exalted fascinatingly on the table in their Queen Anne dining room. Mrs. Davis has, in addition to the filet cloth which covers the table in the picture, a damask woven with hunting scenes. Hunting pictures of Mr. Davis—former M.F.H. at Meadowbrook—and hunters in porcelain make a sympathetic background for this table.

To what degree a table should match a dining room is a matter for discussion. I have heard many people say that their dining rooms are ugly and that they choose to have their tables a spot of charm in the setting regardless of harmony! Others feel that component parts of the table should harmonize in feeling with the room. The dining room of Mrs. Linn's, which is pictured, is an interesting example. It is utterly modern. Classic columnar vases of tin—a mirrored wall—the pink and black granite table top—and the zebra skin upholstering are all notes in the modern scale. On the other hand, the Empire chairs, the classic arrangement of roses, the Old English silver and glassware, and the Early American black plates—echoes of the past—fit admirably.

Early American tables are a delight to do and it is inconceivable to think of using anything but Early American china and glass on them.

It is considered rather more important to have the color, the textures, and the degree of sophistication harmonious than to have period correctness. If one has a dining room Victorian in feeling, it may be amusing to have a table covered with old ivory damask, with a formal petit point arrangement of flowers in vivid blue and rich reds, and heavily decorated china.

If the dining room is nondescript, charming tables can be developed simply on the theme of color.

At the moment it is smart to have colors on the table that contrast and to get an effect by clashes rather than subtle harmonies. Vibrant, dynamic colors used for accent have been popular and effective.

III.

IF AS you enter the dining room your table gives the effect of uncertainty—of meaningless decoration—it is not successful. It should register its effectiveness at once and arrangement has much to do with this.

The table arrangement as a whole must have proportion and balance—the color accent must strike in the right place.

The size of the table makes a good deal of difference in the placing of the centerpiece—the candlesticks, and so on. If it is a long table, it is often better to put them in a line. If the table is square or oblong, a clumpy effect with the candlesticks tight about the centerpiece is attractive. Candlesticks usually serve as the boundary for whatever decoration is used, but I have seen tables where urns or vases of flowers placed beyond the candlesticks looked very well indeed. If two urns are used or two vases of flowers, candlesticks are usually put on either side at an attractive distance.

It is good to live in this age when centerpieces are full of variety and interest. Twenty years ago roses ranged in a mound were the ultimate. One might have pink, yellow, or red, but at that point discrimination stopped. If one were audacious there might be a few single roses arranged in

(Continued on Page 127)

8 Famous Beauty Editors unanimously affirm

hands can be kept lovely on less than 5 minutes a day

Martine Renier of Femina
Camille Duguet of Chiffons
Celia Caroline Cole of Delineator
Rachel Hehir of Mayfair
Doris Lee Ashley of Pictorial Review
Beauty Department of Good Housekeeping
Hazel Rawson Cades of Woman's Home Companion
Eva Nagel Wolf of Canadian Home Journal

FEMININE HANDS have blossomed into new loveliness! In Paris, London, Vienna, New York—those fashionable capitals of society that set the mode for all the world to follow—the smartest women have eagerly adopted a method of manicure that keeps the hands perpetually enchanting!

A wonderful new method—acclaimed by leading Beauty Editors here and abroad. They all agree that you can keep your hands always lovely on less than 5 minutes' care each day!

"This new liquid polish has contributed four wonderful advantages to busy women," say the Beauty Editors of Pictorial Review, Good Housekeeping, Mayfair and Canadian Home Journal. "First, it takes only a few moments to apply. Second, its delightful lustre keeps finger tips gleaming for days. Third, it doesn't peel or discolor, and it acts as a splendid protection for the nails, keeping them smooth and gleaming under all conditions. Fourth, there is no fear of its making the nails brittle."

Paris is all enthusiastic about the colors. "The many shades," says the Directrice of Chiffons, "now range from a soft, roseate hue to a flaming crimson." And the Beauty Editor of Woman's Home Companion adds: "Color gradations are adapted to conservative fingers as well as the exotic and decorative."

This is the Cutex Method smart women everywhere use to keep their nails exquisitely groomed

First, remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Then scrub the nails in warm, soapy water. Mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips with a cotton-wrapped orange stick saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

Apply Cutex Liquid Polish, brushing it evenly and very lightly from the half-moon toward the finger tip.

Then use a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tips.

When you follow faithfully this weekly manicure your nails require less than five minutes' care each day—just time enough to mould the cuticle and cleanse under the nail tips with a cotton-wrapped orange stick saturated with the Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—followed by a rinse in clear water.

NORTHAM WARREN · NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS

The new Cutex Perfumed Liquid Polish in six smart shades, including the three new reds—Coral, Cardinal, Garnet, 35¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together, 50¢ (Natural, Colorless or Rose). Cutex Cuticle Remover & Nail Cleanser, 35¢. The other Cutex preparations, 35¢. At toilet-goods counters everywhere.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)

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191 Hudson Street . . . . . New York, N. Y.

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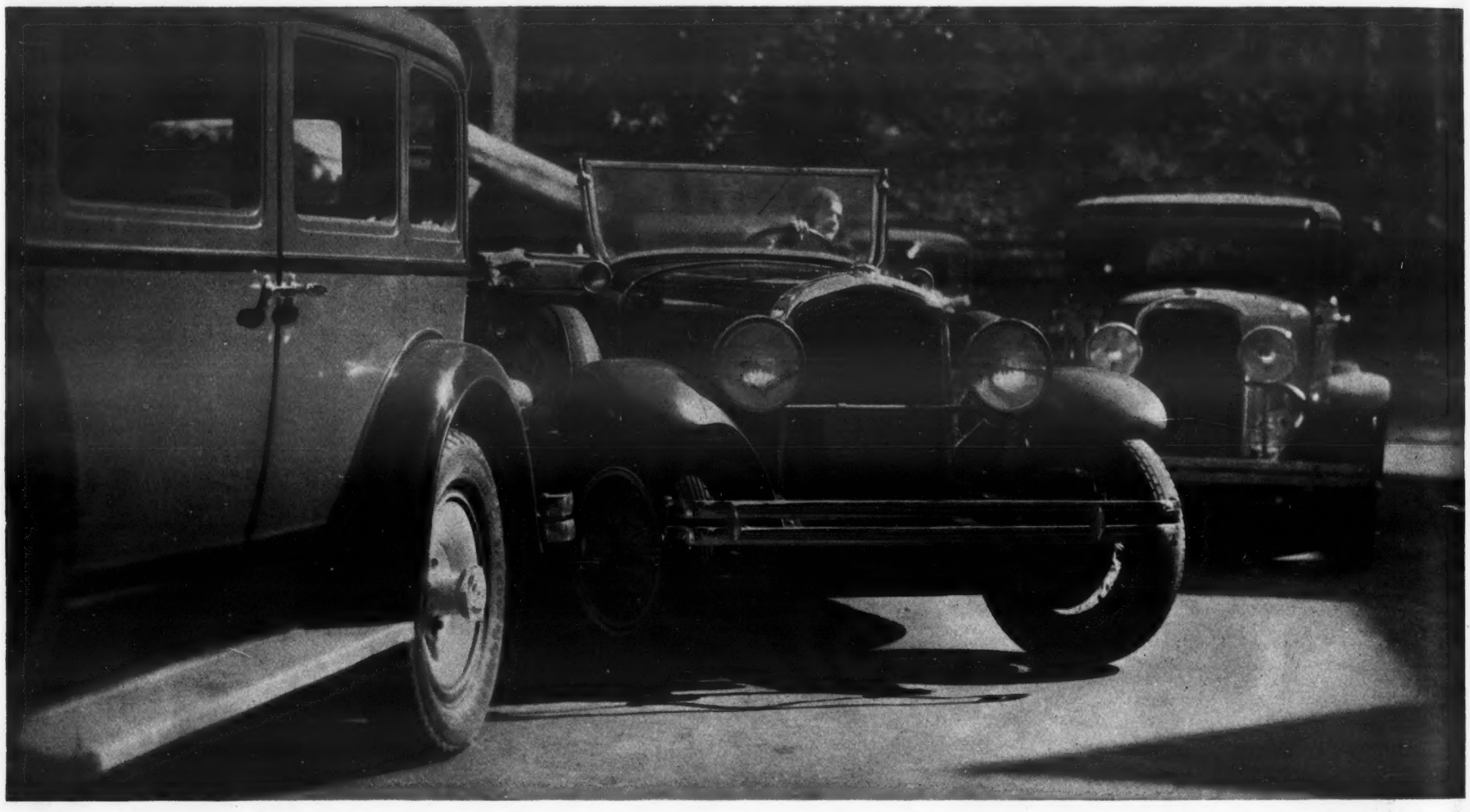

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Knocks out that "knock"

Wherever you drive—whatever the oil company's name or brand associated with it—*any* pump bearing the Ethyl emblem represents quality gasoline of anti-knock rating sufficiently high to "knock out that 'knock'" in cars of average compression and to bring out the additional power of the new high-compression cars.

The active ingredient used in Ethyl fluid is lead.

ETHYL GASOLINE gives quiet, smooth operation that makes the parking task easier. You don't have to race your engine to keep from stalling. A gentle foot on the accelerator gives the easy motion you need. In traffic, likewise, you drive easier and shift less.

For Ethyl Gasoline is more than gasoline. It is *good* gasoline with Ethyl fluid added. It gives easier power, faster pick-up, and stronger, more efficient engine performance because Ethyl fluid controls combustion inside the cylinders.

Instead of sharp explosions that slap pistons downward, Ethyl Gasoline gives smooth, powerful thrusts that develop the full power of the engine. Any car runs better on Ethyl. Ethyl Gasoline Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.

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ETHYL GASOLINE

(Continued from Page 124)

sprays at either end. Today there are endless possibilities.

Fine old covered china soup tureens are used. Old Royal Worcester or Lowestoft bowls are decorative enough to use without flowers. Silver plateaus decorated conventionally with a circle of green leaves or a wreath of flowers are very chic. If you are fortunate enough to own Chelsea or Bow figures, they are charming in the center of the table or on either side of a low bowl of flowers. As these little figures range to $2000 and $3000 a pair, they are got out only on rare occasions and even then are not trusted to the mercies of an unappreciative hand. There are many figures of that type—less important and quite as effective.

At a smart luncheon table today you may be confronted by a tall silver ibis on a mirrored pond or by glass polar bears frisking with black seals on opaque icebergs. There are even jungles of glass, swinging monkeys, and fragile trees heavy with oranges. The Casino Club, in Chicago, makes use of exotic birds made of beads.

Mirrors are cut in modern notched shapes to fit the proportions of any table or centerpiece. Mrs. Montgomery Hare uses a dessus de table of mirror gilded instead of silvered. On it she uses bowls of rapture roses, pink with yellowish centers.

Heavy silver soup tureens, old wine coolers, and old silver tankards are used. These too can be priceless. I know of one which cost $80,000! Silver pheasants continue to be used as accessory pieces.

GONE are the days when you could be casual about the flower and fruit arrangements. The garden clubs have seen to that. Both the choice and the arrangement of the flowers are fine arts. It is said that one must always "Gather twice as many flowers as one can use in order to make a perfect bouquet." This luxury is for those with gardens.

At the present moment a mixture of flowers is being used much more than one kind of flower, although the latter is smart if it carries out a particular note. In the winter one is apt to be driven to roses or sweet peas, which can be got the year round. In season, water lilies in low bowls are charming and, as a change from chrysanthemums, delphinium, and larkspur, the English iris, which now comes in purple and pale lavender, is very effective. There is a lily—anthurium—which is very fashionable at the moment.

There is a general feeling that roses should be ordered in advance so that they may be in full lavish bloom for the dinner party. However, one New York hostess always uses tight little pink rosebuds very successfully. Mrs. James J. Davis, of Washington, uses only white flowers—lilacs, snapdragons or roses. Another New York hostess gives a dinner when her orchids are in full bloom—big single blossoms and long sprays are skillfully arranged in a series of gold bowls. They are magnificent. Mrs. Linn uses white roses tucked in boxwood in the center of her modern table and often has white sweet peas stiffly woven on a wire frame to give the effect of a solid oblong mass of flowers. Many New York hostesses arrange their flowers in clear glass bowls so that the stems can be seen.

In today's fashion the china service especially for the more formal dinner is apt to vary with every course. If you have always used "sets" try this variety—it has endless possibilities. At a formal dinner in the house of Mrs. Joseph Davis—pictured above—she uses Dresden soup plates, Old Royal Worcester for cold fish and silver for hot; for the meat course Crown Derby plates with a hunting scene. The salad course is served on cream china with a deep navy-blue band with a crest.

JOHNNY WEAVER, HIS WIFE, PEGGY WOOD, AND THE TWO-YEAR-OLD PERSON

Somewhat Pompous Letter to My Child on His Second Birthday

By JOHN V. A. WEAVER

TWO years old! And a Person, who thinks and dreams,
Laughs, is frightened, draws back, chatters, sings songs . . .
Gay, romping, shy . . . sensitive . . . sensitive . . .

Well, you have charm of body and of manner—
A "Winning Personality"—but something
Further, that dims my eyes, clutches my throat
With fear for you. Why must you have that Soul?

Why not be merely a healthy animal,
Eating and frisking through the normal day?
Why must you share the sorrows of the world—
Weep when Bopeep loses her silly sheep,
Whimper when pigeons do not get their crumbs,
Sob when "the man" must go without his dinner?

Oh, well . . . go on and be a poet, then.
But don't come yelping up to me some day,
Holding your heart, with your soul all black and blue. . . .

as a hostess you will be praised if your small coffee cups are flat at the bottom and do not tip over at the slightest lift of the elbow. Rock candy is being served with after-dinner coffee instead of sugar!

In matters of linen, lace cloths are used for the formal dinner. (A lovely point de Venice table cloth can be bought for five or six thousand dollars!) For those who do not like the unrestrained rambling patterns in filet there are striped and banded effects which are very stylish. Philippine cloth—very sheer so that the polished wood gleams through—is a new and fashionable note in linen. Handsome doilies and heavily monogrammed damask are used even for formal dinners by a great many people. The new colored damasks are thrilling.

Rustic linens—natural colored linens—red and white checked varieties have been very smart in the houses which go in for cottage effects. And as a contrast to that, silk cloths are beginning to be used—rich in sheen and lending always that desirable quality of opulence. Monogramming especially in block letters—sometimes shaded, sometimes in contrasting colors—continues to be used. Napkins are almost always put in the center of the service plate, and New York has taken a fancy to having priceless heirloom bits of old lace made into finger-bowl doilies.

Mrs. James J. Davis, in Washington, uses lace over damask and there are others who do the same. As a contrast to this, however, many polished table tops are left as a gleaming background for old china and glass.

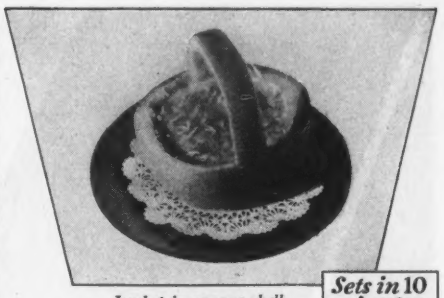
IF, AS one very successful New York hostess told me, tables were never successful unless they conveyed a feeling of opulence, no element on the table is quite so certain of producing it as silver. There may be mistakes on the table, but the polish of good silver under candlelight gives a note of glamour and romance and hides them. There is perhaps more Old English silver—and copies of it—used than any other variety. Tables with Old French silver have great distinction. Silver plate comes in excellent designs. The same rule applies to silver that applies to the other elements of table decoration. It matches in feeling rather than in period. This accounts for the successful modern tables which have Early American or Early French silver. The present arrangement is to have all the silver on the table with the exception of the dessert spoon and fork which are brought in with the flat dessert. Here again one may essay variety. The dessert spoon and fork—the fruit knives—may be individual and unmatched to anything else in the service.

Gold services are rare, but they are the peak of elegance.

Victorianism seems to be stealing back upon us. Also a sense of the value of elegance. In fact, one New York hostess told me recently that America would produce very shortly its own baroque style! If these tendencies become as strong as the feminine mode in costume, table decoration will undoubtedly change its tempo too. However, at the moment, the smart table is never fussy and it does not have to be extravagant.

Crystal plates are used for the ice cream and silver if fruit is served. The finger bowls are heavy Old English crystal. With the exception of the strong blue band in the salad plates, a deep rich red is the only color note in the china. If there is a harmony between the courses it is apt to be in color rather than in pattern. Lowestoft is still the pièce de résistance. Mrs. G——, who has a Lowestoft service for eighteen or twenty, is considered to own a priceless possession.

The coffee cups are probably the most isolated of all, because coffee is usually served in the drawing room by the butler. Whether or not they have anything to do with table decoration is a question, but



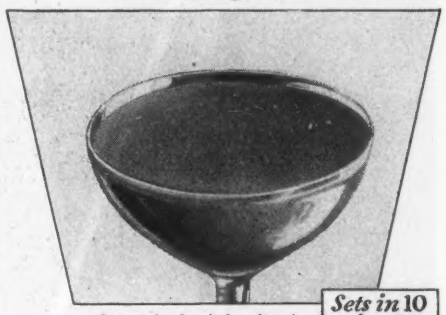
Junket in orange shell topped with cocoanut

Sets in 10 minutes

New DESSERT IDEAS

by Mary Mason

Junket is the perfect finish to holiday meals. Nutritious without being heavy. Light . . . tasty . . . made-in-a-minute. Requires no eggs . . . *no cooking.*



Cream junket is luscious!

Sets in 10 minutes

Junket (any flavor) made with equal parts milk and light cream, is extra tempting . . . doubly delicious. Served plain or with toppings, its custard-creaminess delights the entire family. Healthful for children and adults, due to the enzyme* in Junket.

*The ENZYME in Junket is the means provided by Nature for the perfect digestion of milk.

Junket

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

makes Milk into DELICIOUS DESSERTS

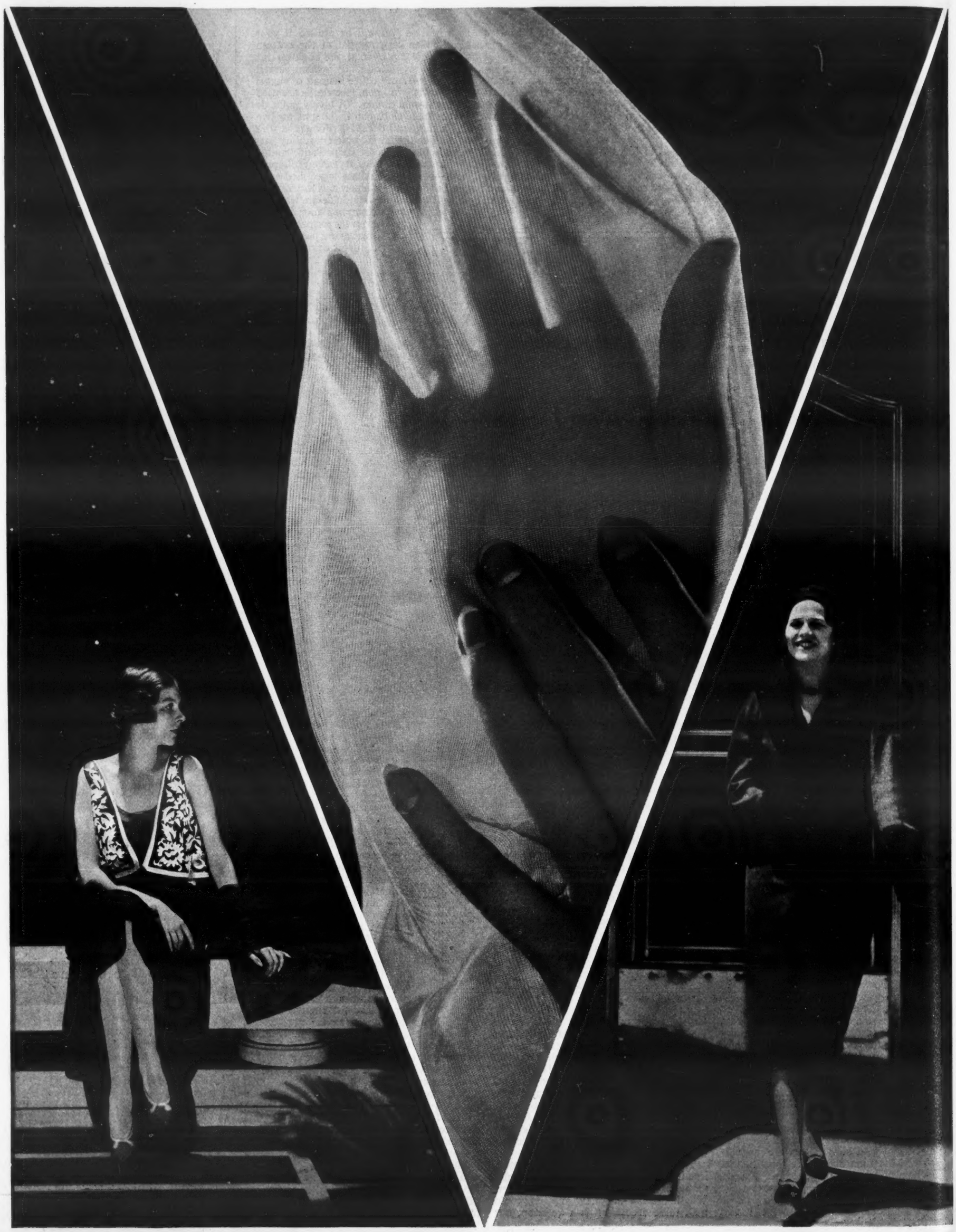
Holiday Note: FREE Recipe Book contains simple, easy recipe for Junket *Plum Pudding.*

Make Junket with either:
Junket Tablets, not sweetened or flavored; or flavored Junket, easier and quicker to use, in six tempting pure flavors:

Vanilla Chocolate Lemon
Orange Raspberry Coffee

The Junket Folks, Dept. 211, Little Falls, N. Y. (In Canada address The Junket Folks, Toronto, Ont.)
Please send me:
( ) FREE Recipe Book of Delicious Desserts and Ice Creams.
( ) Trial package of flavored Junket and Party and Painting Book, for which I enclose 10c (stamps or coin) to cover postage and packing. (If preferred, ask for Junket Tablets.)

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
My grocer.....
His address.....
Does he sell flavored Junket?...



THE SMART DULL SHEERNESS OF A FRENCH STOCKING . . .

FOR DOLLARS LESS!

Now you may indulge your longing for filmy stockings with a clear conscience. Realsilk's smart, dull hosiery gives the matchlessly sheer effect of fine French stockings, for only $1.85 the pair!

Sheer . . . because they're dull—like the surface of an exquisitely tanned skin! Smart. Low-priced.

You'll love the dainty picot top. The narrow French heel. And the famous Realsilk cradle-foot which gives the heel and toes maximum protection, yet is wholly invisible with the lowest cut sandal!

These are features which Realsilk has developed as a result of personal contact with customers . . . of ten years' experience in selling stockings to women in their own homes . . . heeding their comments, adopting their suggestions.

THE NEW COLORS

Every *chic* woman has several pairs of this filmy stocking in the new colors chosen by the Realsilk Fashion Committee.

It's a brown year. *Acajou, Oak Rose, Duskee, Bahama, Promenade, Mauve Beige* and *Brownleaf* are the colors created to accompany the great range of 1930's costume browns. *Nightingale*, a gray-beige, and *Peter Pan*, the new castor, are smartest with black and blue and the winey reds. *Caresse* is a lovely golden peach tone which looks well with any evening frock or shoe.

NOT THE WHOLE STORY

Have you seen the dull-textured Grenine stocking with the exquisite Paris clock? It's so delicately fine that it gives the effect of no stocking at all! . . . $2.45 the pair. Another Grenine stocking, without a clock, is only $1.75 the pair.

There's a little echo of the $2.45 stocking in a sheer, clocked stocking at $1.65 the pair with picot top and the exclusive "cradle" Dura-foot, invisibly reinforced. It has the semi-dull effect and it's waterproof — won't spot!

But why not see these famous stockings? The Realsilk Representative will be glad to show them to you in your own home. Telephone him at your local Realsilk branch office today. Branch offices in 250 cities. The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana, the world's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery.

THE REALSILK FASHION COMMITTEE

(LUCIEN LELONG)

Lynn Fontanne

Nancy McClain

Elinor Patterson

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THE NEW REALSILK HOSIERY

•

Realsilk Hosiery is sold only by Realsilk Representatives who call at your home

"A thoroughly dainty woman"

—assured of true surgical cleanliness

She follows the instructions in this feminine hygiene booklet

WITH today's styles, feminine daintiness is even more important than ever. It is smart to be dainty. And the 1930 woman is going further in her study of personal care and hygiene than any of her predecessors. She is not relying on hearsay or on general impressions. She is going deeper than that, because she wants the *facts*.

We have prepared a little book describing in full detail the need for real surgical cleanliness in these modern times—the need for an antiseptic especially for women and women's use. Such an antiseptic is Zonite—at once powerful and gentle. At once effective but *non-poisonous*.

Not only is Zonite safe during actual use, but it is safe if swallowed accidentally. It is non-poisonous just as it comes from the drug store. And yet it is really more effective than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be used on the body!

Send for free booklet right now

Send today for this informative and valuable booklet (free). Also buy Zonite at any drugstore in the U. S. A. or Canada. In bottles, 30c, 60c, $1.00. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

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Address.....
City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

One Big Family

(Continued from Page 11)

mind," and Mr. Bingham stood beaming on her, sharing the joke of Hamilton's crossness.

"Miss Ferris is our prize sailor—hasn't missed a meal," he said, and they joked about the loss to the company before he moved on.

"Frightful ass," Hamilton muttered. "Does the boat actually pay him to make a nuisance of himself?"

Eleanor supposed so. "He has to live," she said reasonably. "Once he could have been a Sunday-school superintendent, but now they have to be trained workers, I am told. Apparently there isn't any job left for good, cheerful little men."

SHE had at last his full attention; he hung between a laugh and exasperation. "And that seems to you a reason ——" he was beginning when the Wallies bore down on them and shut him up.

"We must have some bridge," May said happily. "Miss Ferris, I'm sure you play. Wallie would play a splendid game if he would only keep to the rules; but he always has to argue about them. Me, I just accept them."

Wallie had a confederate's wink for Eleanor. "When she remembers them straight," he amended.

"Well, I play for pleasure and I don't propose to make a business of it," May held forth. "Let the penalties go, I say, and just be friendly and everyone have a good time. Don't you say so, Miss Ferris?"

"It sounds wonderful," Eleanor said. "I have always been so scolded at bridge—my family makes a very serious business of it. I should love to try it as a pleasure."

May's gaze rested on Hamilton's blank countenance. "Now if we just had a fourth ——"

His start expressed a profane negative and his words were only a little less ungracious. "I don't play."

"We'll teach you," said the kindly May.

"Mr. Hamilton means he don't play with us," Wallie explained. "I saw him play six spades doubled and redoubled last night. He made it, too, by jinks."

HAMILTON had the grace to look uncomfortable. "I don't play often," he amended. "I have been seriously ill, and this trip is supposed to be a rest cure." He made that an accusation, and rose. "So you must excuse me."

May looked after his outraged back with amused indulgence. "Convalescent—that's why he's so naughty. Wallie's an angel when he's real sick, but when he begins to get well—my, you have to stand from under!" Her fat little diamonded hand patted his gaunt fist to show that she was only joking. "He'll play with us yet—you'll see!" Nothing could have seemed farther from probability at that moment; and yet Eleanor was to remember the prophecy.

The afternoon was gray and rough and the decks were nearly deserted. Eleanor, rolled up in rugs and furs, lay in her deck chair. She felt cradled, and utterly safe. The days when they had to pray for those who went down to the sea in ships seemed infinitely remote. The bride and groom drifted by at intervals, her hand lightly touching his arm, both slanted against the wind, secure and graceful. Then Tessie and her Bill made a few rounds, tightly locked together, alternately staggering and rushing with the boat's motion. Tessie's yells were a bore. Eleanor took great comfort in her decision that she need not love the hard-boiled family. The little girls came past, inadequately clothed, their long legs blue in the wind, keeping out of their mother's sight, but mocking her progress and falling down on purpose. They were horrid children, but they really were funny. Eleanor's eyes came back from them full of reluctant laughter, to find Hamilton waiting for her attention.

"Are you always in a state of secret and intense amusement?" he demanded.

Eleanor considered, the smile lingering. "Why not?"

"Every reason, I should say." But there was a faint echo of her smile. "Would you mind answering a personal question?" he went on.

"I have just answered one, haven't I?"

He passed over that. "How long have you known our May and Wallie?"

She calculated, and gave it to him in hours.

"THEY are not old friends of the family?" he persisted. "You didn't inherit them with an obligation attached?"

She said "No," then amended it: "The general human obligation, of course."

He was frankly mocking. "Brotherhood? 'Write me as one who loves his fellow-men'?"

"I hope so."

That checked him. "I beg your pardon. I don't mean to keep on being personal. Only I have been wondering about it—as an abstract proposition." Suddenly he was irritably personal again. "Brotherhood! I thought that that sentimental fiction had died with good Queen Victoria. What is the sense of pretending something that isn't so and could not possibly be so? You couldn't have anything in common with May and Wallie!"

"But they are darlings," she protested earnestly, "They are real, and they love each other. I am not pretending with them, in the least."

"Don't you mean that you are pretending you're not pretending?" He shot that at her so suddenly that her foundations trembled. For a moment all the difficult edifice of her human brotherhood seemed a waste of time and a lie. Then Wallie, lunging past with May on his arm, gave her a mighty wink, and she laughed back with a glow of relief. Wallie liked her, liked her well enough to wink at her; she was glad from head to foot that she had made herself into a person that Wallie could like.

"No, I am not pretending," she said in triumph.

HE SAT thinking her over, visibly seething with protest. "I am a chemist," he began. "I spend my life in a laboratory, trying to find out the truth of things; and you can't do research in a spirit of kindly indulgence. So perhaps I exaggerate the value of facts. And of sticking by them. And the facts of your May and Wallie—and of that unspeakable goat who gambols about the dining room and whom you encourage ——"

"Sh-h-h!" she warned.

May and Wallie were close upon them.

"It is so rough and cold—how about a little game?" May suggested. "We can play three-handed if Mr. Hamilton doesn't feel like it."

(Continued on Page 132)

Wash Bowls ★ Always Spotless

ENERGINE keeps beautiful porcelain enamel finish of wash bowls, sinks and bathtubs clean, smooth and sparkling.

Simply saturate a clean cloth with Energine and gently wipe the surface. The film of dirt and grease instantly vanishes.

Better than gritty preparations! Easier to use! Quicker to clean! And Energine cannot scratch or dull the polish. It is surely a magic cleaner.

At all Druggists

You soon become an expert in cleaning with Energine by following the simple directions on every label. Energine cleans a world of things. And a little goes a long way. Large can 35c. Give Energine a trial—and, like millions of others, you'll never be without it.

LEAVES NO ODOR
ENERGINE
THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID

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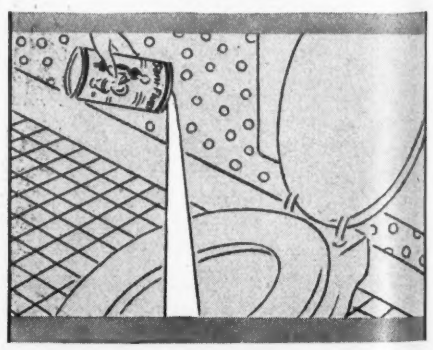
An unpleasant task made EASY

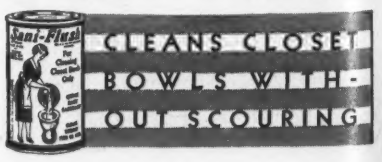


NOTHING is more disagreeable than scrubbing a toilet bowl. And nothing is more *unnecessary*.

Just sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and the job is done. The bowl will be spotlessly white. Any unpleasant odors will vanish. All germs will be killed, and perfect cleanliness will take the place of dangerous unsanitation. Sani-Flush purifies the entire toilet, even the hidden, unhealthful trap which no brush can reach.

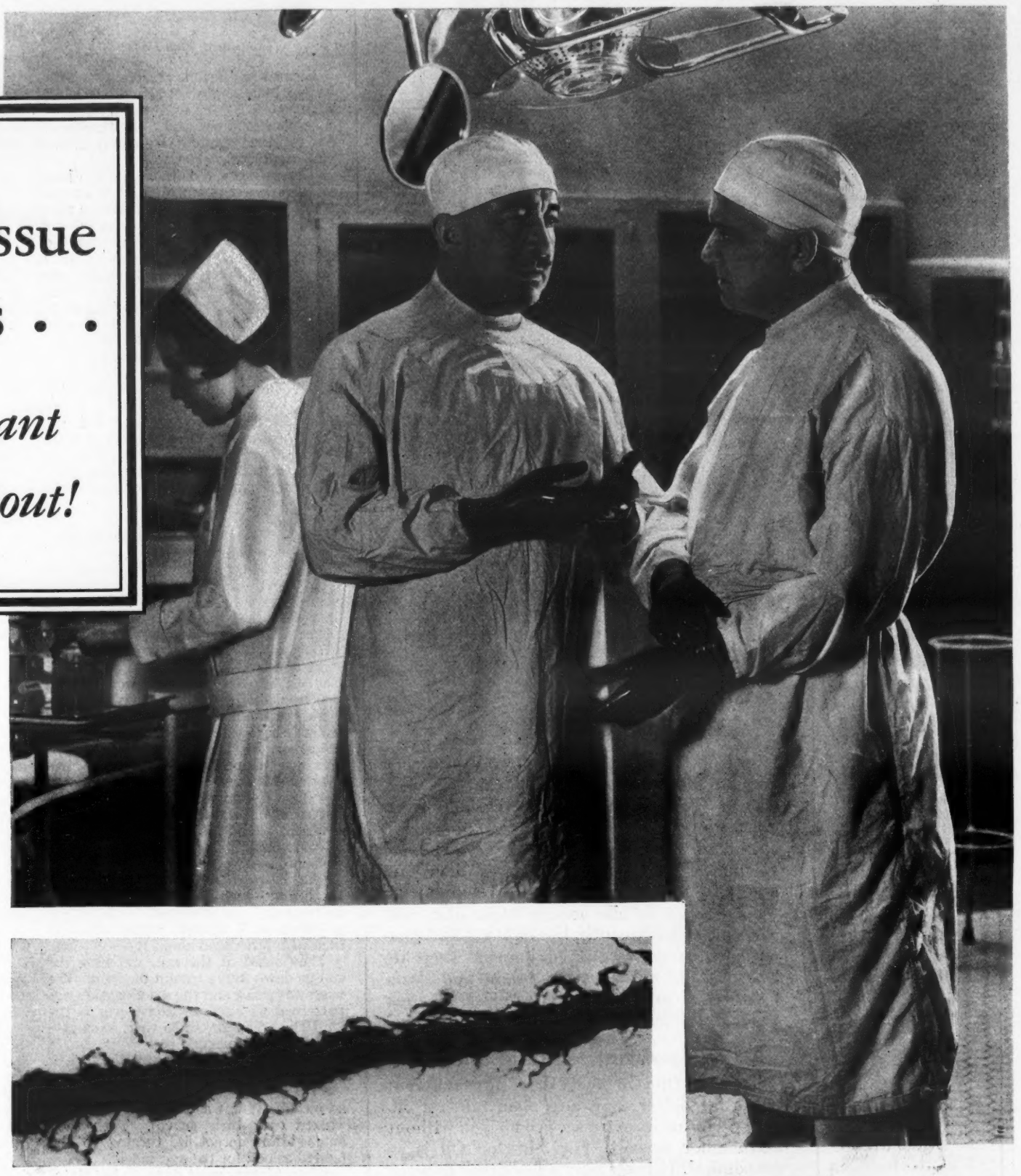
Free yourself from an unpleasant household task that need not be done. Sani-Flush is sold in convenient punch-top cans at grocery, drug and hardware stores, 25c; in Canada, 35c. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of* MELLO *—a fine water softener.*)

Sani-Flush



Toilet Tissue Illness . .

is unpleasant to think about!



PHYSICIANS today are issuing repeated warnings on the danger of poorer grades of toilet tissue in the home.

A prominent intestinal specialist lists fifteen forms of rectal disease which may be directly caused or aggravated by inferior bathroom tissue.

Yet, unless they are extremely careful to demand a high-grade tissue, housewives may be sold paper which is totally unfit for bathroom use.

Many so-called toilet tissues sold today are not toilet tissue at all, but only ordinary tissue paper cut in rolls.

They may be glazed to a hard finish—non-absorbent, actually injurious to delicate membranes.

Some are chemically harmful—made from old newspapers and other reclaimed waste materials.

ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue and Waldorf are three famous tissues which meet all the requirements medical authorities say toilet tissue must have to be safe: *softness*, *absorbency*, *chemical purity*.

They are extremely absorbent—without being blotter-like. And absorbency, as all doctors say, is absolutely essential to proper cleansing.

Photographed through a microscope, inferior toilet tissue reveals the roughness and irregularity of its edge. Such tissues, doctors say, can often cause serious injury to delicate membranes.

Scott Tissues are prepared from the finest, fresh materials . . . specially processed to cleanse the most sensitive skin—harmlessly, comfortably. They are unusually soft and actually cloth-like.

Crumple a sheet. Feel the suave texture, the absence of harsh fibres. Even your hand can often detect the sharp edges of ordinary glazed tissue.

Scott Tissues are always chemically safe, neither alkaline nor acid.

Take no chances with the tissue you buy for your bathrooms. Always ask for ScotTissue, Sani-Tissue, Waldorf. Tell your grocer no other kind will do. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

WALDORF
3 *for* 20¢

SCOTTISSUE
2 *for* 25¢

Prices for U. S. only

Scott Tissues

"Soft as Old Linen"

In addition to ScotTissue and Waldorf, dealers now offer Sani-Tissue, the new popular priced white toilet tissue with the same health-protecting qualities.

does 3 important things in 1 minute

AT LESS THAN A PENNY COST

CLEANS

3-in-One Oil *softens* or *dissolves* all gum, grit, rust and dirt, and works them out from moving parts and bearings. *Reaches* and thoroughly *cleans* every metal surface.

LUBRICATES

Triple bending makes 3-in-One Oil penetrate the tightest bearings quickly and give longer gum-free lubrication than plain mineral oils. Its lasting film immediately cushions every friction point.

PROTECTS

3-in-One Oil sinks into microscopic metal pores, forming a light but moisture-proof film that prevents rust and tarnish in any weather or climate. Does not evaporate.

Some Household Uses of 3-in-One Oil

Cleans and *protects* as it *oils* sewing machines, vacuum cleaners, clocks, door locks and hinges, electric motors, window latches, squeaking casters, fans, exercisers.

LUBRICATION experts say there are *three* things that oil should do to meet the full needs of general household use. It must *clean*. It must *lubricate*. It must *protect* against rust and tarnish.

Three-in-One Oil does all these things at once. And it performs all three services better than other oils because 3-in-One is a scientific blend of animal, mineral and vegetable oils, especially compounded to meet the particular needs of housekeeping.

Why 3-in-One is different

In factory or workshop, tools and machinery are used almost constantly. They rarely "gum up" or "rust out." They are eventually worn out from constant service.

But in the home your sewing machine, vacuum cleaner, washer or lawn mower is used only for short periods. Most of the time these devices lie idle accumulating dirt, rust and gum. Consequently the right oil for home use must *protect* your equipment, keep its bearings and moving parts bright and *clean*, in addition to providing effective *lubrication* to make things run easily and quietly.

Triple Action—Single Price

Three-in-One Oil meets these three different needs far better than any plain mineral oil. And performs its extra service for you without extra labor or cost. For 3-in-One Oil is so economical. It takes only a few drops to work wonders. A little goes such a long way. And its regular use adds extra years of service to your household equipment—postpones the day of replacement or repairs.

For sale in good stores everywhere, in handy cans and bottles. When you buy, be sure to look for the red trademark ➤➤➤ 3 IN
Send for free sample and booklet "79 Uses in Your Home." Address Dept. 7.

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130 William Street, New York
Factories: Rahway, N. J. - Montreal, Que.

3-in-One Oil

CLEANS ✓ ✓ LUBRICATES ✓ ✓ PREVENTS RUST

(Continued from Page 130)

Eleanor had meant gracefully to avoid bridge, but she was not going to let Hamilton see that. She rose with alacrity.

"Splendid!" she said. The three went off together, leaving Hamilton choked with righteous protest.

The rubbers did seem rather long. Eleanor found it much easier to be perfectly charming to May and Wallie when Hamilton was present turning a cold shoulder. She even grew impatient of May's complacent little tales, which amused her deeply when Hamilton was squirming under them. Wallie freely bawled her out, and the distinguished-looking gentleman whom May called Uncle Joe, and whom Eleanor had identified as a former ambassador to Spain, pointedly moved to a seat farther away. When May thought that he looked lonely and proposed that they invite him to join them, Eleanor made an excuse and fled. Down in her stateroom a mood of black depression closed over her. Was she really pretending, as Hamilton said? Did one never change one hair, white or black?

HAMILTON gave her back the courage of her creed, he attacked it so ferociously. For days they battled over the ground, with much laughter, vastly enjoying each other. Hamilton was persistently curt with the Wallies to prove his point; Eleanor was doubly charming with them to prove hers. The fight carried her into new relationships. She played deck golf whenever a fourth was needed, while Hamilton waited impatiently on the sidelines for her to come and walk. She let herself be photographed in groups. Mr. Bingham told her that she was a grand mixer, and no tribute had ever so elated her.

"But what do you care what that donkey calls you, and why do you want to be a mixer?" Hamilton demanded, beginning all over again. "I suppose it is just on principle that you are mixing with me?"

She laughed deeply. She had not laughed so much in years. "Mixing has its rewards," she admitted.

"Well, if I thought there was any blamed brotherhood about it ——"

They stood at the rail, watching the sun go down into a tumult of cloud. The wind was rising and the sea alongside was patterned with foam. Storm was in the air. The ocean looked so vast, so empty, that Eleanor shivered.

"We do trust these boats, don't we!" she said, forgetting to fight.

"I was thinking that same thing," he admitted. It was as though a goose had walked over their graves. Then they laughed and forgot it, turning to the lighted saloon for tea and music.

When Eleanor went down to her stateroom she noticed a faint smell of smoke, but the steward explained it by a gentleman's cigarette in a wastebasket. He was a little too brisk and cheerful, a little too emphatic about not worrying. Eleanor wondered about it vaguely, then drifted into a nap. When she awoke and turned on her light, there was a distinct haze of smoke in the air.

A STRANGE stewardess answered her ring and admitted freely that there had been a slight fire—gentleman's cigarette; it was all right now, only it was hard to air out the smoke, so deep down in the boat. One was not to worry. She was an odd, chalky white. Eleanor hurried through her dressing. At the stairs she found Hamilton, also pausing and looking about.

"Gentleman's cigarette?" he queried.

They turned back together, listening and feeling the walls. From below came a sound of hammering. An officer who was running paused at sight of them and continued at a comfortable pace.

"I don't like it," she said suddenly.

"Oh, I suppose it is all right," he said without conviction. "They tell us not to worry."

No one in the dining room was worrying. The captain was dancing with the youngest and prettiest girls; horse races were announced for the evening's entertainment; Mr. Bingham was jigging all over the place. He carried on tremendously with May and Wallie, but Eleanor thought that she saw a fine trembling in the hand on the back of May's chair.

"Isn't he a case?" May demanded, wiping away tears of laughter.

HAMILTON'S gaze had followed him. "I suspect that he is a good sport," he said unexpectedly. So he, too, had seen something. He was almost friendly with May and Wallie. When May asked if he thought one rubber would hurt him, he answered absently that he would be glad to play, and Eleanor's heart felt the first deep stab of fright.

"But we are not to worry?" she insisted as they left the dining room.

His hand closed on hers and gave it a quick, steadying pressure. So she knew that things were rather bad.

"It's a funny thing," said May, "but I keep smelling smoke. But Wallie says I always smell smoke. Now, Wallie, you're fourth hand—don't you bid unless you see little slam."

People about them were beginning to look up, sniff, question one another. The sea had come up with a heavy roll that meant business. The officers had vanished, and someone went to question the purser. Suddenly they were all on their feet, shrill with alarm. Then the girl who had gone to question the purser came back on the captain's arm, laughing.

"It's not serious," she said.

The captain, smiling on them, motioned them all back into their seats. He spoke as though a little fire in the hold were the most natural thing in the world. They would have it out by morning, but, as some of them might be nervous, he had wirelessed to a sister ship, and she was coming toward them at a fine clip. They could go to bed and sleep, or, if they would rather sit up, they could stay where they were; a supper would be served at midnight. There was nothing to worry about.

In the pause that followed his going, May's voice rose clear and cheerful: "Well, I'm glad we don't have to worry. What did your double mean, Wallie?"

SHE had set the tone for the others. There was a laugh, a general settling down to cards and knitting. For an hour more they staved off fear; and then the smoke began to gather in a heavy cloud over their heads, and voices fell silent. Tessie came back with the two little girls and sat on a sofa, letting their sleepy heads droop against her. Men drifted in from the smoking room to join their womankind. Uncle Joe sat aloof, a book before his eyes, but he did not turn the pages.

"If we played hearts, we could take in several more," May proposed. "It's better than just sitting, and no one wants to go to bed. I'm going to ask Uncle Joe—I hope I don't call him that."

She rose and crossed the lurching room to the solitary figure. Eleanor looked to see her snubbed, but she came back with him. He seemed glad to join them.

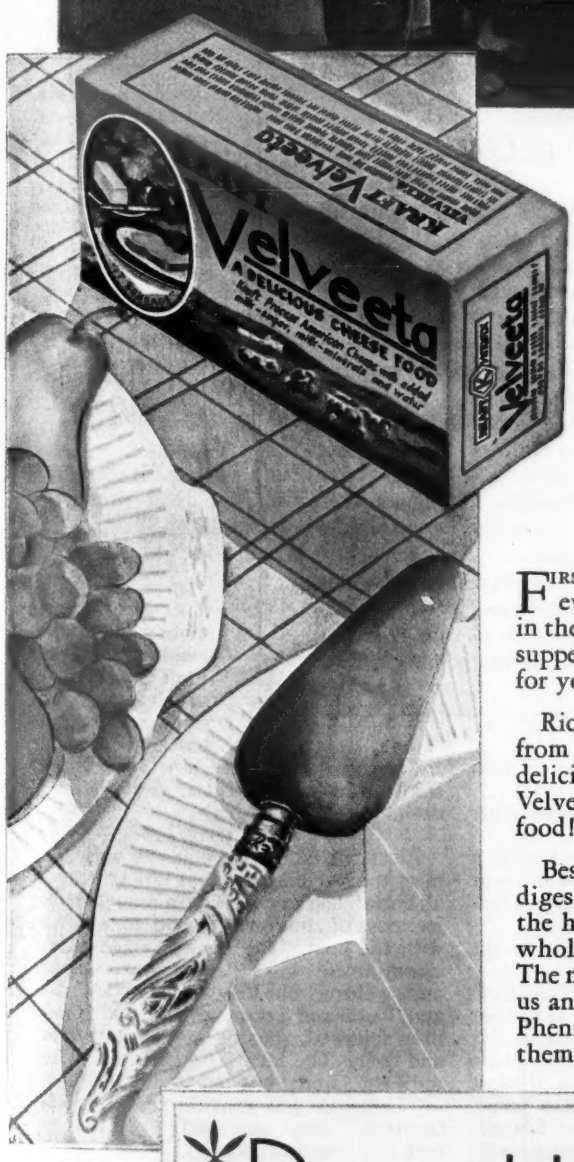
"Now, Wallie, you put two tables together," May commanded, and started bravely out to gather in more.

Hamilton sprang up to give her his arm. His eyes, meeting Eleanor's, were defiant. "I can't let her fall down," they declared. Eleanor's had a mocking tenderness. They managed to keep up the foolish game till midnight, when soup, coffee and sandwiches brought a brief cheer.

"Now if we all take a nap, we won't be so tired tomorrow," May said, and set the example, dozing peacefully off in her chair. Wallie sat close beside her, looking like a sad and faithful old dog. Mr. Bingham was tireless, going the rounds with jokes,

(Continued on Page 134)

MAKERS OF FAMOUS "PHILADELPHIA" BRAND CREAM CHEESE



There's new charm in every sort of cooked dish using cheese—when you make it with Velveeta. In this marvelous new cheese food are unique flavor, creamy texture, and perfect digestibility. Use Velveeta every way you'd use ordinary cheese—sliced, in sandwiches, appetizers, toasted or cooked

...if you make a point of food

You'll often serve this new cheese goodness

FIRST nip of fall in the air . . . good evening at the theatre . . . car in the garage—and a tempting little supper waiting. There's comfort for you!

Rich aroma of coffee. Lazy bubbles from the chafing dish. What more delicious than rarebit made with Velveeta, the tempting new cheese food! Appetizing from the very first.

Best of all, Velveeta is perfectly digestible and wholesome. In it are the healthful properties of the rich whole milk from which it's made. The milk-sugar, calcium, phosphorus and other milk minerals. Kraft-Phenix restore them, and combine them for you with the delightful flavor of finest Cheddar cheese.

So, give free rein to that cheese appetite you've been teasing along. Or, if you've never been an out and out cheese lover, approach Velveeta with an open mind. Conversion is usually immediate.

Slice it, slightly chilled, for sandwiches or those slivers of cheese that add so much to salads, cold cuts, or the demi-tasse. Spread it, smooth as butter, for novel appetizers or on crackers for the children.

Cook with it—and be amazed at your own inventiveness! With Velveeta's smooth melting . . . its delectable flavor . . . to spur you on, you'll think of a hundred clever touches to old recipes. And when it's toasted, raids have followed!

All you have to do is to pick up the telephone and say "Velveeta" to your grocer. Then, when some of those half pound packages come, see for yourself!

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, General Offices, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Company, Ltd., Montreal.

FREE—a recipe book, "Cheese and Ways to Serve It." Full of recipes for novel cheese dishes. There's new pleasure in cooking with Kraft Cheese. Send for your copy. Home Economics Department, Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 401-J Rush Street, Chicago, Ill.

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*Digestible as milk itself!

KRAFT

Velveeta

The Delicious New Cheese Food

I hate gossips *but* have you noticed her teeth?

. . . they look as though she never brushed them

SOONER or later you'll suffer the stinging embarrassment of knowing that others are talking about your teeth behind your back . . . if you refuse to recognize the cause of 95% of all tooth and gum troubles.

Millions of germs sweep into your mouth with every breath. They lodge on teeth and gums and are the cause of obvious stain, discoloration, decay and even serious gum diseases.

Ordinary toothpastes are helpless against this destructive horde. But authorities have at last perfected a way to exterminate these dangerous germs and so clean teeth as they should be cleaned—right down to the beautiful, naked white enamel without injury.

Teeth 3 Shades Whiter

It's a new technique . . . Unlike anything you've ever used. Different in action, vastly different in result. It's the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique.

Discard incompetent, old-fashioned methods and start using this remarkable Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. Morning and night, brush teeth and gums with just a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush. Note the improvement apparent in a few days. Teeth feel cleaner. They look whiter—fully 3 shades whiter. Gums feel firmer, appear healthier. Your mouth feels clean.

Kolynos is unique. As soon as it enters the mouth it instantly becomes an exhilarating, antiseptic FOAM that permits the Dry-Brush Technique, advocated by dentists because Kolynos is 10 times more effective when used without water!

This FOAM surges into and cleans out every tiny pit, fissure and crevice, inaccessible places the toothbrush cannot reach. *It kills the millions of germs that destroy teeth and gums—190 million in the first 15 seconds.* It quickly neutralizes the acids that cause decay, gently erases tartar and stimulates lazy gums.

Thus teeth look sparkling white and feel clean. Gums are healthier. Now never let anyone think that you neglect your teeth. Discard incompetent methods and start using the Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique. It's the way to sound, attractive teeth and firm, coral-pink gums . . . Buy a tube of Kolynos or mail coupon for a generous trial tube.

KOLYNOS
the antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

The Kolynos Co., Dept. 11-LJ-46, New Haven, Conn.
Mail me FREE Two Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name.....Street & No.....

City.....State.....

(Continued from Page 132)

bringing cushions, fanning away smoke. When one of the children awoke and fretted, Uncle Joe drew her into his chair and told a long tale into her ear.

Tessie was unaware of him, staring straight into some black thought, but Eleanor loved him for it. Every bit of human kindness that she saw—and the big room seemed to brim with mutual kindness and consideration—brought that swelling sense of love into her heart. They were indeed one big family, one brotherhood united against the peril. She turned to Hamilton for the last word in their fight, and found him helping a young woman to pack a bag. He was so serious over it, so unconscious, that Eleanor's heart gave a mighty leap toward him. As though he had felt it, he turned to her.

"Eleanor, don't you want me to get some of your things?" he asked, using her name as though he had always called her that.

"I have my money and jewelry on my person," she said, her laugh a little shaken. "My dresses would smell of smoke, and I don't think I ever want to smell smoke again." She knew as well as he did that large bags would not be taken, if it came to lifeboats. "You might get my fur coat," she added, knowing that he wanted to do something for her.

HE WAS gone for some time and brought back her dressing case carefully packed, as well as hat and coat. He had grown rather white, and still coughed from the smoke.

"Now you won't need to go back there if we do take to boats," he said, dropping down beside her.

"Pretty bad?"

"Not so good. Are you frightened?"

"Not a bit." They laughed forlornly over the lie.

"The other boat will be standing by before morning," he comforted her.

She faced it bravely. "Can we hold out till then?"

He felt for her hand in the shelter of her fur coat. "I—hope so."

The clasp of their hands put such a glow of life into her that she looked about to help. She had to pass on this rich tenderness. She sat down by Tessie.

"You know, a boat is coming to our rescue, full speed," she began.

Tessie started, then looked at her from a profound darkness. "Oh, I'm not afraid," she said shortly. Eleanor felt something else coming and waited. Tessie tried to keep it back, but it had to burst out. "Bill is afraid! He's in a panic, hanging on to the rail. If it's lifeboats, there won't be any damn nonsense about women and children first, not for Bill! He's so scared he's *sick*. And I've been crazy about that man. Gosh!"

"I suppose we are all afraid," Eleanor said, feeling helpless before this scorn.

"Yes, but we don't act it! Harry at least isn't any coward. He's my husband." She stared at Eleanor without seeing her. The tale had to come, to any listener. "He sent me off on this trip to see if I couldn't get over Bill. And Bill sneaked on board—came with us. I thought it was a grand joke. If there had been any way to get a divorce on board, I'd have been married to Bill before this. And there he is, sticking to the rail, white as tripe, praying to God to save his skin—I hope he burns up and drowns before morning! I'm done with him."

Eleanor, divining what was needed, drew Tessie's face down into her shoulder and smoothed her hair until the storm of sobs was past. Not until Tessie was fumbling in her vanity case did she speak.

"Can you go back to Harry?"

"By the first boat." Tessie painted and powdered with savage energy. "Oh, yes, he wants me—the Lord knows why." She looked down on the shingled head heavily asleep on her knee. "Harry adores the kids," she said. "It'll be awfully tough on him if they don't come back."

"We'll come back!" Eleanor spoke with a singing certainty, and looked about for Hamilton. She found him playing dominoes with Wallie and drew a chair close to his.

"Shall I play?" he asked, and sat down at the piano.

At first he played for them all, beautiful old music, rich with the past. For an hour the waves of sound poured over them, bringing to them trust and hope and the memory of immortal beauty. Presently tired heads drooped, and strained bodies relaxed. Even the sea seemed to quiet down. When the spell had been cast over the whole room, then he played for her, curled up beside the piano in a big chair, her eyes on his face. Again the magic cloak was about them, shutting them in together.

"DEAR people," Eleanor said confusedly. "Dear, dear people—all."

"Yes," said Hamilton.

A young officer, grimy and disheveled, was looking in at them from a doorway, his boyish grin shining white in a blackened face.

"If you want to see how good a big ship can look you'd better come out on deck," he said.

Eleanor's family were at the wharf to meet the rescuing ship that brought them all back. The rescued were a draggled lot, for most of their clothes had gone down with the boat. The family looked on in astonishment while Eleanor went about among them. She kissed May and Wallie and Tessie and a dozen others, and Hamilton followed, shaking every hand over and over. The love feast kept her there until the family was impatient.

"I suppose you went through so much together," they admitted. "But they look like dreadful people."

For a shocked moment Eleanor, glancing back, saw them with the family eyes, the eyes with which she had started. Her new world reeled, threatened to collapse, and her heart nearly broke. Did one never really change? Not even by fire? She turned desperately to Hamilton, and so witnessed his parting with May.

"For a dead game sport ——" he was saying. Then he saw Eleanor and came to her. "All right! Brotherhood—call it anything you like—you win, you win, my dearest," he said, and so gave her back the courage to go on.

Twelve Charming Reminders in One Gift--

THAT'S what a gift subscription to the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL will bring your friends.

And each monthly reminder will carry:

Distinctive new party plans.

The latest Parisian styles.

Delicious and money-saving recipes.

Plans for livable homes.

Fiction that is youthful and modern.

Your gift will be announced *in your name* by an exquisite Christmas picture mailed to arrive in the holiday mail.

Let's drive better than men!

By MARY ARNOLD

This isn't a challenge to men. It's just that I, as a woman who drives, have become a little weary of hearing "A woman must be driving that car" whenever a car leaps out erratically in a traffic line or violates some rule of road etiquette.

Some of the best drivers I know are women . . . certainly some of the most careful drivers. And I have a theory that those of us who don't drive so well haven't been told the right things about a car.

What *are* the right things? I decided there must be many features about cars and driving that all of us should be more familiar with. For example, do we know as much as we should about those little gadgets on the switchboard? Do we use "low" and "second" to the best advantage? What are the best road manners? How does one soothe a car's cold weather tantrums?

These questions and many more I put up to my engineer husband. I read articles on driving. Then, I talked to the Mobiloil engineers—the world's greatest authorities on lubrication. (These same engineers have helped many of the leading car manufacturers design or refine the engines of their cars.) And then—I was so full of information, that I couldn't stop there, but wrote it down—and it turned out to be a book!

A little book . . . for any woman driver

This little book was fun to write, and certainly it's simple. But it is really sound and authoritative. It has been approved for technical details by Mobiloil engineers. The Vacuum Oil Company, makers of Mobiloil, agreed to print it. A woman artist whom I know planned very helpful little sketches (*and some amusing ones*).

If you would like this little book, a complimentary copy will be sent to you. You can address your request to me . . . like this: Mary Arnold, care of Dept. MJ-110, Vacuum Oil Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

I've called my book, "Let's Drive Better than Men". . . so you can see that I have had to put real information in it!

When you buy Mobiloil you can be sure that the maker of your car approves your choice. (No other oil comes even a close second in the recommendations of car manufacturers.) And Mobiloil is easy to get. It has wider distribution than any other oil.

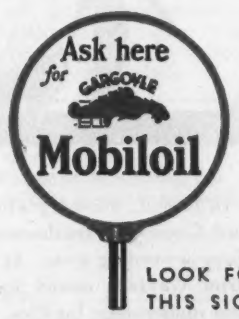
Make this chart your guide

This famous Mobiloil chart (shown here in abbreviated form) enables you to buy oil for your own car as skilfully as though you were an engineer yourself. You will find the complete Mobiloil chart at your dealer's.

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1930 Engine		1929 Engine		1928 Engine		1927 Engine	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-85	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	....
" 6-66A, 6-80, 76	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
other models	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Buick	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Cadillac	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Chandler	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chevrolet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Chrysler 70, 77	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.
" Imperial	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Dodge Bros.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Durant 614	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
Elcar 6-70, 75	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Erskine	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Essex	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Ford Model A	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....
" Model T	....	....	....	....	....	....	E	E
Franklin	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Gardner 6-cyl. 136	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....	....	....
" 8-cyl.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Graham and Graham-Paige	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
Hudson	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Hupmobile	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
LaSalle	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Lincoln	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Marmon Big 8, 75, 8-79	BB	Arc.	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
" *other models*	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Moon 6-72	....	....	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....
" 8-80	....	....	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Nash Twin Ig. 8, 490, Adv. 6, Sp. 6, Twin Ig. 6	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Nash (*other models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oakland	BB	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Oldsmobile	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Packard	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Peerless 61, 81	....	....	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" 60, 69, 80	....	....	....	....	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Plymouth	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	....	....	....	....
Pontiac	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Reo (*all models*)	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Studebaker Com'der 8	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" President 8	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....
" *other models*	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Whippet	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	A	Arc.
Willys-Knight	A	Arc.	A	Arc.	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.
Windsor 6-69, 6-72, 6-75	AF	Arc.	AF	Arc.	....	....	....	....
" *other models*	BB	Arc.	BB	Arc.	....	....	....	....

Mobiloil

The famous Mobiloil Concerts are broadcast each Wednesday evening at 8:30, E. S. T., from WEAF and 29 associated N. B. C. stations.



"Stormy-weather smartness depends upon your Gaytees ensemble," say *Le Monnier ... Jenny ... Nowitzky*

To a French couturier, stormy weather doesn't mean blizzards or tornadoes—it means any weather that isn't sunny. To millions of American women, it means "Gaytees weather."

It may come tomorrow. If you wait for a *real* storm, and rush into a store hoping to get exactly the right Gaytees to go with your new winter hat and coat and shoes, you may be too late—a lot of others may have been ahead of you.

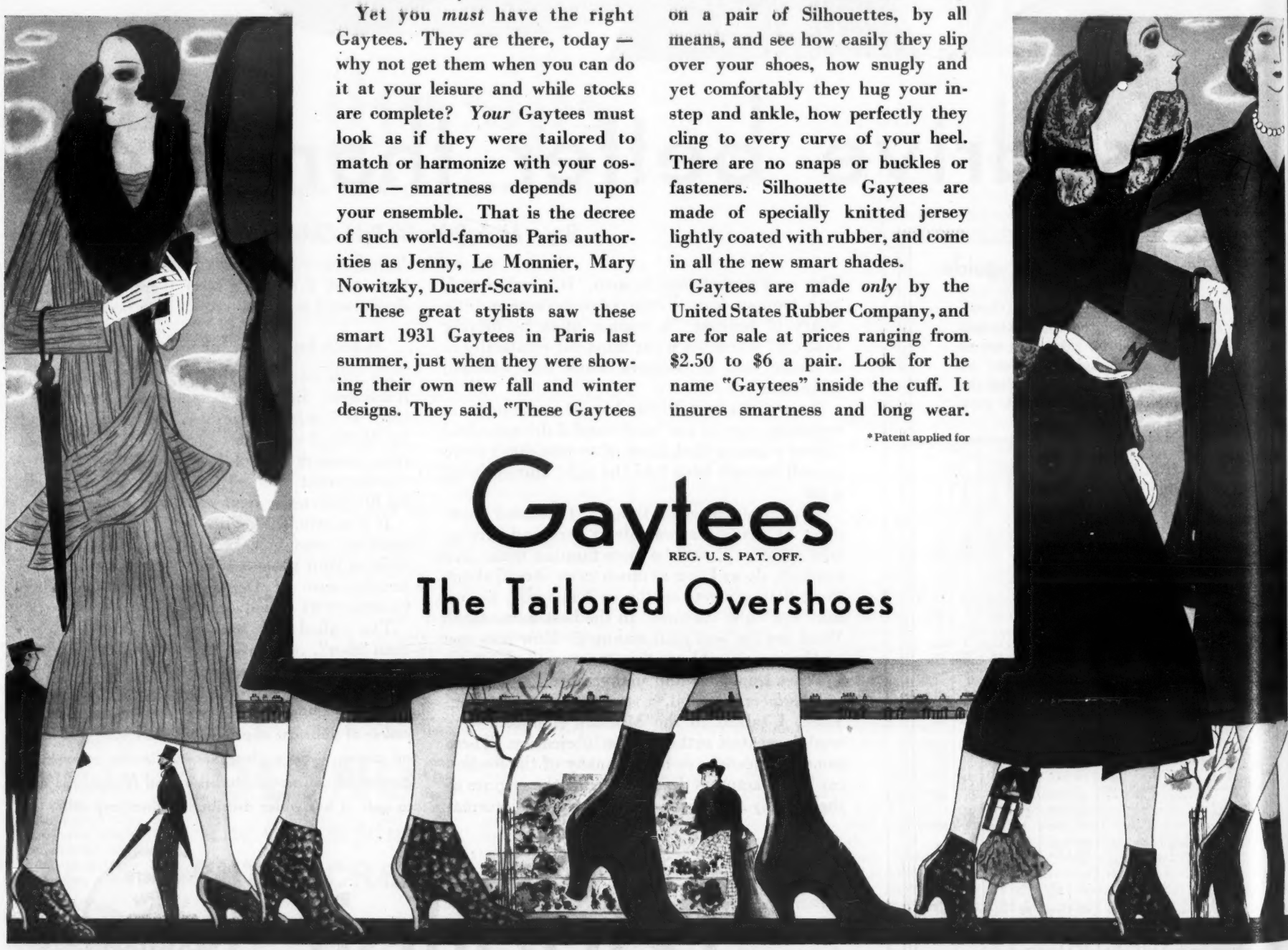
Yet you *must* have the right Gaytees. They are there, today—why not get them when you can do it at your leisure and while stocks are complete? *Your* Gaytees must look as if they were tailored to match or harmonize with your costume—smartness depends upon your ensemble. That is the decree of such world-famous Paris authorities as Jenny, Le Monnier, Mary Nowitzky, Ducerf-Scavini.

These great stylists saw these smart 1931 Gaytees in Paris last summer, just when they were showing their own new fall and winter designs. They said, "These Gaytees are very necessary to any woman's ensemble, and should be chosen carefully to match or harmonize with the rest of her costume. The new 1931 Gaytees have been designed to go smartly with the new costume lines, fabrics and colors. They are accessories of true *chic*."

From the many and varied Gaytees styles, *you* can choose just the right ones for each of your costumes—featherweight rubber oxfords, or tweed galoshes, or the ultra-smart new Silhouettes*. Try on a pair of Silhouettes, by all means, and see how easily they slip over your shoes, how snugly and yet comfortably they hug your instep and ankle, how perfectly they cling to every curve of your heel. There are no snaps or buckles or fasteners. Silhouette Gaytees are made of specially knitted jersey lightly coated with rubber, and come in all the new smart shades.

Gaytees are made *only* by the United States Rubber Company, and are for sale at prices ranging from $2.50 to $6 a pair. Look for the name "Gaytees" inside the cuff. It insures smartness and long wear.

*Patent applied for



Gaytees
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
The Tailored Overshoes

The lady in tweed, directly above, wears fetching little Oxford Gaytees of featherweight rubber, ideal for showery days or evening wear. At the right above walks another trim Gaytees model in rubber, with Kwik fastener and modernistic buckles.

Under the admiring gaze of the flower-seller step the new Silhouette Gaytees, made of specially knitted jersey lightly coated with rubber, and totally devoid of fasteners. They slip on and off easily, and do the most flattering things to one's instep.

Directly above—lightweight rubber Gaytees smartly snap-fastened, which (like all Gaytees models) come in a variety of colors to match the new costumes. The nonchalant lady in the Jenny costume (extreme right) wears Gaytees of brown cloth in a tweed effect, Kwik-fastened.

PHOTO. BY G. W. HARTING

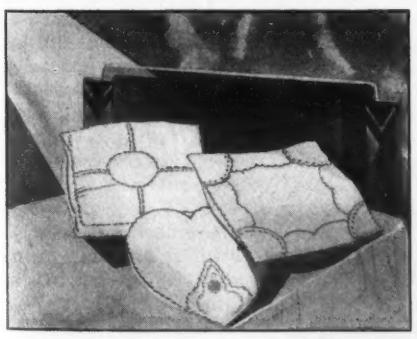
If walls are figured, a plain bed cover is desirable.

Suggestions for Home Decorators

Dressing Up the Bed

A GREAT variety of well-designed and well-made unfinished furniture is on the market, and we are able to select a number of pieces "in the white" and have them painted or stained to match our sample of material or wall paper; by choosing varied models, we get away from the deadly suits of other bygone days. We see a simple French bed and can have it finished in French walnut, which is a nice light clear tone, or painted and upholstered as is the model shown in the illustration. The frame is painted a soft cream and the headboard is padded and upholstered in a quilted peach-colored percale, stitched in a double diagonal pattern. It is put on with a simple guimpe. The bed cover matches. A plain percale or chintz is not serviceable as it crushes so easily, but being quilted it can stand a reasonable amount of sitting upon.

A figured cretonne bed head or foot upholstery is attractive when used with a silk bedspread. The pattern of the upholstery should conform to the period style of the bed itself. If it is a Louis XVI bed use a French-designed cretonne; if a rustic one use one of the old "petticoat" patterns. Two lovely bed heads of a very simple Spanish design were painted bright green and then a yellow and green and red Spanish linen used as bedspreads. A walnut bed can have a cover of hand-woven Murray Bay spread dyed to match a room—for example, a deep rich lavender in a lavender and yellow room.



Dainty boudoir pillows, decorative and useful.

Pink chambray with a drop smocked in a bright blue and with the curtains smocked at the heading to match the bed drop makes an adorable bedroom for a young girl. Use a chintz figured paper and modern hooked rugs with a bright blue predominating and have several blue china lamps and white paper pleated shades. The bed itself might be of maple with a small lingerie bureau to match, and the child herself could make the cross-stitch cover for it.

I never think much of painted beds for youngsters. The paint chips and soon looks shabby. A simple oak bedstead with a sturdy denim or heavy cotton stripe cover, well fitted and well sewed, is excellent for a boy's room. An extra pillow laid outside and on top of the sleeping pillow is a good addition to a bed, as so often one throws oneself down to rest but does not want to haul out the bed pillow to use and rumple up the entire bed. An unbleached cotton spread with a ruffled drop edged with a figured cretonne and a cretonne extra pillow to match make a very inexpensive and useful bed dressing for a simple room.

To Protect Blankets

SATEEN edged with an embroidered design simply worked, perhaps from a motif from the wall paper, is attractive and indicates imagination in addition to being very practical.

At night, when the bedspread is off, a blanket cover is nice to have, both because it protects the blankets and makes the bed look alluring. Soft pongee flesh-colored silk, with two bands of deep cream insertion about three inches wide, is very charming. As a less expensive substitute use cotton crêpe or dotted Swiss in color or with colored dots. The new modernistic voiles also are attractive, but are not such a protection to the blankets as a more closely woven material. If one uses colored sheets, a pretty blanket cover is made by embroidering a large important monogram on the center of a sheet; thus, when the bed is turned down, the whole thing matches. We have come to love luxury and change so that much is expected of our bed dressing these days. —AGNES FOSTER WRIGHT.

With Matching Comfortable

NOW that beds are wearing ensembles, even as you and I, it is a cheering thought that one can find ready-made bed cover and comfortable to match—in all color combinations, and at reasonable prices. Blankets for cold nights, to harmonize, are easily obtainable too; and of course you are using either colored sheets or white ones with colored hems, to flatter your complexion.

For the guest room, a green ensemble of bed cover and comfortable is suggested, because green, being a neutral color, is charming with peach or maize sheets.

—LOIS PALMER.

COURTESY PALMER BROS.

Cover and comfortable to match.

Home Decoration Booklets

COLOR comes first—if your rooms are to be inviting and really comfortable. USING COLOR IN DECORATION, an illustrated booklet by Lois Palmer, tells how and where to use colors to create charm and overcome cheerlessness in any room, large or small. Price, 20 cents.

SLIP-COVER MAKING, by Lewis R. Hastings, describes every step, beginning with measuring for fabric; illustrated with photographs and diagrams. Full of helpful suggestions for rejuvenating chairs, and the like, with new covers. Price, 5 cents.

FOR YOUR WINDOWS—GLASS CURTAINS AND HANGINGS.

PERIOD FURNITURE FOR MODERN HOMES.

THE SELECTION AND ARRANGEMENT OF FURNITURE.

These three illustrated booklets by Lois Palmer are all very helpful to the practical homemaker. Price, 5 cents each.

These booklets will be sent upon receipt of the required amount in stamps or cash. Do not send stamped envelopes. Address the Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Others in course of preparation.

You don't need to make a *chemical test*

Just look for this label on

BLANKETS

The modern housekeeper, alert to values in merchandise, trained to guard the health and comfort of her family, demands blankets made entirely of fine, long-fibre wool.

She knows that only such blankets possess the high heat-retaining, moisture resisting qualities that afford the most healthful warmth. She knows that only such blankets will keep their buoyant fluffiness through long years of wear and washing. But where is the woman whose information is sufficiently scientific to determine the *amount* of wool in a blanket; whose touch is sufficiently sensitive to enable her to judge the *grade* of the wool? For sixty-four years women have accepted Lady Seymour as authority on fine, all-wool blankets. Look for the Lady Seymour label---it is a guarantee which you may accept as the equivalent of the chemical test and the professional touch. New colors. Smart designs. Also coverlettes and crib blankets. Beautifully boxed. Reasonable prices. At your dealer's.

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Send today for Lady Seymour's new booklet: *"How to Choose and Care for Blankets."*

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What! BANANAS IN ORANGE JUICE?

YES! *It's the new breakfast* COCKTAIL!

WHILE he shaves, pour his wake-up orange juice over slices of banana.

It's somewhat daring—but he'll like it. And he's likely to growl if he doesn't get it again. And again.

You see, his system *knows*. Our old friend the banana can't help having become a food sensation. The doctors and diet people have found a lot of famous vitamins and minerals and vitality-building elements in it. His system knows that. And his palate always suspected it!

Eat bananas out of their golden skins, ripe and fresh, or slice them, or cook them in clever ways (as the smart chefs have discovered). The marvelous thing about bananas is that they're just as good for you as they taste!

So let's try bananas in orange juice for the sake of the home—the appetite—and the dramatic effect. It's a cocktail!

For Tomorrow's Breakfast

One try at this—and you'll have it often. Allow a half to a whole banana (depending upon size) to the juice of an orange. They're simply *grand* together.

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION

NOW, how about our *free* recipe and menu booklet? Every page is alive with new suggestions. Send no money—just the coupon.

Like many fruits, bananas have a cooking and an eating stage. When tips are green, either cook or keep a few days for ripening—*not in ice box.*

BANANA GROWERS ASSOCIATION L.H.J. 11-30
17 Battery Place, New York City
Canadian Office
1171 St. James Street West, Montreal, Canada

Please send new recipe and menu booklet, "Bananas in the Modern Manner."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

THE GRAYS MOVED INTO THEIR NEW HOME FOUR YEARS AGO

AT LEFT—THE FIREPLACE IS DIAGONALLY OPPOSITE THE ENTRANCE. ON EITHER SIDE ARE CASEMENT WINDOWS

BELOW—FOR A DINING-ROOM TABLE WE CHOSE A BUTTERFLY DROP LEAF, WHICH COULD BE FOLDED AND PLACED UNDER THE WINDOW

Furnishing a House in Four Years

As Told to NELLIE I. MILLER

By **FLORENCE WEAVER**

Decorator, Younker Brothers, Des Moines, Iowa

THE Grays moved into their new home four years ago. They had watched it building and, as it grew, began studying the possibilities of the different rooms. They felt they could buy only a limited number of things, but they wished to plan the house completely and purchase as they could.

We visited their old house to see what could be incorporated in the new. They had a fine piano, an old square mahogany table, not too large to serve as the principal living-room table, a small tilt table in mahogany with delicate inlay, an old clock, fire dogs, shovel and tongs, brass candlesticks, old pewter, some Italian pottery, a pair of old mahogany picture frames, a good table lamp and a gateleg table. The other living and dining room pieces were to be discarded because they were either badly worn or the family tastes had outgrown them. The bedroom furniture seemed adequate for the present. One compromise, however, they made: The rugs seemed too good to sacrifice, although no one liked them; they were the typical "scroll design in soft colors" with a border. These were to be used for a year or two and then the floor was to be covered with carpet.

From a tiny hall we step down into the living room through a broad arch. The fireplace is diagonally opposite; on either side of it are casement windows; to the north are wider casements, balancing the French doors on the south, which lead to the open porch. On the east beyond the arch to the hall are two sets of recessed bookshelves with the dining-room entrance between, all harmoniously arched in the plaster. The woodwork is of walnut—the fireplace, doors, baseboard and cornice. There is no wood trim about the windows, as the steel casings are set in the plaster. An interesting balance is felt between the fireplace and stairway, and striking contrasts between light walls and dark woodwork.

Begin With the Piano

WE BEGAN our arrangement with the piano. It seemed to fit best near the north window because the coat closet obtruding into the room was less noticeable when the rest of the space was completely filled. The room then needed another heavy group on the other side of the fireplace, a davenport with the square table back of it. A comfortable chair would fit into the curve of the piano with the tip table; a small armchair was needed between the bookshelves and hall arch, as well as several small straight chairs for guests. In the dining room the gateleg table was to be used with a serving table. Four new chairs would be added. These things and curtains for the whole house were to be the only purchases at this time. Everything was to be planned as a permanent investment, so must have character and be fitted to endure.

In the store we selected a well-constructed davenport with down cushions in a green sateen cover, a deep wing chair of similar construction and cover, a maple open armchair in a summer-garden glazed chintz and four straight chairs from France, two in dark beech and two in the natural beech finish, all with straw seats. The combination of different woods and finishes was possible because all of the pieces were related in scale and spirit though of different nationalities and periods. For the dining room we chose four rawhide-seat chairs with simple slat backs, which were to be painted and used with slip seats of chintz.

Next came the curtains; there were to be no shades, as steel casements had been used throughout. We agreed that one set of curtains was all we should use at a window; these must serve all the purposes of color, seclusion and tempering the light. They were to be fairly heavy and equipped with traverse so as to be easily adjusted. Since there were no casings, spring sockets fitted very tightly were used. In the living and dining rooms with the white plaster walls and dark wood we used a clear ivory casement with a design in the weave, trimmed with a ball fringe in colors. For the owner's bedroom we chose a red-and-cream casement bound in red, for daughter's room a French glazed chintz in yellow, orchid and jade on ivory, and for the bathroom a cream casement bound in green, the color of the paint on the cupboards. These colors were all chosen because of their fitness for the future schemes of the rooms. They were well made and hung, so that they might last a number of years.

For accessories in the living room were the old mahogany clock, which just fitted into the niche near the door, a *tôle* tray for over the mantel, a pair of brass candlesticks, a table lamp, book ends, the fire dogs, shovel and tongs, a few figures for the bookshelves, above the books, and a pair of mahogany frames in which had been placed flower prints. A large vase of Italian pottery was on the piano and a basket for magazines at the end of the davenport. The wicker pieces were arranged on the open porch, the beds, chests and dressers installed, and the Grays moved into their new home with a part of their hearts' desires still to be realized.

For two years they added very little; a footstool, a pewter lamp, another table lamp. Then they began to feel the inadequacy of the white plaster walls. We had suggested that they paper as soon as possible, so one day all three came in to select paper for the entire house. In the living and dining rooms we had recommended a background paper and were glad that they liked the well-known diamond-and-star design with the lines in green, the star in gold on an uneven ivory ground. This blended with the casement curtains and was strong enough to use with the dark walnut.

Landscape Paper

A LANDSCAPE paper in tones of tan with the vistas of foliage framed was used in the hall. It gave a feeling of distance when looking into the hall from the living room and kept the end of the hall from closing in on one entering. In the owner's room with the red-and-cream casement we chose the toile stag hunt in warm grays on the same creamy ground as that of the curtains. In the daughter's room the blue-green paper with gold stars seemed just right and in the bathroom half-formal bouquets. The paper was given a coat of colorless wall-paper glaze to make it waterproof.

Our carpet department staged an excellent sale of discontinued carpets; it seemed too good an opportunity for them to miss to replace the increasingly unsatisfactory rugs. We found one in deep red violet; it had none of the muddy cast of some raisin and eggplant colors. It was almost a dark garnet with the pattern a half tone lighter and very inconspicuous. Dark enough to support the walnut tone of the woodwork, it connected with the red cement floor of the porch and made it an excellent foil for

(Continued on Page 151)

American Homes Are Only Enjoying One-Third of Their Beauty, Convenience, Eye Comfort and Safety!

ADD-A-LIGHT

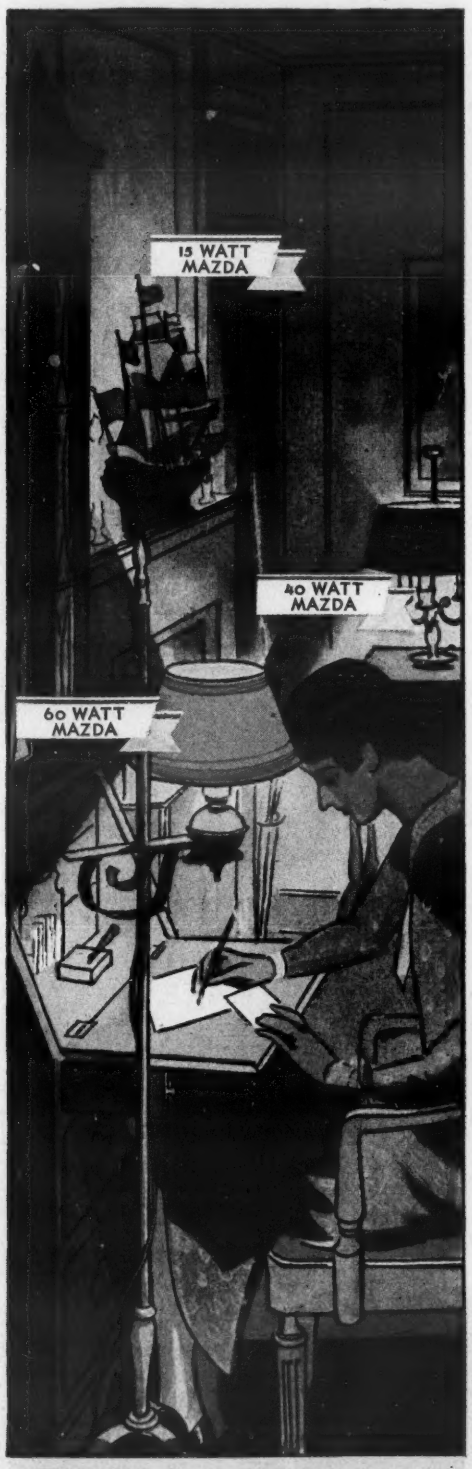
. . A movement to show American women how simple and inexpensive it is to promote better living with light.

IT is estimated that the average home contains only three portable lamps. Great lighting experts say that each family needs at least ten such lamps to enjoy the full beauty, eye comfort and safety that good lighting gives so effectively and economically. *Here is a yardstick for every woman with a home of which she is proud, and a family whose welfare is her daily care, to judge for herself the true lighting condition in her own environment.*

Light in the home is woman's responsibility. Rightly she has made it so. Eighty-five per cent of the table lamps, bridge lamps, floor lamps, bed lamps and other portable lighting units used in the American home are purchased by her. And the reason why the sale of portable lamps has increased so tremendously in the past few years is a direct tribute to the growing consciousness on the part of women of the need, not only of more light, but of light so flexible in character that it fits into the swiftly moving tempo of modern living.

Right now special showings of newly designed floor and table

ADD-A-LIGHT

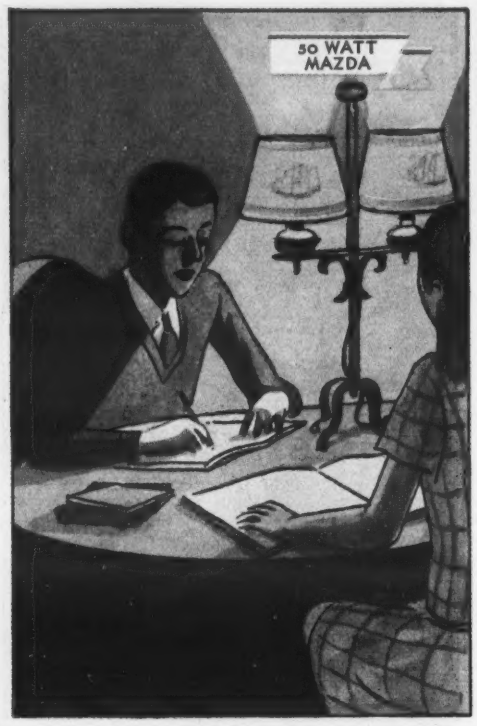


Writing becomes a pleasure when your desk is flooded with light from a 60 watt MAZDA lamp. Keep annoying shadows away and direct light out of your eyes. The ship is silhouetted in an interesting way with a 15 watt MAZDA colored lamp.

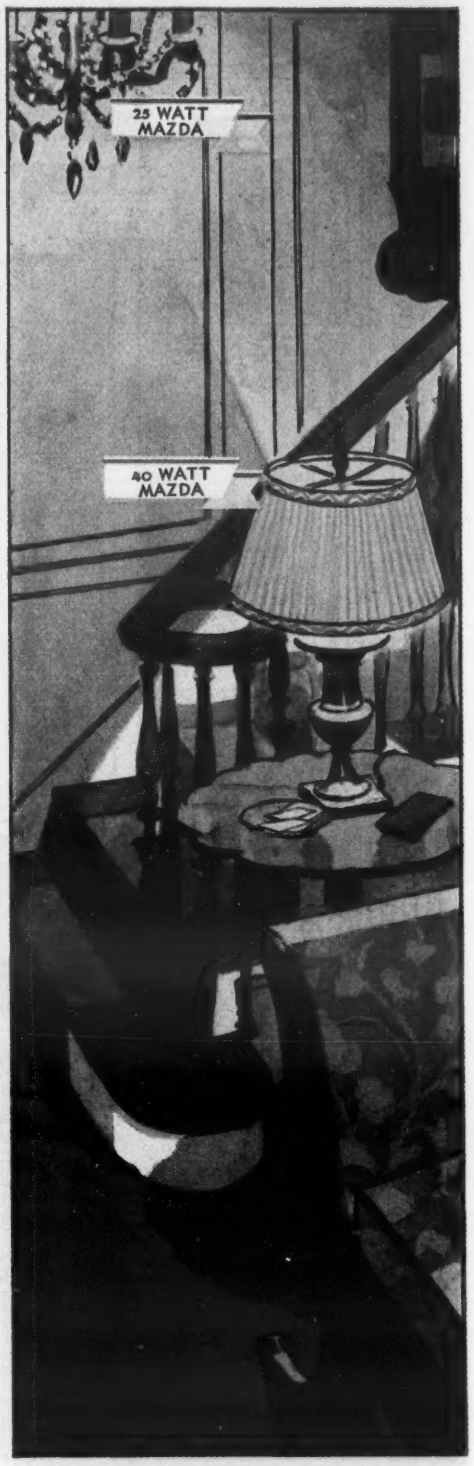
Light creates beautiful settings which are achieved in no other way. The candlesticks use 25 watt MAZDA lamps while a lighted glass ornament between the candlesticks uses a 15 watt MAZDA lamp. Cupboards, too, can be beautified with light.

Satisfactory "make up" and hair dressing are attained more quickly and positively under good lighting. You have good lighting when you place 50 watt MAZDA lamps in brackets or vanity lamps on either side of the mirror.

Does your living room have just one well-lighted place which must be shared by all? Why not make every member of the family happy with a lighted spot where each one may read, sew or study in comfort and without fatigue.



As young eyes are susceptible to injury, give them plenty of well-shaded light. Have adequate light at the study table and over or beside the bed. Use light colored shades and do not let raw light shine into your children's eyes.



Light for safety as well as for beauty. A lamp at the foot of the stairs—and one at the top, too—gets the youngest and oldest members of the family safely up or down, even over children's toys and carelessly placed packages.

ADD-A-LIGHT

lamps and other lighting fixtures have been arranged throughout the country.

Just now displays are to be seen in department stores, electric appliance shops, chain stores, and at the sales rooms of lighting companies.

New and surprising ideas in the construction of lighting fixtures are included in these interesting displays.

Be sure during the next few days to see these improved, inexpensive, and attractive fixtures.

Light for Beauty

Good light is essential to the beauty of a home, and it is an important aid to the protection and preservation of personal beauty. Women who strain their eyes in poor light become sufferers from headache, nervousness, insomnia, and other ills that are harmful to beauty and the youthful appearance that, once lost, can never be coaxed to return.

Frowning, a common result of eye-strain, brings on wrinkles that soon become permanent. The woman who dresses in poor light is likely to mar her beauty by weird effects in her make-up.

Light for Convenience

Many advantages accompany good light. It makes work easier, reduces waste and breakage in the kitchen, and has been known to bring cheerfulness even into that part of the house where work is the keynote.

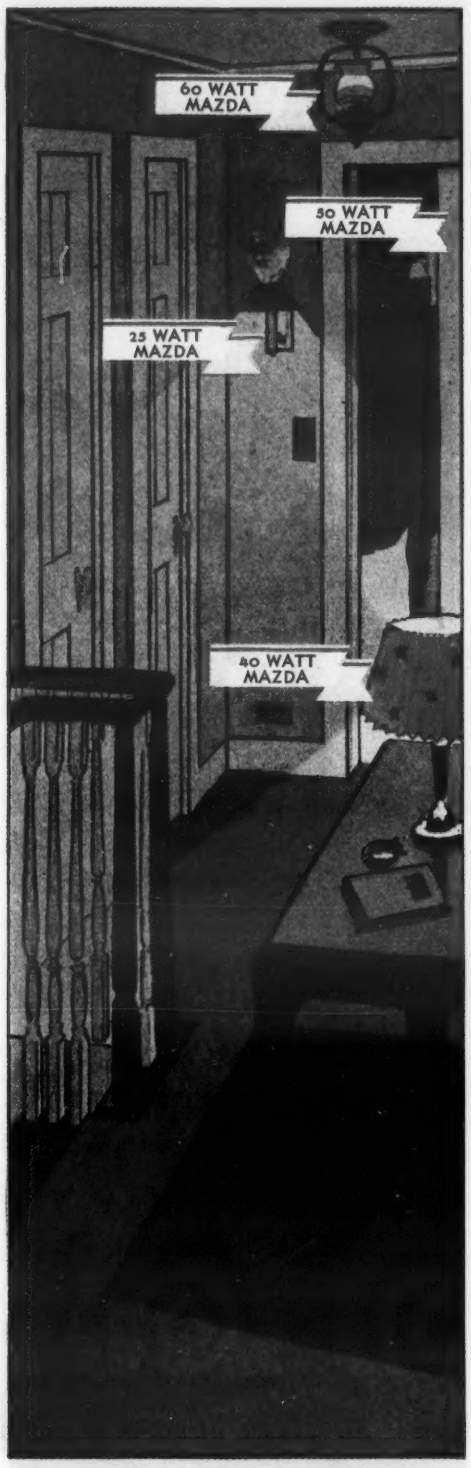
In the sewing room, good light prevents mistakes and eye-strain.

Lighted closets make it easy to take proper care of clothes, and to select such garments as are wanted, without disturbing others.

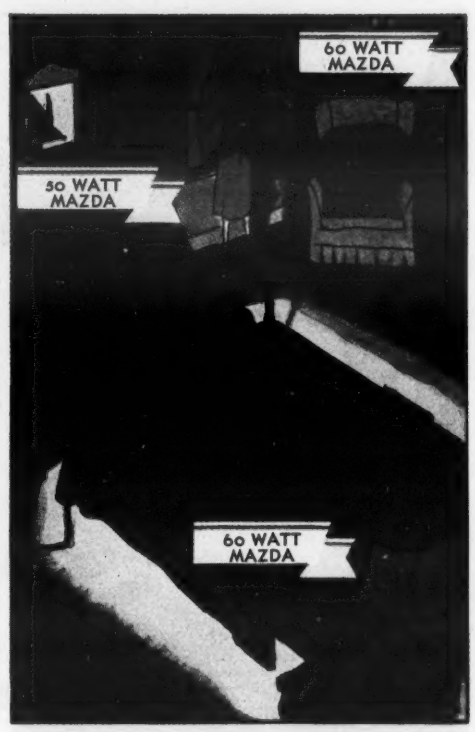
In the laundry, the furnace room, the store room, and the garage, good light is a convenience that is too important to be disregarded.

Every man has the inalienable right to enjoy the advantages of shaving in a well lighted bath room. Why let nicked chins and peeled Adam's apples cause overcrowding in the divorce courts? Good light is as essential to a smooth, satisfactory shave as a keen razor. It saves time and promotes the aspect of cleanliness.

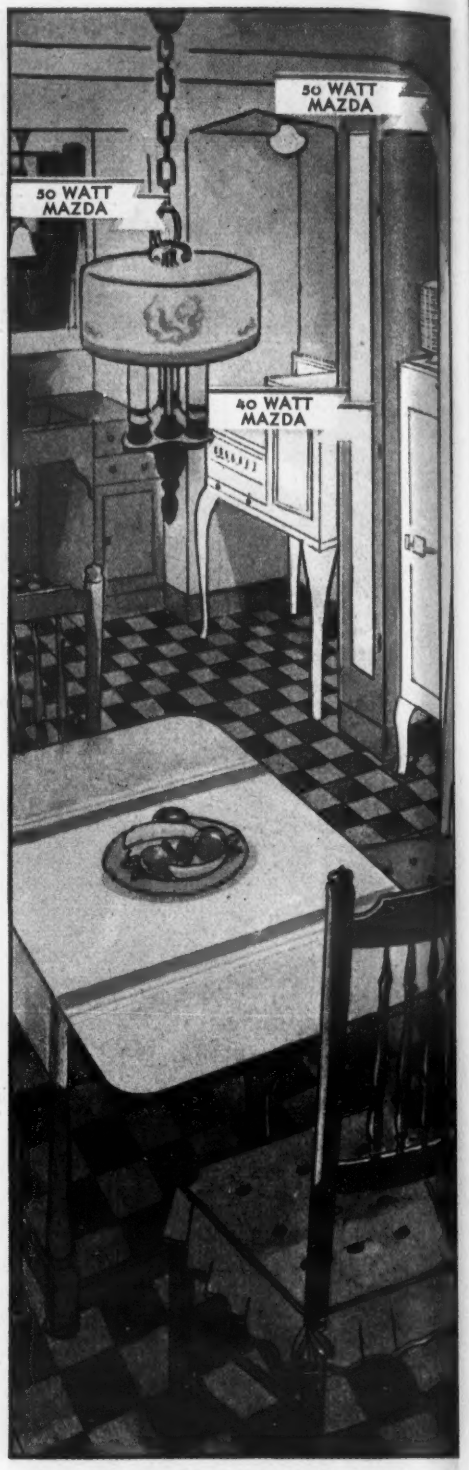
ADD-A-LIGHT



The upstairs hall needs a 60 watt MAZDA lamp in the center fixture, a 25 watt MAZDA lamp in the attractive wall bracket and a 40 watt MAZDA lamp in the table lamp. A hall light can be left burning all night for less than two cents.



Light reassures and calms the awakened child. Light also minimizes the effect of disturbing noises. A 25 watt MAZDA lamp under the bed enables you to get around without stumbling or exposing yourself to the plain view of possible intruders.



In addition to a 150 watt MAZDA Daylight lamp in the center kitchen light, supplementary lighting from 50 watt MAZDA lamps is needed at sink and range. The breakfast nook takes on charm when graced with comfortable glare-free light.

Light for Comfort

The modern living room is devoted to many uses. It should have lighting facilities adequate to a variety of needs. In addition to ceiling fixtures and wall brackets, there should be portable lamps for reading, for providing light at the piano, and for tables and nooks and corners where soft cushions invite relaxation.

Lighted ornaments are desirable for illuminating pictures or furnishing touches of color to round out or accentuate decorative ideas.

Provisions for lighting the living room should be such that all parts of it may be comfortably illuminated for bridge or the requirements of other special occasions. Graceful portable lamps with their colorful shades not only serve an important purpose in lighting, but become an attractive part of the living room furniture.

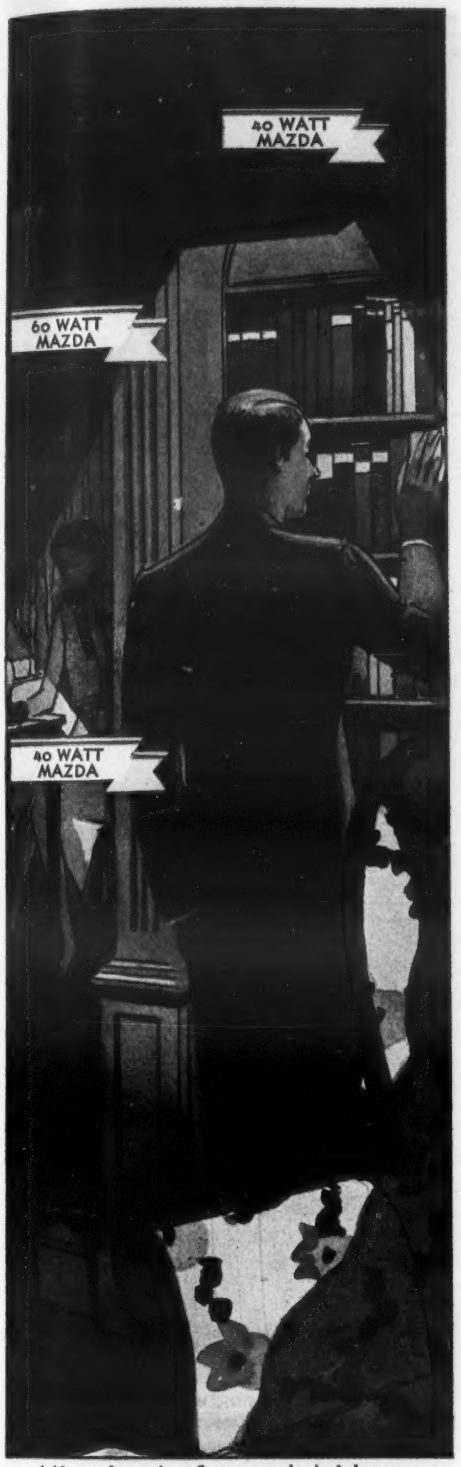
Light for Safety

Good light upon stairways and in halls is helpful in preventing accidents, especially to children and elderly people. Missteps in the dark are likely to be followed by painful injuries.

In homes where there are children good lighting is important not only because of its effectiveness in obviating accidents, but because young children's eyes are especially susceptible to the injurious consequence of poor light. Immature eyes strained in gloomy play rooms or at half lighted study tables may be affected permanently. Safeguard children's eyes by giving them good light.

Reading in bed with poor light is dangerous. In every bedroom there should be a table or floor lamp, to be placed wherever convenience requires it. A bracket lamp that may be fastened to the wall above the head of the bed furnishes good light for reading, if no portable lamp is available.

Light is your best protection against burglary. Be sure to leave one or more lamps lighted in your home when you go out for the evening. The cost of this insurance is only a few cents, even if you are out all evening, and aside from the element of protection there is added convenience and assurance in returning to a lighted home.

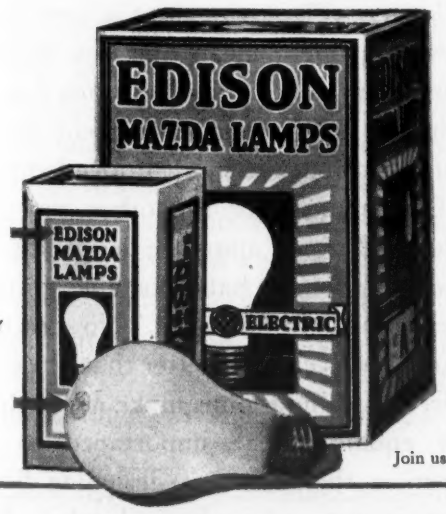


A 40 watt lamp, in reflector, over book shelves serves both utility and beauty. Colorfulness is enhanced and the particular book sought is readily found by the addition of this useful light source. A 40 watt MAZDA lamp by the telephone is an important lighting convenience.

Sewing time can be extended into the evening without eye fatigue or discomfort. Use a 100 watt MAZDA lamp overhead for general lighting. 60 watt MAZDA lamps in the floor or table lamp beside your chair, and a 15 watt lamp with small (candelabra) base, in the reflector, on the machine.

A new development in lighting is the indirect floor lamp. It uses a 200 or 300 watt MAZDA lamp and affords adequate and shadowless light for all players whether there be one or several tables. These lamps are also useful beside the piano, in hallways and in any room not now adequately lighted.

ADD-A-LIGHT



MARKS OF QUALITY

Light Your Home with MAZDA Lamps

This advertisement in the interest of correct home lighting is published by the Manufacturers of Edison MAZDA* Lamps and General Electric MAZDA* Lamps.

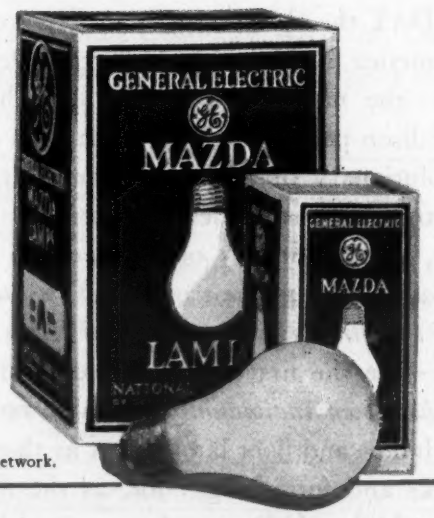
All references made here to the need of good lighting for the protection of health, beauty, and eye comfort are authoritative.

Be sure when you buy lamps to look for the familiar emblem GE the initials of a friend.

General Electric MAZDA Lamps and Edison MAZDA Lamps exemplify the highest achievement in lighting progress.

*MAZDA—not the name of a thing, but the mark of a research service

Join us in The General Electric Program, Broadcast every Saturday evening on a Nation-wide N. B. C. network.



EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

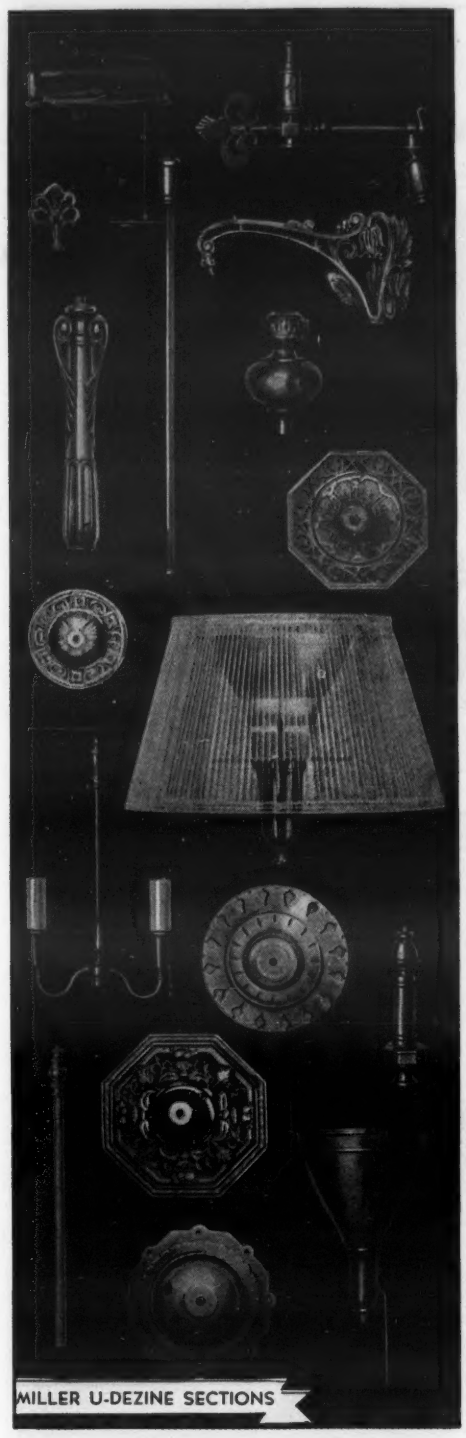
GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

How to

ADD-A-LIGHT

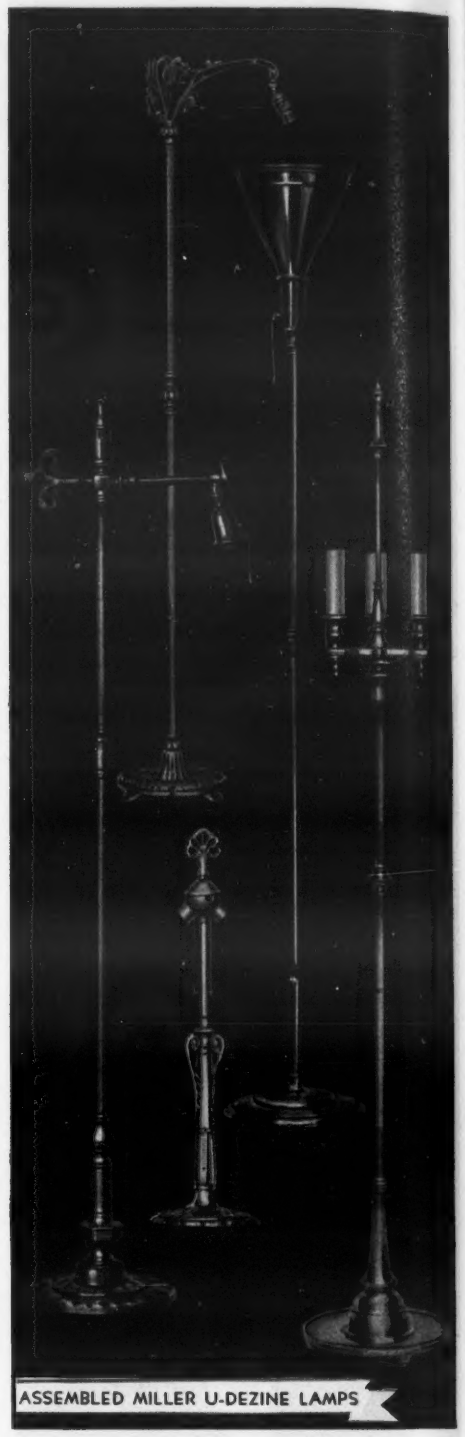
with Miller

U-DEZINE



MILLER U-DEZINE SECTIONS

ASSEMBLING U-DEZINE SECTIONS



ASSEMBLED MILLER U-DEZINE LAMPS

. . . AT LAST *there is*

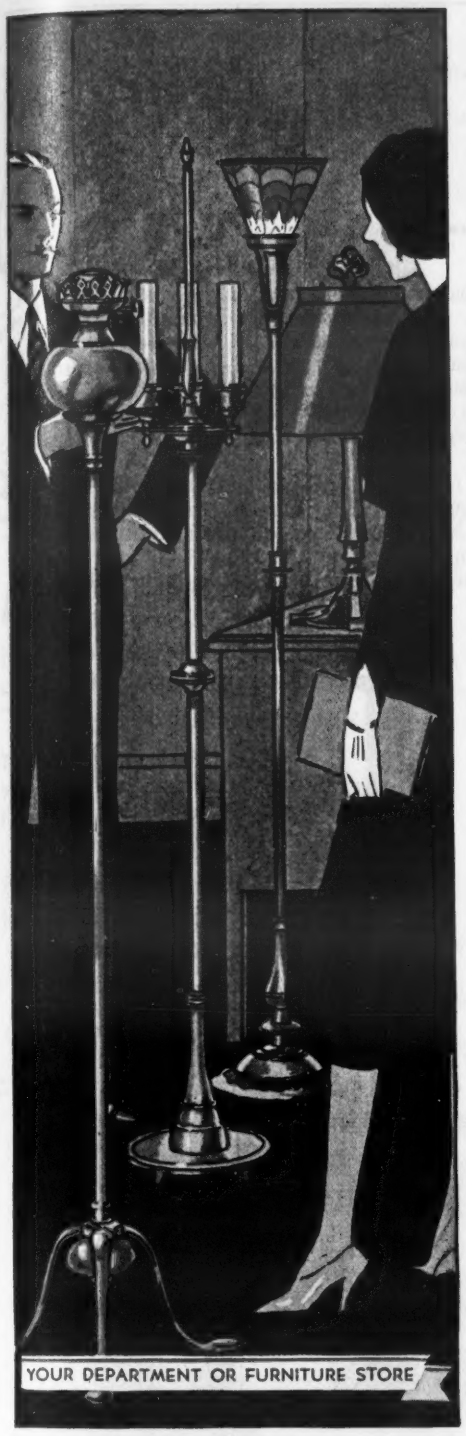
TODAY the oldest lamp manufacturer in America introduces Miller U-Dezine Lamps—the first new principle in lighting since Edison perfected electric light. An idea so revolutionary that it will instantly create new standards of smartness, new standards of beauty, new standards of convenience and perhaps, most important of all—*New Standards of Lighting Individually in the Home.*

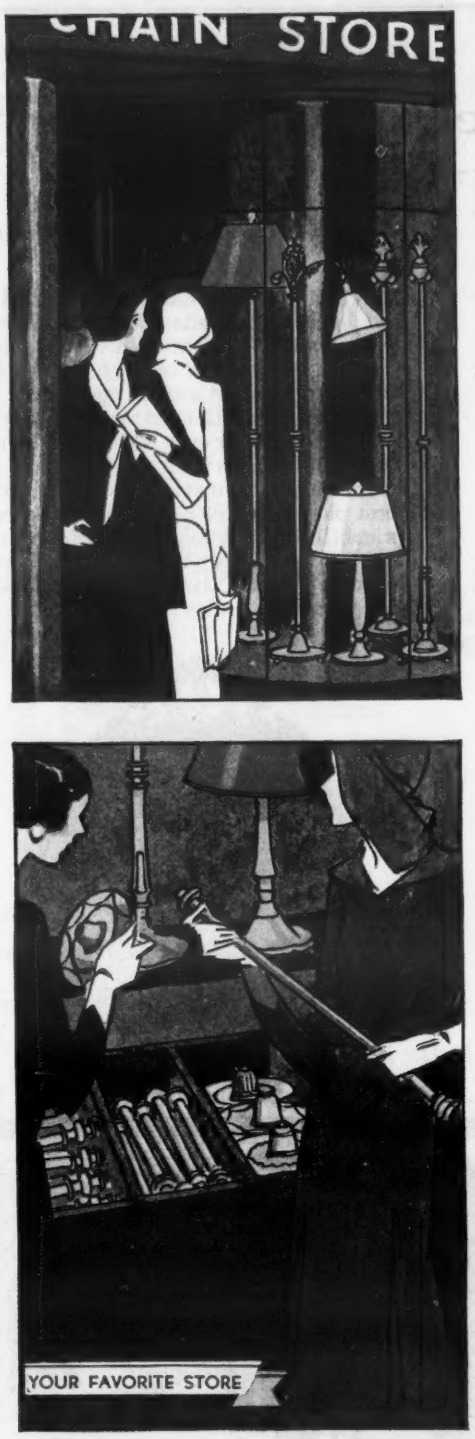
Now—for the first time—women can express *their own individuality* in table lamps, bridge lamps and floor lamps, just as they do in frocks and furnishings—for, as the name implies, Miller U-Dezine Lamps are built upon an entirely new principle which actually permits every woman to design her own lamps—to fit the size and shape of her rooms—to harmonize with colorings and decorations—*and to change the shape and character of her lamps at will!*

Miller U-Dezine Lamps are built and sold in sections. Every section is interchangeable. You buy the separate parts and assemble them to meet your individual requirements—to fit into your own decorative scheme, or buy a completed lamp. In a few moments—as simply, as safely, as easily as flipping a light switch, a beautiful Miller U-Dezine table lamp can be turned into a chic bridge lamp, a graceful floor lamp, or a duplexalite lamp. All the lamps in any room may vary in design or they may give the effect of an ensemble, as desired. With a few Miller U-Dezine Lamps in her home, any woman can create over a dozen different types and styles of illumination in a few minutes.

No longer will moving into a new home or a new apartment mean that new lamps will be necessary. The Miller U-Dezine floor lamp in the big living room of the old house instantly becomes the smart bridge lamp in the small apartment, or the other way about. Miller U-Dezine Lamps are designed to overcome the expensive habit portable lamps have of becoming "old-fashioned." No style change in lamp styles can be swifter than the changes Miller U-Dezine Lamps make available.

Of equally great importance to every woman is the fact that designing her own lamps is not a "mechanical job." *Because Miller U-Dezine Lamps are Wireless!* No wires to fuss with—no need for a single tool or even a kitchen apron. Each section screws simply and quickly together. In moving, shipping or





How to

ADD-A-LIGHT

with Miller

U-DEZINE

something new in LAMPS!

storing any Miller U-Dezine Lamp takes up less room than an umbrella.

Beautiful? All the craftsmanship and tradition of nearly 100 years of fine lamp making is reflected in the new Miller U-Dezine line of lamps. Like the famous Miller Duplexalite fixtures which are used where the highest type of indirect lighting is demanded, Miller U-Dezine Lamps are not only electrically correct, but they conform to the best lighting practice. Miller U-Dezine Lamps are kind to the eyes.

Expensive? Miller U-Dezine Lamps, due to new methods of production, are actually lower in price than lamps of similar metals and materials. *Plus* that, there are the tremendous advantages afforded by their new smartness, their new beauty and their new opportunities for self-expression in lighting.

Make a point of seeing these wonderful new lamps tomorrow. There is no more charming, convenient or more inexpensive way of adding new lights for better living than a Miller U-Dezine Lamp. You may see them demonstrated at your nearest department store, chain store or lighting company's display room, electrical store or furniture store—or if you desire, simply fill in the attached coupon and read the interesting story of Miller U-Dezine and the possibilities it opens up in beautifying your own home.

THE MILLER COMPANY, *Meriden, Conn. Display Room,* The Miller Galleries, 24 West 40th Street, New York.

THE MILLER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

Gentlemen:

Please send me a copy of the interesting story of the new Miller U-Dezine Lamps, which open up many fascinating possibilities for beautifying my home.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

MILLER LAMPS

OF DISTINCTIVE CRAFTSMANSHIP

We will answer for you

What two colors go best with maple or pine furniture?

How shall I treat the great wall space in the stair-well?

How should I paper the bedrooms of an English-type house?

This Book tells how to give your home PERSONALITY

Send 10¢ for "Improve It With Wallpaper"—an authentic handbook for home decorators.

There is scarcely a question you could ask about any room in your house that is not clearly answered between the covers of the fascinating new book "Improve It With Wallpaper." The effect of patterns on the apparent size and shape of rooms, the successful treatment of architectural peculiarities—these phases of home decorating and many more are here discussed and described by experts. Look in the Book for the "Individual Information" Card. It brings you expert advice free.

IMPROVE IT WITH WALL PAPER

The resources of The Wallpaper Association are yours to command. Expert advice on your *individual* problems is freely and gladly given. In your copy of the book you will find a return postal which you may fill out to obtain further help in decorating your own home. Use it!

THE WALLPAPER ASSOCIATION, 10 E. 40th St., N.Y.
Please enter my name on your Free Individual Information List and send me your book "Improve It With Wallpaper." I enclose 10¢.

B-6

Name ----------

Address----------
My Wallpaper
Dealer's Name----------

Pictures for Your Home

By MARGERY CURREY

Educational Director, American Art Bureau, Chicago

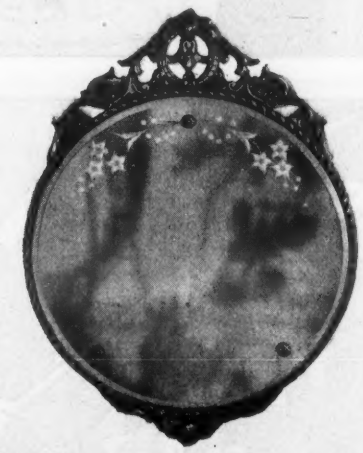
French prints in color are lovely for bedrooms, in simple gilt or delicately tinted frames.

DEEP-TONED walls need dignified pictures, lustrous and rich in color—distinguished portraits or fine landscapes. A picture in vivid colors brightens a dark corner. For light walls select pictures of finer detail and delicate color.

A mat may be used to emphasize the beauties of a picture. Oil paintings or reproductions are framed without mats; water colors, etchings, mezzotints, wood blocks and engravings, with mats and narrow molding. Use mats in soft tones—not dead white—ivory, gray, gold or even pastel tints with certain pictures. For color prints the frames may be toned with color to harmonize.

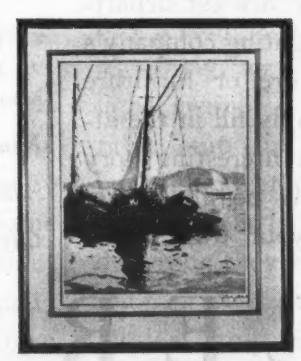
Try frames and mats for becomingness—frames in soft tones of gold harmonize with most pictures in color. Narrow black frames are good on etchings, vivid prints and prim little botany subjects. Wide frames of simple design are for large oil paintings and their reproductions. Your picture hobby may be expressed on the walls of your own bedroom—framed photographs of friends, travel scenes, Godey prints, or colorful garden pictures in groups opposite a mirror.

A pair of pictures is effective, hung on either side of a mirror or in corresponding wall spaces, or side by side, as a unit. Their frames must match.



They should be somewhat similar in subject, in the same medium. Etchings or small prints or silhouettes lend themselves to this arrangement.

The central wall space in the living room invites a large picture, or a group of small ones, of restful imaginative subject—perhaps a landscape, marine or gracious portrait. The lower of two pictures should be smaller than the one above.



Colorful pictures—wood blocks, flower prints, etchings—arranged, near the mirror as seen here or on make one welcome in the hospitable hallway; primly an opposite wall, thus doubling their value.

Instant Improvement

in your skin after this marvelous

Beauty Bath!

MERELY dissolve half a package of Linit in your bath—then enjoy the soothing sensation of a rich, cream-like bath.

After a luxurious Linit Beauty Bath you instantly "feel" the results—your skin is unusually soft and delightful to the touch.

Which explains why the Linit Beauty Bath is so popular among thousands of fastidious women.

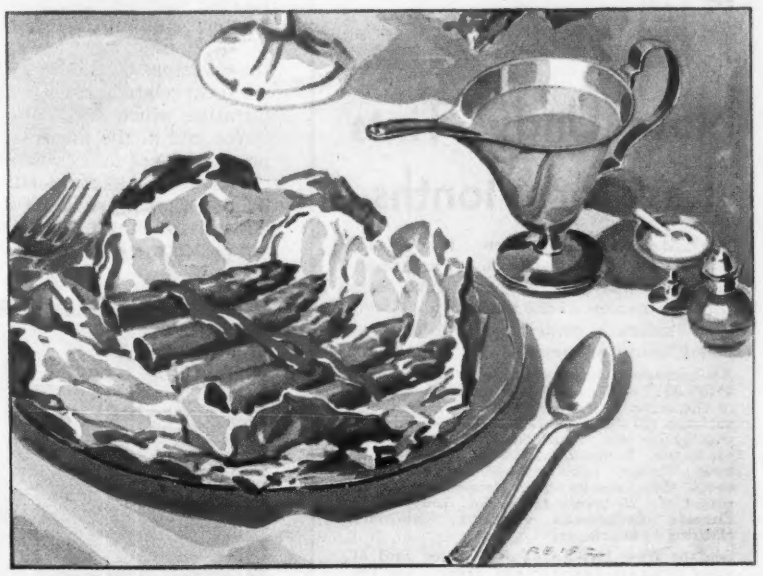
After your Linit Bath, powdering is unnecessary, as Linit leaves just the right amount of powder on the skin, evenly spread. You will find that Linit adheres well, absorbs perspiration without caking and eliminates "shine".

Linit is sold by your grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

WHEN MAZOLA IS USED

the saving is in dollars instead of pennies



Corn Products Refining Co.
New York City

Gentlemen:

MAZOLA makes wonderful salad dressing instead of _____ in your favorite dressing. See if your family can tell the difference. Many times the only difference that will be noticed is that those in the family who do not like ____ dressing will eat it and call for more. If anyone makes salad dressing as often as we do at our house the saving when Mazola is used instead of _____ will be in dollars instead of pennies.

I use Mazola because it takes all the drudgery out of cooking. I love to cook but it always seemed such a bother to me to dig out hard shortening, and then when the shortening had to be creamed—it took so long. But now, it is all so different with Mazola in the pantry—Mazola is always ready.

It isn't necessary to have special recipes for Mazola. We can use all our favorite recipes, simply using Mazola for whatever shortening is called for, and we feel certain it will turn out better than ever before. It will also be more nutritious and wholesome. I have found when using Mazola for other shortenings, that not as much is required. If one cup is called for, I use ¾ cup and it will be just right and a few pennies will be saved. A penny saved is a penny earned, so Mazola helps us earn the pennies that make the dollars.

Ruth Junkins
Lyme Center
New Hampshire

"The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods," by IDA BAILEY ALLEN, is now in its sixth edition—so great has been the demand for this valuable book of nearly 300 modern recipes. Fill out and mail the coupon, enclosing ten cents, and we will promptly send you your copy.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING CO.
Dept. L-11, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station
New York City

Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin). Kindly send me my copy of "The Modern Method of Preparing Delightful Foods."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

Now "Undy" Tints Last for Months

REMARKABLE *New* INSTANT RIT makes it easy to get smartest, daintiest Parisian shades which last through *many extra* washings. Keeps your delicate underthings fresh and new-looking for months.

An exclusive German formula makes *New* INSTANT RIT colors penetrate to *every fiber* of the material instead of merely tinting the surfaces. All shades come out *clearer, richer,* exactly like new. *New* INSTANT RIT is simple to use. It quickly dissolves in your washbowl. Colors "take" evenly, no streaks, no spots. Gives results any professional would be proud of. 25 lovely colors for: Lingerie . . Dresses . . Bedspreads . . Curtains . . Children's clothing . . Scarfs, etc.

See the *New* INSTANT RIT color card at your drug or department store. 15c for large size package. Note: ALL RIT is *New* INSTANT RIT whether so marked on package or not.

•

WHITE RIT—Color Remover
(Harmless as Boiling Water)

Any color, even black, completely removed from all materials by WHITE RIT (color remover). Also takes spots and stains from white goods—even ink, fruit, perspiration, rust, etc. Restores "yellowed" or "grayed" white goods to original whiteness.

•

"Sunshine Colors" for curtains

One or two dips in *New* INSTANT RIT French ecru or gold, and your faded curtains are quickly and easily restored to new life and smartness with the season's fashionable "sunshine colors."

New INSTANT **RIT**

NOT a soap . . . *A tinting and dyeing powder in convenient CAKE form. Dissolves in 40 seconds.*

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Cleans like soap in water.

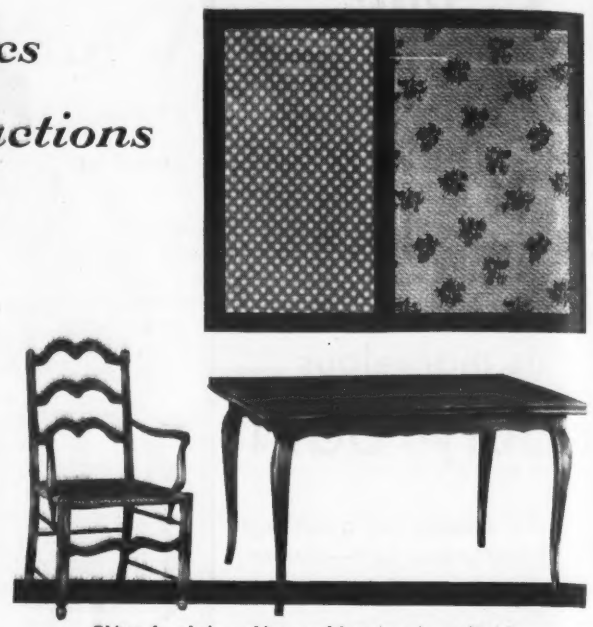
Rit Dry Cleaner Compound is a wonderful new discovery that, when mixed with naphtha or gasoline, stops the most common cause of explosions—dangerous sparks caused by the friction of rubbing garments. Tested and confirmed by leading universities. Adds 50% to the effectiveness of any cleaner. Takes out spots that ordinary cleaning fluids alone cannot touch. Keep away from flame—but *rubbing* is perfectly safe. 50c for large can at your drug, hardware store, or filling station. *If your dealer is unable to supply you, send 50c in stamps to* Rit Products Corp., Sales Agents, 1401 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

RIT Dry Cleaner Compound

Using Today's Fabrics With Period Reproductions

By KATHARINE MORRISON KAHLE

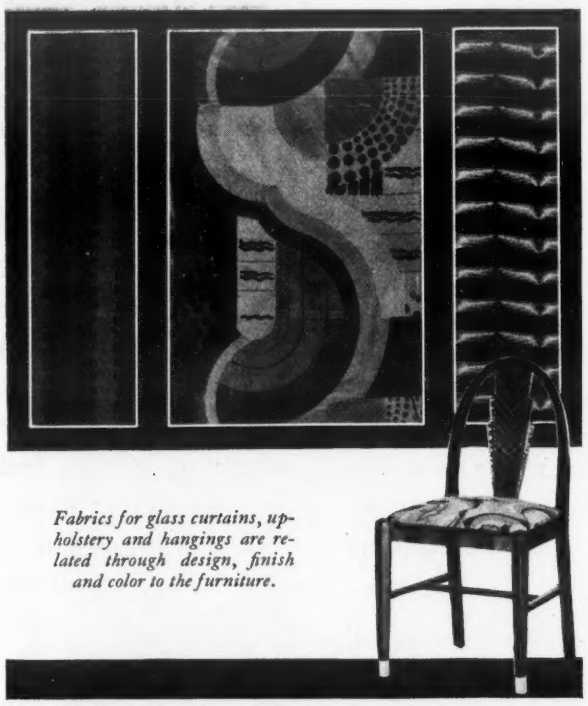
Author of An Outline of Period Furniture



Chintz for chair cushions and hangings is used with a French Provincial set.

WHEN choosing new fabrics for our rooms we have to think of the color, of cost, of the wearing quality; and most important of all we should consider the furniture with which the fabrics are to be used. A chair may have a Queen Anne leg, a table may be ornamented with Chippendale fretwork, while another piece may show simple Colonial ancestry. All these indications of period style should be noticed and capitalized when selecting hangings and upholstery, rugs and accessories. By means of their line, form, color and texture, the selections should be in the spirit of the period or related periods introduced by the furniture which determines these points.

We find in the present-day market reproductions of fabrics of all the historical periods as well as many adaptations made by modern designers after studying the old patterns, so that it is not a difficult task to reproduce the spirit of other days.



Fabrics for glass curtains, upholstery and hangings are related through design, finish and color to the furniture.

There are delightful colors and interesting patterns in modern haircloth that should destroy the prejudice against the "old haircloth sofa." The one fabric that will always be dear to the hearts of those contemplating a Colonial house is gay colorful chintz, glazed or unglazed. Colonial furniture to use with chintzes is simple—gateleg tables, Windsor and ladder-backed chairs, poster beds, draped dressing tables, sofas and chairs with slip covers.

Three Rooms

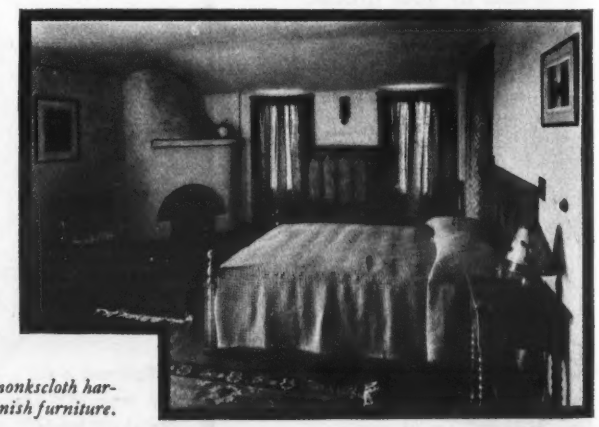
IN THE accompanying illustrations I have selected the period furniture and have then chosen the hangings, glass curtains and upholstery to be used with it. Although the materials are not, in every case, exact reproductions of those used in the period chosen, they are, I think, suggestive of the same spirit, texture and degree of impressiveness as the furniture. In every instance I have tried to select furniture and materials which are not only excellent in design and true to the period, but also suitable for the average-sized house and the modest purse. I have also endeavored to select materials not shown before.

The French Provincial dining-room set chosen was influenced by Louis XV style. It consists of a draw-top table, a sideboard, a serving table, a china closet, and chairs with ladder backs and rush seats. With this set one may use the delightful glazed chintz illustrated. It shows a small, naïve, red-and-green flower spray on a fresh green ground of small waves. For cushions on the chairs or to cover a small upholstered chair is the print showing a white pin wheel with a blue-dot center, on a deep rose ground. A rug with tiny rectangles of black and dull green upon a natural warp would be inexpensive and appropriate in this room. Quaint Quimper pottery may be used for dishes. The color scheme of the room may be changed if you wish to use the chintz with the yellow background and the print with a green ground, a red pin wheel and a yellow dot.

For those who are interested in the modernistic decoration which is gaining so much favor, I have chosen furniture of the contemporary period.

The dining-room set in the illustration consists of an extension table, a buffet, a china cabinet and an armchair and side chairs. The suit is made of antique walnut with a trimming of satinwood on the doors and on the apron of the table. For use with this simple, well-designed set, I have selected one of the modernistic patterns of glazed chintz. It is a design of curves, dots and lines in turquoise blue, violet, dull pink and apricot. The glass curtain to accompany these draperies is a voile with an air-brushed pattern of blue green. When hung at the window its delicacy of color and figure does not detract from the pattern in the hangings. If your room scheme is an individual one, of course, it will be necessary to cover the chairs with material of your own selection, and nothing could be more appropriate or more distinctive in color than the new Celtic cloth illustrated. I have chosen the one in violet and turquoise, which harmonizes so well with the colors in the chintz draperies. The rug in this room might be deep turquoise or violet with a black border. You can obtain these colors in plain Wilton, as well as in linen and wool rugs, in any required size.

The Spanish bedroom is a harmony of textures. The hand-troweled plaster wall and the tiled hearth set the texture key of the room. This is repeated in the rough monkscloth draperies in a bold pattern of red and green interwoven with the natural warp. The bed cover is a green checked monkscloth. The furniture is of adapted Spanish design, antique paint, with color decorations. The Oriental rugs are in bold pattern and coloring which suggest the same spirit of strength as the other objects of the room.



Hangings and bedcover of monkscloth harmonize in texture with Spanish furniture.

Taste, Not Money

IT IS not money but taste and common sense in the selection of materials that determine the charm and beauty of a house. As a general rule, it is better to err on the side of simplicity than on that of elaborateness. Beware of getting too much for your money. If furniture has deceived you in its appearance, there is probably a deception in the structure that you have not noticed, but which will cause trouble later on.

Choose objects that are suitable for the setting in which you have to place them. If you set your key of line by choosing straight-line Spanish furniture, then do not spoil the effect by introducing patterns of materials to upholster the furniture that have curves which suggest the rococo. If you have chosen a table with a heavy six-inch-diameter leg, then do not choose a chair whose leg tapers to an inch.

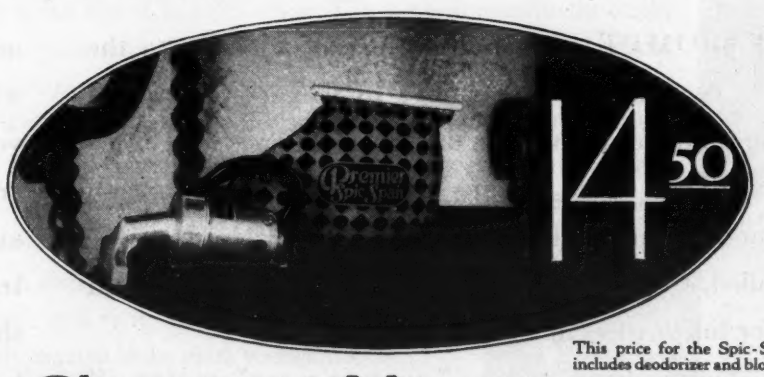
If the texture of your walls is rough hand-troweled plaster, do not place against it the gay, smooth and light textures of satin and taffeta.

Premier Reputation Won by Performance —NOT BY CLAIMS

Last year, after 20 years of constantly improving Premiers, we made a new and distinctive contribution to ease the housewife's work . . . To replace electric cleaner attachments we offered the little Spic-Span, a handy, light-weight electric cleaner for furniture, hangings, clothes and odd jobs. This idea brought instant acclaim—women all over the land welcomed this idea . . . But now comes a year for a new Premier—one with 50% greater cleaning efficiency, with many refinements, the finest Premier of our career . . . This new Premier is too fine a machine to flatter with exaggerated, boisterous claims. The plain facts of its superiority are sufficient to win it new friends. Merit is its own reward. We have not denied ourselves the opportunity of costly advancements in design—need you deny yourself the satisfaction of Premier performance? The Premier Unit costs no more—in fact you may have two cleaners for about the usual price of one—the larger Premier for floors, the Spic-Span for little jobs . . . We invite you to become acquainted with the new Premiers, to know their many betterments. We feel certain your good judgment will reward them with their proper place in your estimation.

Floor models, large and small. All with motor-driven brush, ball-bearing motor, no oiling. Light weight. New, trouble-free rubber-covered cord. Floor polisher for giving a glistening wax finish.

Also the famous Spic-Span, a 4-pound hand cleaner to use instead of attachments. Comes with blower and deodorizer.



This price for the Spic-Span includes deodorizer and blower.

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Today, have gritty, "summer-worn" motor oil drained from your crankcase. Have it refilled with the new Texaco. This crack-proof, longer-lasting motor oil will give you better daily performance and make your car last longer. Let the Texaco Service man grease the chassis and remove the annoying squeaks and rattles. Have him go over the differential and transmission. It can all be done while you are shopping and what a difference it will make in the feel, the comfort, the life of your car.

THE TEXAS COMPANY—*Texaco Petroleum Products*

THE NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

LONGER—LASTING . . . "CRACK—PROOF"

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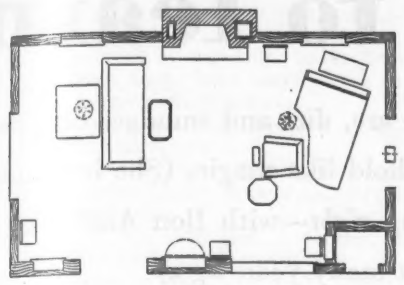
Furnishing a House in Four Years

(Continued from Page 139)



the different woods of the furniture. Its depth and glow of color brought them together as the rugs could not do. At once the rooms seemed larger, and for the first time the hall, living room and dining room seemed to belong together.

But there was also a disappointment. The green sateen covers were no longer satisfactory; at night they looked dead and, even in a bright light, were uninteresting. Slip covers were to have come ultimately, so it seemed wise to add them then. We tried a number of fabrics until we found a certain glazed chintz with a lustrous black background covered with garlands and bunches of flowers in scarlet, violet, clear yellow, jade and ivory. This gave just the flair we wanted. The chair and davenport were done alike with pleated ruffles and piped in jade.

This helped, but not quite enough. We added a new lamp shade with red in the border, a mirror of Early American spirit topped with a gold eagle, and a maple coffee table.

These made the room completely respond to the carpet.

ORIGINAL PURCHASES

Davenport in sateen	$175.00
Wing chair in sateen	100.00
Chintz-covered chair	55.00
2 Brittany chairs at $22.00	44.00
2 Brittany chairs at $19.00	38.00
Curtains for living and dining rooms	89.00
Curtains for owner's room	35.00
Curtains for daughter's room	$ 26.00
Curtains for bath	8.00
Curtains for kitchen	7.00
Total	$577.00

SECOND PURCHASES, WALL PAPERS

For the living and dining rooms, 24 rolls of side wall at $1.50	$ 36.00
For the hall, 18 rolls of side wall at $3.00	54.00
For the bath, 4 rolls of side wall at $2.00	8.00
For owner's room, 10 rolls at $1.00	10.00
For daughter's room, 12 rolls at $1.00	12.00
34 Rolls of ceiling at 50c	17.00
Labor of hanging, painting woodwork in kitchen and bath	279.00
Total	$416.00

LAST PURCHASES

Carpet for living and dining rooms	$239.00
Slip covers for davenport and chair	$ 72.00
Coffee table	19.00
Mirror	75.00
Lamp and shade	35.00
Total	$201.00
Sun room tile-top table	$ 24.00
Ivy stand of iron	22.00
Total	$ 46.00
Drop-leaf maple table	$ 52.00
4 Maple chairs at $25.00	$100.00
2 Corner cupboards at $69.50	139.00
Total	$291.00
Chair for owner's room	$ 65.00
Lamp and shade	19.00
Total	$ 84.00
Bed for daughter's room	$ 49.00
Dresser	60.00
Mirror	25.00
Dressing table and bench	70.00
Pair of lamps and shades	15.00
Total	$219.00
Original Purchases	$ 577.00
Second Purchases, Wall Papers	416.00
Last Purchases	1080.00
Total expenditures for four years	$2073.00

Light

(Continued from Page 19)

their suspenders again. If only they had someone who knew—some senior—to tell them! How could they guess that even seniors sometimes make mistakes?

It was of a senior by the name of Pawling that Saxon, of the arts faculty, lingered to speak with John, when the guests were going.

"I'm sorry you've this rather dismal business to start off with, Doctor Allen. You've had the papers in young Pawling's case, have you not?"

"I believe so. Doctor Riggs sent me a statement this morning. It has to do——"

"With young Pawling's article in yesterday's Daily—he's the hold-over editor from last year, you know. . . . Mind you, I've liked Pawling. A good boy and a brilliant one; had him in my courses. But after all——"

John looked at the ground.

"I'll go through the dean's statement directly, Mr. Saxon. That is—after dinner."

"If you would! Riggs and I will be over then, say, at nine?"

John and Ellen, his wife, stood on the porch in the soft evening, after dinner, gazing out through the near constellation of the campus at the brief Milky Way of the town lights beyond.

"Well, John, here you are."

"Here *we* are, you mean. It's your doing, of course."

"Pshaw! It was your record at Bullassa College——"

"And what was my record at Bullassa?"

"A record of infinite patience, infinite open-mindedness and infinite tact."

"But take open-mindedness, Ellen; in itself it's not always——"

"Don't underestimate that virtue, John. It brought you here, and it will keep you here, after men who 'know it all,' like that oppressive man, Hightower, are gone."

Unseen in the darkness, color dyed John's temples.

Ellen went on. "John, we've been here nearly a week; when are we going to drive out and hunt up the place where you were born? It seems strange, coming back so near to where you spent your earliest years, you'd think you'd have more curiosity about finding the place again."

Unseen in the darkness, the color had drained away from John's temples.

"Some day—some day. I was so young, you see, I hardly remember——"

"But you must remember some town it was near."

"I will—I'll look it up. . . . But, my dear, I've enough here to keep me busy just now." He moved a hand across the pattern of the campus lights. "Busy—and a little scared."

"Why, John? There's nothing to frighten you here. Simply don't try to do everything in a day, don't pretend to know everything; easy's the word, and a step at a time."

There was a shadow coming up the gravel, to hesitate at the steps.

"Doctor Allen?"

(Continued on Page 153)

Ever help your husband grope for a collar button on the FLOOR?

● Because if you do, here's the remedy for that "dusty" feeling you're sure to have afterwards ● By getting the surface of your floor absolutely smooth and dry, you'll be able to clean it, dust it as lightly as a table.

● Here's the way: Wash off any oil or stickiness—then with a Wax Applier or soft cloth (no need of soiling your hands) spread on a thin film of Johnson's Wax. The wax will sink into the cracks like mortar and harden there, filling every "pocket" and cranny where dirt ordinarily lodges ● For very little your dealer around the corner rents the new Johnson Electric Floor Polisher *by the day.*

● Plug this new and faster Polisher into any socket. Snap the switch, and in a few minutes have a satin-smooth wax finish that *ends* the problem of DIRT.

● A finish so smooth and so dry that dust *can't* stick to it. . . . And so beautiful your whole room looks years younger.

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Gentlemen: Send 25c can of Johnson's Wax. Enclosed is 10c (stamps or coin) to defray part of cost and postage.

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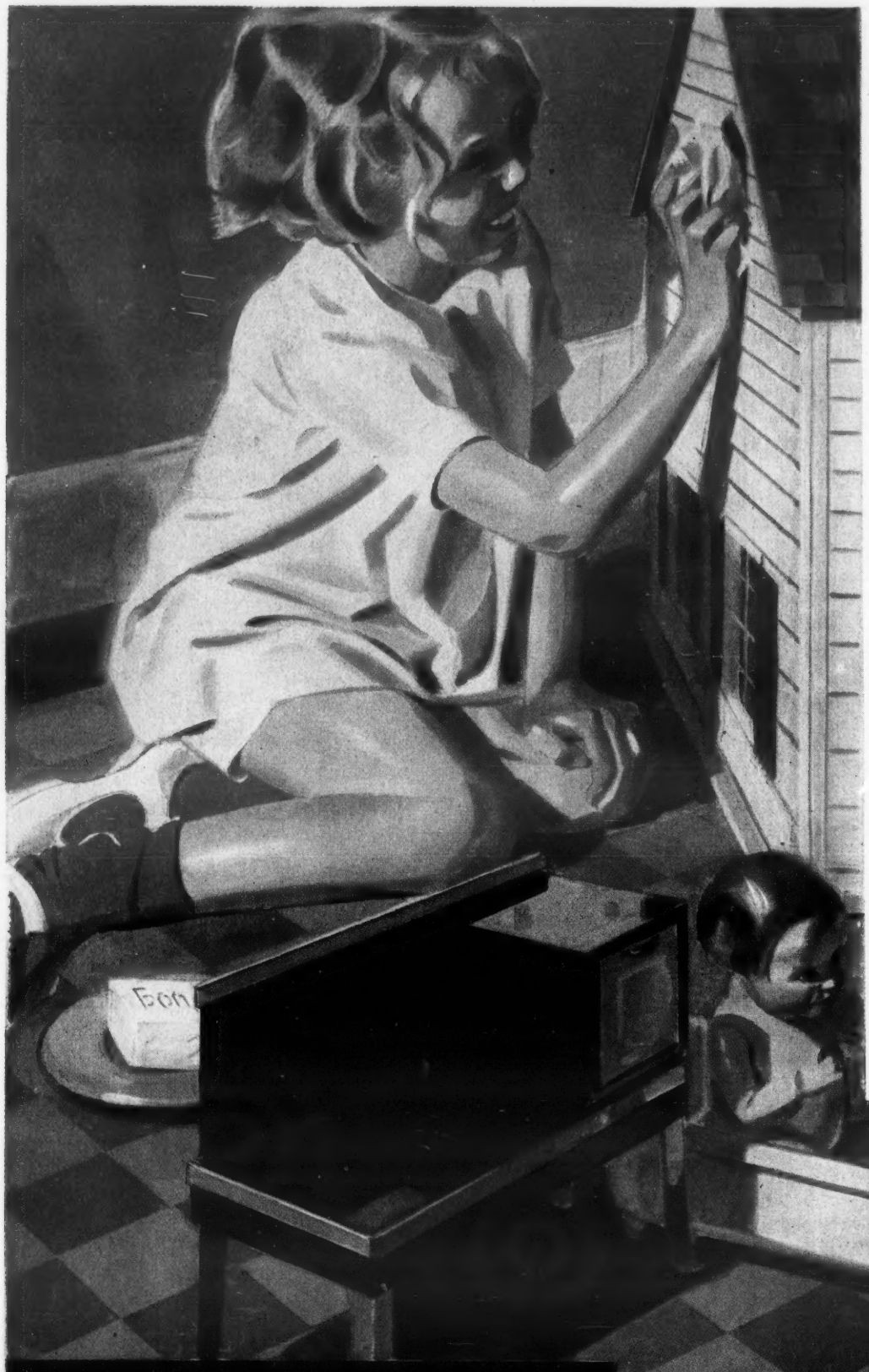

It's never too early to learn

Tiny as her hands are, dirt and smudges disappear from her play-household like magic. (She is learning to start housekeeping *right*—with Bon Ami—just as her mother learned it many years ago.)

Unskilled as her hands are as yet—no surface will suffer scratch or mar to make cleaning harder next time—(For remember she is using Bon Ami.) And soft as her hands are, she need never fear that they will get rough or red. Bon Ami doesn't do that.

Bon Ami is truly the Nemesis of grime and dirt, but it won't leave scratches and it won't hurt tender hands.

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Bon Ami
Powder
For all the Finer Kinds of Polishing and Cleaning
Windows, Mirrors, Bath tubs, brass, Nickel, Tin, Paint, Tile, Enamel
THE BON AMI CO., NEW YORK
Bon Ami
CLEANS ALL SURFACES
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In play housekeeping or real—grime is grime, dirt is dirt, and their Nemesis is Bon Ami. Try it for cleaning and polishing BATHTUBS · TILING · MIRRORS · WINDOWS · SMOOTH PAINTED WOODWORK PEWTER · NICKEL AND AGATEWARE · ALUMINUM · BRASS · TIN · COPPER · CHROMIUM PLATE AUTOMOBILE WINDSHIELDS AND METAL TRIMMINGS · REFRIGERATORS · WHITE SHOES · THE HANDS ENAMEL STOVES · FINE KITCHEN UTENSILS · FLOORS OF TILE, MARBLE, AND CONGOLEUM

(Continued from Page 151)

As always, John waited for Ellen to say it. "Yes? Good evening."

"My name is Pawling. I wonder if I might have a few minutes ——"

"I'm sorry; the doctor is engaged this evening. Would tomorrow morning ——"

But struck by something in the undergraduate's tone, John surrendered to a rare, independent impulse:

"I'll see you now, with pleasure. If you will come on in here."

Shut away in the ruminative half-glow of the study, the boy drew a piece of print from his pocket.

"Have you read this, I wonder, sir? From the Daily. I printed it."

"I'm sorry; I haven't read it. May I?"

"If only you would, sir. And tell me if I'm right or wrong."

John took the clipping, but for a moment his attention remained fixed on the face before him. Not handsome, but candid, mobile and sensitive, it reminded him of something buried deep in memory. Unconsciously he looked to make sure the door was closed.

"YOU remind me," he said, "of a boy I used to play with. He lived in Mercyville, down this way. Do you know where Mercyville is?"

"Oh, yes, sir. I often drive over there; it's not far."

"I was told not to play with him, and I was punished when I did."

Immediately, then, John dropped his eyes to the clipping and read. It was only a column, compact, soon finished. The boy was waiting.

"Yes, sir?"

"If this is true, my friend ——"

"It's true."

"If what you allege—this more-or-less open relationship between the state's textile industries and the state's educational ——"

"Sir, do you think I'd print it in the Daily if I hadn't the facts?"

Then the youngster forgot a strict reverence, crying: "It's not so much I care if they expel me—if they do, I'll go on living, I reckon. It's their saying to me—to us, sir: 'You're here to study books and play games, not to worry about what goes on—out there.'"

"Why do they say that, do you suppose?"

John's gaze was in the air. Bringing it back to Pawling's face, he saw its ardor dampened and its hope dashed. He leaned forward quickly:

"I wasn't asking it of you. Of myself."

"DO YOU mean, sir?" Eagerness rekindling. "Oh, sir, we've been hoping—almost against hope—you weren't going to be the kind that always says, 'Hush! When you're older you'll know better what you're asking questions about; till then, be good children, run and play.' It seems to me, sir, if a college is for anything on earth, it's for ——"

The boy broke off. It had come to him, suddenly, to be appalled.

"I—I beg your pardon." His cheeks were red. He misconstrued the silence as ominous. Peeping, he saw the president's eyes averted, and those cheeks, too, were red. Rattled, desperate, nothing mattered now:

"Well, if I'm to be kicked out, I'm to be kicked out, and that's that."

"Kicked out? For what?"

"For that, there."

John looked at the paper: "I thought you said it was the truth."

Pawling parted his lips for a miserable laugh, then sprang to his feet, as the other did. But John's rising was an act neither of menace nor of dismissal; it was only that he felt a fine, brave, almost-forgotten impulse to be up standing on his own two legs.

"If it's the truth, and can be proved so, I can't for my life, Pawling, see what we're worrying about, you and I." He took and shook the boy's two shoulders in his hands. Unaware of a door that opened, aware only of a long-lost, recovered gladness of muscle and mind, he cried: "Confound it, son, this is the place where truth has got to be fearless, if anywhere it has. No, no; if you had known it for truth, and had *not* printed it, *then* would have been the time for the pair of us to worry."

"JOHN!" John turned to face Ellen and the two behind her in the doorway.

He spoke stoutly: "Oh, yes, Mr. Saxon and Dean Riggs. Come in and sit you, gentlemen. Here's luck. Here we are, all."

Ellen protested, as he busied himself arranging chairs: "I'm sure they'd prefer a private talk with you, John, dear." But he persisted, cheerful as a deaf one: "Here we are, all." Ellen stopped protesting. When they were seated, all, John discovered they were but three; Ellen was gone, and Pawling with her.

At another time John would have let it pass; now it seemed a challenge.

"Well, gentlemen, if it's about Pawling and his piece in the paper, I believe you heard something of what I said to him."

It was true, they had heard. They had approved. It was the thing they themselves had stood for, in principle, through embattled years.

John was taken aback with delight. "Then this talk of expulsion ——"

Dean Riggs had snowy hair; he had learned patience in the "embattled years."

"I like Pawling." He appealed to Saxon, and Saxon nodded.

John held out the clipping: "Is this thing true?"

"If you will allow me to approach a very complicated question in a ——"

"I've asked a very simple question. Is it true that this alleged relationship does subsist between the state's textile industry and our educational ——"

"John, dear!" Ellen had returned. "Why not listen to Doctor Riggs? It stands to reason he knows the situation better than you. He's been here ——"

"A long, long while." Dean Riggs turned a smile on Ellen. "I have been studying our peculiar problems in this state for twenty years."

"I WAS born into them." John wished he hadn't spoken, Saxon took him up so quickly. It was odd so little had ever been made of the fact, Saxon thought, in the presidential canvass. "Somewhere in Kiswick County, wasn't it, Doctor Allen?"

John kept grimly at Riggs: "As simple a question as whether one and one do, or do not, make two. Is that complicated?"

"Very." Riggs beamed. "I'm glad you put it so. It's the meat of this case we're facing. I like Pawling—I like youth. There's a dash and courage in youth I like. But here's the flaw in its reasoning: Ask youth if one and one make two, and it will

The Christmas Coach

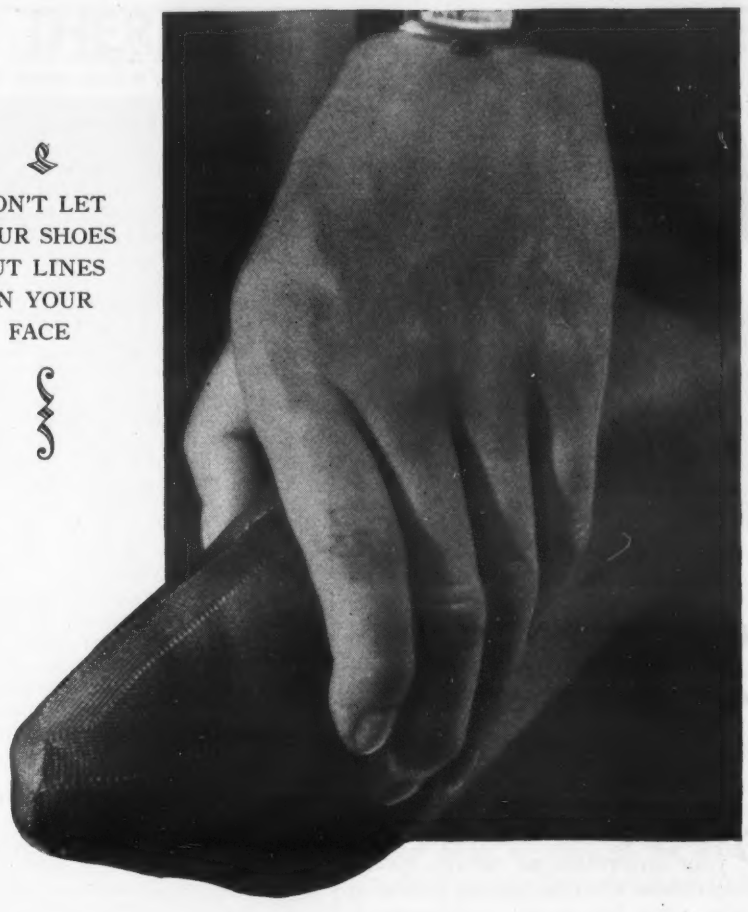
A beautiful painting

By

Norman Rockwell

in full color, ready for framing, is in the

CHRISTMAS JOURNAL



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Take a spoonful of this creamy, pleasant-tasting anti-acid today and for several days. See how it sweetens stomach and intestines; relieves the sick headaches, bloating, gas, biliousness, and indigestion caused by too much acid. Appetite and digestion will improve. You'll feel better all over. It will be more difficult for sickness or colds to attack you.

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PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

shout you the answer, Yes! It's only a little later on, a little wiser, it begins to realize that answers depend quite as much on relationships as on values. For instance, Doctor Allen, that shouted answer will be right *only* if the relationship between one and one be *plus*. Youth has overlooked the fact that if the symbol be *times*, the answer is not two, but one. Eh?"

"Yes, that's so," said John. "Still, I don't ——"

"Or if *minus*—zero."

"I see that, yes. Of course. But ——"

"John, dear, let Doctor Riggs finish."

John was clearly aware tonight of what was happening to him. The following hour became a ponderable thing, weighing down to flatten him small; it was an acid fluid, seeping the rock out of his bones. He knew it, and couldn't help it, for now he did see that he had been too simple-minded, too ready to shout his Yes for one truth, blind to a dozen other truths as true. . . . The truth that the state was passing through an era of industrial "growing pains" when some rather curious adjustments had to be made, or disaster followed. . . . The truth that the university was in need of expanded libraries and laboratories—fatally in need—or else the very search for all truth would wither and fail.

JOHN sat smaller and smaller in a more and more enormous room, and said: "Yes, I see; I hadn't thought of that."

The men who had thought of that, older and clearer-eyed than he, got up towering on the pillars of their legs, prepared to leave.

"You will think it over, Doctor Allen. Neither Saxon nor I would have dared take the stand we have, did we not realize that this affair of Pawling's outburst, safe and insignificant as it may have seemed to—to you, sir—is loaded with dynamite. Later on, you yourself will see that. Won't you, in the meantime, take our word for the fact, sir? Dynamite! You will think it over?"

"He will, Doctor Riggs. Be easy there."

Ellen and the two were out, their footfalls waning along the hall. John sank lower and littler in the huge presidential chair in the enormous presidential study. Think? He did not want to think? Every time he tried to think ——

Ellen was back, in the doorway.

"Your eyes look tired, dear," she said. "It's the lights, maybe. And anyway"—she moved a hand to press a button—"you always do think better in the dark."

In the blackness John heard the firm closing of the door.

It may have been absurd, but here was the terror of his life, the potato house. Too long ago he had given up questioning the rightness of the great, right man he remembered as his father; given up defying, even in pretense, the vast, blind threat of "That in there." Now, though he sat as still as ice, shut his eyes, clenched his fists, it was with no mutinous "Who cares! Who's afraid of the dark!" It was "*Why*—when I've *said* Yes? I've said it, haven't I, over and over, yes, yes, yes!"

Perspiration pricked out on his face and neck, cold sweat of the coming of the old Devil to get the weakling.

John couldn't help it; he opened his eyes. And he saw a streak of moonlight leading across the floor, to a window, open.

YOUNG PAWLING had gone out, but he had not gone far. As a senior, he owned an eighteen-dollar automobile, a properly stripped car, painted bright yellow and covered well with reading matter. In this he sat, dark in a tree's shadow by the curb, and waited, pulled two ways by hope and skepticism, and saw Riggs and Saxon come out of the yard and go their way. And still he went on waiting, and he couldn't himself have said why, unless it was simply weariness. This was because he could not know that presently a hatless, gray-faced man would be barging out through the presidential hedge alongside, to halt, taken aback, to eye him and his car for one irresolute instant, then to come quickly and climb in.

"Uh—yes, sir?"

"Let's go, Pawling."

"Uh—you—you want to ——"

"I want to be driven—somewhere—fast. Have you gas?"

"Some."

"We'll get more—not here—somewhere."

"Mercyville?"

"Why do you say Mercyville? What the devil—why should you think ——"

"I don't know. You said something about ——"

"Don't talk so much, Pawling. Yes! Yes! Mercyville!"

THE moon, three-quarters round, ran along white roads. Hullabaloo came out of the rattletrap and flew away to hang between low black woods. Careenings, bumps, bangs, they meant nothing; the two men hung on.

No questions passed between them. It was not only that the wind would have whipped words away. Questions come of wonder, and they were too astonished to wonder. Even to themselves. Lucky. Pawling hadn't yet to ask himself the meaning of the look in the president's eyes, coming out of that hedge back there, and so hadn't to realize that he had taken a beating. Nor had John Allen to ask himself: "Where am I going, why am I going there, and what will Ellen say?"

A beginning of words again.

"Better here. Concrete."

"Take care—another railro——"

"Underpass."

"Back there—gas."

"Next one."

For a third time a beginning, then a thickening, of lights. Arcs, windows, windows and doors of a drug store, a news-and-tobacco, a filling station. For a wink after the world stops streaming one way, it seems to swim the other way.

"She'll take six gallons. . . . How much?"

"Here, I'm paying this, son. . . . The devil I'm not! Here!"

John sat and gazed about him at the night life of the third-class crossroads metropolis.

"Lord!" He jerked around. "This isn't by any chance—Mercyville?"

"Yes, sir."

"No!" He appealed to the gas man.

"Mercyville? Sure!"

"Now, doctor, which way from here?"

"I'll show you. Yes. And next to the right."

THE wall of an embankment, rising, corniced by box-cars. . . . John leaned forward, studying a low jumble of shacks and fences.

"No, no, we're wrong. Must be. . . . But come on—yes, straight ahead."

Pawling braked. He studied the other's face.

"Where do you aim to go?" Something had happened, to kill the "sir" now.

"Back."

"Well, we're heading on—not back."

"On back."

"Back where?"

"Back where a man goes when he's licked. Back home."

"Oh—I didn't know that."

Long ago the town street had dwindled to a country dirt road.

"Hold up, Pawling. I thought I was right, but I guess I'm wrong." For a moment John caught at a coward's comfort of reprieve. Maybe he needn't find it and face it, because he couldn't find it. "No, there should begin to be farms along at the left here, and big woods to the right."

"We passed two or three farms back ——"

"No, no! Real farms, I mean. Watch for a big, square, white house along here now; that'll be the Puricks'. Then, next, a big, hip-roofed house, well back from

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the road, with the barns behind it to the right. Painted brown, it was—though now I don't know; I hear it's deserted. . . . How far have we come from Mercyville?"

"About three miles."

"Oh, well, then, we must go farther."

Fifty rods, and John cried, "Stop!" and was out over the side, studying a plank bridge spanning a brook no wider than a jump. "Can't be!" He was down on his stomach with that, over the bank, twisting his head and shoulders in beneath the timbers. A match flared.

"It's it." He came back blinking. "I found my initials. How I could ever have gotten my whole self under there; I —— But this is crazy! We've come too far then. Turn around; we've got to go back!"

It was a long way they had to go back.

"Why, Pawling, we were miles and miles out of town, as I remember it." Metaphorically, he rubbed his eyes, as he counted the unimpressive farmsteads. "And perhaps," he argued, "the woods have been lumbered, and these patches are another growth."

"HE KEPT saying to Pawling's ear: "The third will be a real farm, my father's. A big square brown house with a hip roof—I told you that—back in a lane."

"No, no, no," he said, when they had swerved into the shallow, grass-grown lane leading to the third farmyard. "Back up; I must have been mistaken. This—it's no more than a—a cottage."

"With a hip roof though. . . . And painted brown—once."

John got out and walked the remaining few rods to what had been a picket fence and a picket gate leading into the dooryard. He stood staring down at those two gateposts, across whose tops fell the moon shadows of weeds taller than they. Among the same weeds he found a sweet-gum stump; he bent and tried its circumference with his hands. It had died young.

A singular sound came out of John Allen's mouth as he unbent and gazed across the narrow yard at the door of the thin-built, low-eaved house. It was a kind of laughter, without mirth, separate from his mind and will; a tittery sound issuing from among his nerves.

"This is where I was born," he said to Pawling, who had come beside him. Finding he had enormously long legs, John stepped over the gate and approached the doorstep. Of a sudden he went down on his hands and knees among the weeds. So abased in stature, he looked up out of the tops of his eyes at the height of the eaves.

"Even so," he marveled, "how could it ever have seemed ——" He called to Pawling. "Do something for me; come stand against this door."

The youth obeyed, mystified.

"AND that would be the size of him! My good Lord!" John leaped up, the further to bewilder the boy by coming forward to look down from his full six feet on the top of Pawling's head. "My good Lord!" Again that detached titter of a soul astounded; John wheeled and went away at great strides around a corner of the house.

There at the rear, once more, he passed a hand over his eyes, as if to wipe them clear of the continuing trickery of the moonlight. Careless of his feet, rapt, like a man with his eye to the wrong end of a telescope, he wandered about the shrunken space, counting the weazened landmarks, the low barn that had been so tall his father had been a tall man merely to own it, the well-head, inconsiderable as a child's tin toy, thrown away. But still his searching was not satisfied. As he leaned on a corner of a box of boards half-hidden by the weeds, his eyes canvassed the sky for the black wedge of another gable.

"They've taken the potato house away," he thought, and did not know whether to be bitter or glad. But then his fallen eye perceived it there, its ridgepole under his armpit, that puny box of boards, the awful potato house.

HE CALLED to Pawling, who stood misdoubting him, yards away: "You asked me what I was coming back to. Now I know." Bending, he pulled open the low, square door, peered into the dugout darkness for a moment, then, bent knifewise, scrambled down.

"Shut it behind me, Pawling." He looked back and saw the solemn face and hands and lower legs of the slight undergraduate filling up all the moonlit square. "Like my father's," he realized. "My huge old ——" And another shock of realization: "Old! Seven years ago, when I was forty, I was very young indeed. And my old father died at forty. And I could have looked down on the top of his head."

Now it was no titter of nerves; it was the beginning of pure, astonished laughter. "Shut it!" he commanded Pawling. "I mean it!" Obedience, eclipse of moonlight, musty blackness. "Lock it," he cried. "Put a stick through the staple."

John sat where he had landed, on the rotting board of an old, low step. He clenched his fists and locked his teeth.

"Here I am," he said aloud. "Here I am again, lost again, frightened again, in the blind, huge dark." A breath caught in his throat. "If there were only a limit to this dark ——"

Opening his right hand of a sudden he stretched it out to the side and found a limit, a slivery plank. Stretching his left, he found another. Leaping erect—bang! and stars—the man's head had cracked itself against the child's sky. Breadth and height, with his own width and breadth he spanned remembered infinity. And when he rocked on his legs, exultation was added to exultation; the whole fabric of the potato house rocked with him, rotten, frail and thin as paper under his grown strength.

His laughter filled the narrow place.

"Out there! Pawling! Watch me; for I'm coming out!"

Shoulder to the roof slope. Crack!

"My Lord! And all these years I've let this hold me!"

A LOWER shoulder, a mightier heave. Screech of nails, ripping of wood, a swelling and bursting of soft paper. Eruption! Deliverance! Light!

Pawling had to stare at the university's president, head and shoulders burst out of the roof, face, dusty with wreckage, transfigured beneath the moon.

"Listen, son! It has come to me that when a man says one and one, he *means* one *plus* one. It's only when he's thinking crooked, when he's scared of the answer, he argues about *times* and *minus*."

John Allen came swarming out, translated beyond heed of rips and scratches. Afoot on earth, he filled his chest, and spread wide his battered arms. His voice, strong with the pulse of laughter, filled the shrunken yard and overran the paltry buildings.

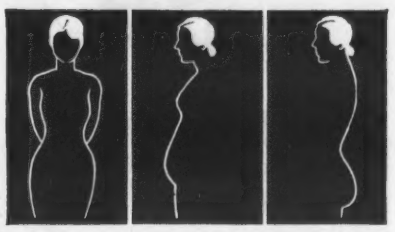
"Now we can go back. Come on, young man!"

In the sputtering car, he showed Pawling a new grin he had found in the ruin of the potato house.

"They say it's loaded with dynamite, that piece of yours. Very well, bring in the dynamite."

ARE THERE DANGEROUS CURVES AHEAD FOR YOU?

Photograph by Wynn Richards



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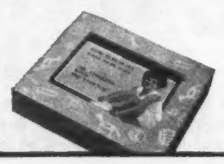

Diagnosis

(Continued from Page 9)

it, to inform her that of course he had no intention of holding her to her promise. "I only wanted to hear you say 'yes,'" he explained, on a note of emotion so genuine that it deceived himself as completely as it did her. He was sure she would not accept his offer to release her; if he had not been sure he might not have dared to make it. For he understood now that he must marry her; he simply could not live out these last months alone. For a moment his thoughts had played sentimentally with the idea that he was marrying her to acquit an old debt, to make her happy before it was too late; but that delusion had been swept away like a straw on the torrent of his secret fears. A new form of egotism, fiercer and more impatient than the other, was dictating his words and gestures—and he knew it. He was marrying simply to put a sentinel between himself and the presence lurking on his threshold—with the same blind instinct of self-preservation which had made men, in old days, propitiate death by the lavish sacrifice of life.

THEY landed at Genoa, and traveled by slow stages toward the Austrian Alps. The journey seemed to do Dorrance good; he was bearing the fatigue better than he had expected; and he was conscious that his attentive companion noted the improvement, though she forbore to emphasize it.

"Above all, don't be too cheerful," he had warned her, half-smilingly, on the day when he had told her of his doom. "Marry me if you think you can stand it; but don't try to make me think I'm going to get well."

She had obeyed him to the letter, and watching over his comfort, and sparing him all needless fatigue and agitation, had carefully served up to him, on the shining surface of her vigilance, the flowers of travel stripped of their thorns. The very qualities which had made her a perfect mistress—self-effacement, opportuneness, the art of being present and visible only when he required her to be—made her—he had to own it—a perfect companion for a man cut off from everything but the contemplation of his own end.

They were bound for Vienna, where a celebrated specialist was said to have found new ways of relieving the suffering caused by such cases as Dorrance's—sometimes even—though Dorrance and his wife took care not to mention this to each other—of checking the disease, even holding it for years in abeyance. "I owe it to the poor child to give the thing a trial," the invalid speciously argued, disguising his own passionate impatience to put himself in the great man's hands.

It had been agreed that he should go to the specialist's alone; his wife was to wait for him at their hotel. "But you'll come straight back afterward? You'll take a taxi—you won't walk?" she had pleaded, for the first time betraying her impatience. "She knows the hours are numbered, and she can't bear to lose one," he thought, a choking in his throat. "Bless you, child, of course I'll take a taxi. . . ."

NOW the consultation was over, and he had descended from the specialist's door, and stood alone in the summer twilight, watching the trees darken against the illumination of the street lamps. What a divine thing a summer evening was, even in a crowded city street! He wondered that he had never before felt its peculiar loveliness. . . .

"No, it's too lovely; I'll walk," he said, rousing himself, and took a direction opposite to that in which his hotel lay. "After all," he thought, "there's no hurry. . . . What a charming town Vienna is—I think I should like to live here," he mused as he wandered on under the trees. . . .

When at last he reached his hotel he stopped short on the threshold and thought: "How am I going to tell her?" He realized that during his two hours' perambulations since he had left the doctor's office he had thought out nothing, planned nothing, not even let his imagination glance at the future. Only now, at the foot of the stairs, did he see the future facing him, and understand that he knew no more how to prepare for the return to life than he had for the leaving it. . . . "If only she takes it quietly—without too much fuss," he thought, shrinking in advance from any disturbance of those still waters into which it was so beatific to subside.

"THAT New York diagnosis was a mistake—an utter mistake," he began vehemently, and then paused, arrested, silenced, by something in his wife's face which seemed to oppose, an invisible resistance to what he was in the act of saying. He had hoped she would not be too emotional—and now what was it? Did he really resent the mask of composure she had no doubt struggled to adjust during her long hours of waiting? He stood and stared at her. "I suppose you don't believe it?" he broke off, with an aimless laugh. She came to him eagerly. "But of course I do, of course!" She seemed to hesitate for a second. "What I never did believe," she said abruptly, "was the other—the New York diagnosis."

He felt himself suddenly diminished in her eyes, as though she were retrospectively stripping him of some prerogative. If she had not believed in the New York diagnosis, what must her secret view of him have been all the while? "Oh, you never believed in it? And may I ask why?" He heard the edge of sarcasm in his voice.

She gave a little laugh that sounded almost as aimless as his. "I—I don't know. I suppose I couldn't *bear* to, simply; I couldn't believe fate could be so cruel."

Still with a tinge of sarcasm he rejoined: "I'm glad you had your incredulity to sustain you." Inwardly he was saying; "Not a tear . . . not an outbreak of emotion . . ." and his heart, dilated by the immense inrush of returning life, now contracted as if an invisible plug had been removed from it, and its fullness were slowly ebbing. "It's a queer business, anyhow," he mumbled.

"What is, dear?"

"This being alive again. I'm not sure I know yet what it consists in."

She came up and put her arms about him, almost shyly.

"We'll try to find out, love—together."

III.

THIS magnificent gift of life, which the Viennese doctor had restored to him as lightly as his New York colleagues had withdrawn it, lay before Paul Dorrance like something external, outside of himself, an honor, an official rank, unexpectedly thrust on him. He did not discover till then how completely he had dissociated himself from the whole business of living. All the while that he had kept saying to himself, "In a few weeks more I shall be dead," had he not really known that he was dead already?

"But what are we to do, then, dearest?" he heard his wife asking. "What do you want? Would you like to go home at once? Do you want me to cable to have the flat got ready?"

He looked at her in astonishment, wounded by such unperceivingness. Go home—to New York? To his old life there? Did she really think of it as something possible, even simple and natural?

(Continued on Page 159)

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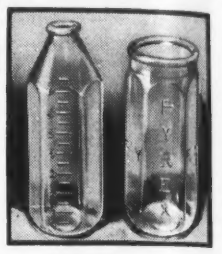

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Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch foods your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

Results will surprise you. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals. Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store or send coupon for 3-day test.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations. Ovaltine is now made in 8 countries (including the U. S. A.) according to the exact original Swiss formula—to meet the demand from 54 different nations.

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

"Ovaltine put my little girl on her feet again when I was sure I was losing her"

My little girl, 2½ years old, had the flu with measles following. As the result of this she was very puny and nervous, cried all day, bit her finger nails, and refused to eat her meals or drink milk. At night she was restless. Altogether she was in bad shape.

I was afraid she wouldn't be with us long, when I saw an advertisement for Ovaltine and got a trial package. Now I must say I'm the happiest mother. I cannot say enough in words for Ovaltine.

For Ovaltine put my little girl on her feet again when I was sure I was losing her. She is getting well again. The roses are coming back in her cheeks. She sleeps and eats regularly, does not bite her finger nails any more, plays out in the sunshine all day and is altogether a different girl. Mrs. John Rosen, 8416 Garfield Blvd., Cleveland, O.

"Now, he drinks 4 cups of milk a day instead of his unwanted 2"

I sent for Ovaltine to see if I could get my three-year-old boy to drink one quart of milk instead of his unwanted two glasses per day. Result, he does drink four full glasses and I am delighted.

Mrs. Anna Sandlofer, 1702 Clay Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY 722
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Dept. H-30
Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

Name.....
(Please print name and address clearly)

Address.....

City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person)

SPECIAL OFFER

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

C

Good morning Madam! *Let* ME *do that* . . . . .

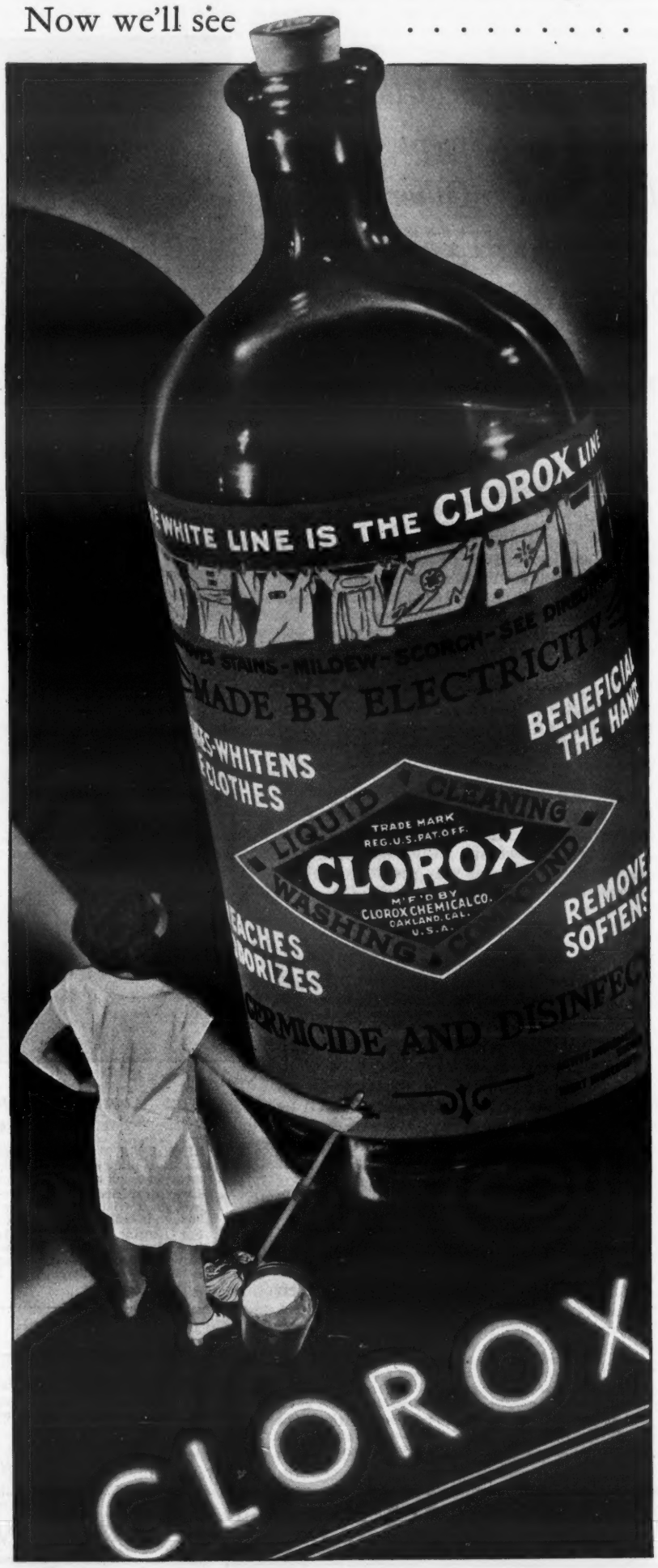
. . . Yes, I realize that I look inanimate, but I'm really full of energy! . . . The minute I start to work the fun begins. Now we'll see . . . . . .

Ah, the family washing! . . . So your clothes have been dingy lately, Madam, in spite of all the rubbing? I'll fix that! A few tablespoonfuls in soaking suds or first rinse, and you'll have the whitest linens and cottons that ever came out of a tub. They'll be *disinfected,* too! I do hate to boast, but I—Clorox—have positive germ-killing power . . .

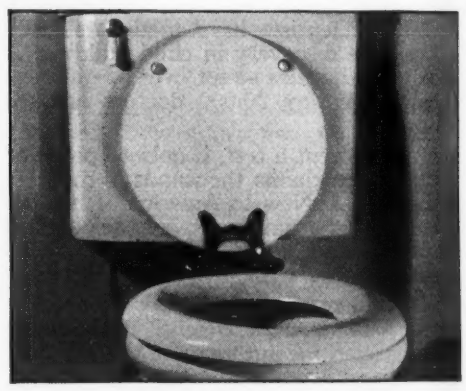
What, a stain? An ugly ink stain on that crisp white house dress? I'm glad you brought that problem to me! I have yet to meet a stain on white cotton or linen that I can't banish. Ink, fruit, medicine stains disappear as if by magic. Just leave them to me—Clorox! That goes for mildew and scorched spots, too.

And Madam, I'll be mighty glad to take those unsightly stains off your hands. Just call on me to remove fruit, berry, vegetable, garden, medicine, nicotine, dye or ink stains. Not only this, but I soften the skin and cuticle and protect your hands from infection. Yes, indeed! The better acquainted we get the more you'll rely on me!

bleaches « « removes stains
destroys odors « « kills germs



Well now, no wonder that wooden drainboard discourages you! It *is* discolored! Give me a chance to show what I can do . . . I'll make you proud of its white cleanliness. If there are any stains or spots on your shelves, I'll have them out in short order.



We might as well be frank about this—those discolorations *can* be removed. There's no reason why porcelain should not be kept spotless—as long as you have Clorox handy! And remember, while I'm taking out the stains, I'll also be *destroying odors* and *killing germs.*

Whew! This is just a typical garbage can! But I can cleanse and deodorize it so easily that you'll never worry about it again! I'll do all this work, Madam, and much more—for just a few cents . . . Yes, you can get Clorox at your grocer's. I'm happy to have served you.

. . . *Good-day!*

(Continued from Page 156)

The old Paul Dorrance who had made his will, wound up his affairs, resigned from his clubs and directorships, pensioned off his old servants and married his old mistress—that Dorrance was as dead as if he had taken the final step for which all those others were but the hasty preparation. He *was* dead; this new man, to whom the doctor had said: "Cancer? Nothing of the sort—not a trace of it. Go home and tell your wife that in a few months you'll be as sound as any man of fifty I ever met——" this new Dorrance, with his new health, his new leisure and his new wife, was an intruder for whom a whole new existence would have to be planned out. And how could anything be decided until one got to know the new Paul Dorrance better?

Conscious that his wife was waiting for his answer, he said: "Oh, this fellow here may be all wrong. Anyhow, what he wants me to do is to take a cure somewhere first—I've got the name written down. After that we'll see. . . ."

IV.

THE cure was successful; the Viennese specialist's diagnosis proved to be correct; and the Paul Dorrances celebrated the event by two years of foreign travel. But Dorrance never felt again the unconditioned ecstasy he had tasted as he walked out from the doctor's door into the lamp-lit summer streets. After that, at the very moment of reëntering his hotel, the effort of readjustment had begun; and ever since it had gone on.

For a few months the wanderers, weary of change, had settled in Florence, captivated by an arcaded villa on a cypress-walled hill, and the new Paul Dorrance, whom it was now the other's incessant task to study and placate, had toyed with the idea of a middle life of cultivated leisure. But he soon grew tired of his opportunities, and found it necessary to move on, and to forget in strenuous travel his incapacity for assimilation and reflection. And gradually, before the two years were over, the old Paul Dorrance, who had constituted himself the other's courier and prime minister, discovered that the old and the new were one, and that the original Paul Dorrance was there, unchanged, unchangeable, and impatient to get back to his old niche because it was too late to adapt himself to any other. So the flat was reopened and the Dorrances returned to New York.

The completeness of his identity with the old Paul Dorrance was indelibly impressed on the new one on the first evening of his return home. There he was, the same man in the same setting as when, two years earlier, he had glanced down from the armchair and seen the diagnosis of the consulting physicians at his feet. Two years ago—and nothing was changed, after so many changes, except that he should not hear the hesitating ring at the door, should not again see Eleanor Welwood, pale and questioning, on the threshold. Eleanor Welwood did not ring his doorbell now; she had her own latchkey; she was no longer Eleanor Welwood, but Eleanor Dorrance, and asleep at this moment in the bedroom which had been Dorrance's, and was now encumbered with feminine properties, while his own were uncomfortably wedged into the cramped guest room of the flat.

YES—that was the only change in his life; and how aptly the change in the rooms symbolized it! During their travels, even after Dorrance's return to health, his wife's presence had been like a soft accompaniment of music, a painted background to the idle episodes of convalescence; now that he was about to fit himself into the familiar furrow of old habits and relations, he felt as if she were already expanding and crowding him into a corner. He did not mind about the room—so he assured himself, though with a twinge of regret for the slant of winter sun which never reached the guest room; what he minded was what he now recognized as the huge practical joke that fate had played on him. He had never meant, he the healthy, vigorous, middle-aged Paul Dorrance, to marry this faded woman for whom he had so long ceased to feel anything but a friendly tenderness. It was the sudden bogy of death, starting out from the warm folds of his closely curtained life, that had tricked him into the marriage, and then left him to expiate his folly.

Poor Eleanor! It was not her fault if he had imagined, in a moment of morbid retrospection, that happiness would transform and enlarge her. Why had he not trusted to that instinct which had warned him she was the woman for a sentimental parenthesis, not for the pitiless continuity of marriage? Why, even her face declared it. A lovely profile, yes; but somehow the full face was inadequate.

Dorrance suddenly remembered another face; that of a girl they had met in Cairo the previous winter. He felt the shock of her young fairness, saw the fruity bloom of her cheeks, the light animal vigor of every movement; he heard her rich beckoning laugh, and met the eyes questioning his under the queer slant of her lids. Someone had said: "She's had an offer from a man who can give her everything a woman wants; but she's refused, and no one can make out why. . . ." Dorrance knew. . . . She had written to him since, and he had not answered her letters. And now here he was, installed once more in the old routine he could not live without, yet from which all the old savor was gone. "I wonder why I was so scared of dying," he thought; then the truth flashed on him. "Why, you fool, you've been dead all the time. That first diagnosis was the true one. Only they put it on the physical plane by mistake. . . ." The next day he began to insert himself painfully into his furrow.

V.

ONE evening some two years later, as Paul Dorrance put his latchkey into his door, he said to himself reluctantly: "Perhaps I really ought to take her away for a change."

There was nothing nowadays that he dreaded so much as change. He had had his fill of the unexpected, and it had not agreed with him. Now that he had fitted himself once more into his furrow all he asked was to stay there. It had even become an effort, when summer came, to go with his wife to their little place in the country. And the idea that he might have to go away with her in mid-February was positively disturbing.

For the past ten days she had been fighting a bad bronchitis, following on influenza. But "fighting" was hardly the right word. She, usually so elastic, so indomitable, had not shown her usual resiliency, and Dorrance, from the vantage ground of his recovered health, wondered a little at her lack of spirit. She mustn't let herself go, he warned her gently. "I was in a good deal tighter place myself not so many years ago—and look at me now. Don't you let the doctors scare you."

As he opened the door of the flat a strange woman in a nurse's dress crossed the hall. Instantly Dorrance felt the alien atmosphere of the place, the sense of something absorbing and exclusive which ignores and averts itself from the common doings of men. He had felt that same atmosphere, in all its somber implications, the day he had picked up the cancer diagnosis from the floor.

The nurse stopped to say "Pneumonia," and hurried down the passage to his wife's room. The doctor was coming back at nine o'clock; he had left a note, the butler said. Dorrance knew what was in the note before he opened it. With the vertical drop of a bird of prey, death was descending on his house again. And this time there was no mistake in the diagnosis.

The nurse said he could come in for a minute; but he wasn't to stay long, for she didn't like the way the temperature was rising . . . and there, between the chalk-white pillows, in the green-shaded light, he saw his wife's face. What struck him first

now too hot.. now too cold!

If erratic temperatures make your house uncomfortable —here's good news for you

•

You love your home—try so hard to keep it cozy and livable . . . . .

Yet—no matter what you do, some rooms just *won't* stay comfortable. Hot, stuffy one minute; cold, drafty the next.

There is one sure, easy way to banish these conditions—and at such low cost.

Now—take this precaution

Before winter definitely sets in—install Balsam-Wool in your attic. Now is the time!

There is no muss or fuss in applying Balsam-Wool. It is not a remodeling job. In *flexible*, blanket-like strips—it tucks into every crack and crevice, fits *snugly* between the rafters or the ceiling joists.

Wherever cold and wind might enter, wherever costly furnace heat can escape—Balsam-Wool blocks the way!

Balsam-Wool looks for all the world like sheep's wool. By tests, it practically equals the warmth of sheep's wool.

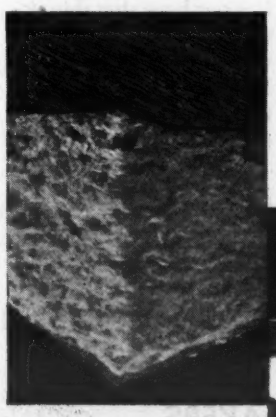
It saves you money

And best of all, Balsam-Wool really costs you nothing. It quickly pays for itself in fuel savings during the winter. Then—year after year it saves you money.

If you are planning a new house, *completely* insulate it with Balsam-Wool. Be sure of a warm, cozy home in winter; cool, comfortable in summer!

Send for free sample

Let us send you a sample of Balsam-Wool *—free.* You can see and *feel* for yourself how warm it really is. Send coupon below for sample and booklet that tells you all about attic insulation and Balsam-Wool.



A guaranteed Weyerhaeuser product

"WOOL" FROM WOOD! *This picture shows Balsam-Wool—a full inch of fleecy warmth for the attic or walls of your home. It adds so much to healthful comfort—and costs so little!*

Sold only by Retail Lumber Dealers

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Also makers of Nu-Wood—the All Wood Insulating Wall Board and Lath.

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Please send me sample of Balsam-Wool and Free Booklet. I am interested in insulation for:

☐ A new house ☐ Attic of present house

Name.....

Address.....

Balsam-Wool *Blanket*

THICK . . . FLEXIBLE INSULATION . . . EFFICIENT

FULL OF THE JOY OF LIVING WITH NO CONCERN FOR HER FEET EXCEPT

Style

SMART—and she *knows* it! Comfortable—and she *shows* it! You, too, can radiate an air of confident charm. How? By wearing our "Natural Bridge Arch Shoes". They follow and support the *natural* lines of the arch *perfectly*. They let you *forget* your feet! Indeed, it's all done with such smartness of design and finish that there's only one thing you remember—and that's *Style!*

A shoe for every foot from girlhood to womanhood.

One of the many models—Bogo—Patent leather one-strap with button cover and Baby Louis heel; also in Black Kid, White Kid, Black Suede and Brown Suede.

$5 to $6

Why pay more when so much may be had for so little?

Widths AAA to EEE

**"Good to the foot
Good to the eye
Good to the pocketbook"**

Would you like a picture in full color of that famous world-wonder, the Natural Bridge of Virginia? No advertising appears on it, so it lends a charming touch to any home. Suitable for framing. Of course, it is our hope that this picture of one world-wonder will suggest another—our Natural Bridge Arch Shoes for women and the growing Miss.

The local dealer for Natural Bridge Arch Shoes will be glad to give you this interesting picture upon request. Write us for his name if you do not know it.

LISTEN IN

Natural Bridge Shoemakers entertain every Friday evening over WJZ and Associated Stations, 8:45 Eastern Standard Time.

NATURAL BRIDGE SHOEMAKERS

Lynchburg (Division of Craddock-Terry Company) Virginia

Natural Bridge Arch Shoes

was the way it had shrunk and narrowed after a few hours of fever; then, that though it wore a just-perceptible smile of welcome, there was no sign of that tremor of illumination which usually greeted his appearance. He remembered how once, encountering that light, he had grumbled inwardly: "I wish she wouldn't always unroll a red carpet when I come in ——" and then been ashamed of his thought. She never embarrassed him by any public show of feeling; that subtle shifting of light remained invisible to others, and his irritation was caused simply by knowing the light was there. "I don't want to be anybody's sun and moon," he concluded. But now she was looking at him with a new, an almost-critical equality of expression. His first thought was: "Is it possible she doesn't know me?" But her eyes met his with a glance of recognition, and he understood that the change was simply due to her being inclosed in a world of her own, complete, and independent of his.

"Please, now ——" the nurse reminded him; and he stole out of the room.

THE next day there was a slight improvement; the doctors were encouraged; the day nurse said: "If only it goes on like this ——"; and as Dorrance opened the door of his wife's room he thought: "If only she looks more like her own self ——!"

But she did not. She was still in that new and self-contained world which he had immediately identified as the one he had lived in during the months when he had thought he was to die. "After all, I didn't die," he reminded himself; but the reminder brought no solace, for he knew exactly what his wife was feeling; he had tested the impenetrability of the barrier which shut her off from the living. "The truth is, one doesn't die only once," he mused, aware that he had died already; and the memory of the process, now being reënacted before him, laid a chill on his heart.

That day he was allowed to stay five minutes; the next day ten; she continued to improve, and the doctors would have been perfectly satisfied if her heart had not shown signs of weakness. Hearts, however, medically speaking, are relatively easy to deal with; and to Dorrance she seemed much stronger.

In a few days the improvement was so marked that the doctor made no objection to his sitting with her for an hour or two; the nurse was sent out for a walk, and Dorrance was allowed to read the morning paper to the invalid. But when he took it up his wife stretched out her hand. "No—I want to talk to you."

He smiled, and met her smile. It was as if she had found a slit in the barrier and was reaching out to him. "Dear—but won't talking tire you?"

"I don't know. Perhaps." She waited. "You see, I'm talking to you all the time, while I lie here. . . ."

He knew—he knew!

How her pangs went through him!

SHE smiled incredulously, that remote behind-the-barrier smile he had felt so often on his own lips. Though she could reach through to him, the dividing line was still there, and her eyes met his with a look of weary omniscience.

"But there's no hurry," he argued. "Why not wait a day or two? Try to lie there and not even think."

"Not think!" She raised herself on a weak elbow. "I want to think every minute—every second. I want to relive everything, day by day, to the last atom of time. . . ."

"Time? But there'll be plenty!"

She did not seem to hear what he said; her attention was concentrated on some secret vision of which he felt himself the mere transparent mask.

"Well," she exclaimed, with sudden passionate energy, "it was worth it! I always knew ——"

Dorrance bent toward her: "What was worth ——?" But she had sunk back with closed eyes, and lay there reabsorbed into the cleft of the pillows, merged in the inanimate, a mere part of the furniture of the sick room. Dorrance waited for a moment, hardly understanding the change; then he started up, rang, called, and in a few moments the professionals were in possession, the air was full of ether and camphor, the telephone ringing, the disarray of death in the room. Dorrance knew that he would never know what it was she had found worth it.

VI.

HE SAT in his library, waiting. Waiting for what? Life was over for him now that she was dead. Until after the funeral a sort of factitious excitement had kept him on his feet. Now there was nothing left but to go over and over those last days. Every detail of them stood out before him in unbearable relief; and one of the most salient had been the unexpected appearance in the sick room of Dorrance's own doctor—the very doctor who, with the cancer specialist, had signed the diagnosis of Dorrance's case. Dorrance, since that day, had naturally never consulted him professionally, and it chanced that they had never met. But Eleanor's physician, summoned at the moment of her last heart attack, without even stopping to notify Dorrance had called in his colleague. The latter had a high standing as a consultant—the idea made Dorrance smile; and besides, what did it matter? By that time they all knew—nurses, doctors, and most of all Dorrance himself—that nothing was possible but to ease the pangs of Eleanor's last hours. And Dorrance had met his former doctor without resentment; hardly with surprise.

But the doctor had not forgotten that he and his former patient had been old friends; and the day after the funeral, late in the evening, he had rung the widower's doorbell. Dorrance, at his entrance, looked up in surprise, at first resenting the intrusion, then secretly relieved at the momentary release from the fiery wheel of his own thoughts. "The man is a fool—but perhaps," Dorrance reflected, "he'll give me something that will make me sleep. . . ."

THE two men sat down, and the doctor began to talk gently of Eleanor. He had known her for many years, though not professionally. He spoke of her goodness, her charity, the many instances he had come across among his poor patients of her discreet and untiring ministrations. Dorrance, who had dreaded hearing her spoken of, and by this man above all others, found himself listening with a curious avidity to these reminiscences. He needed no one to tell him of Eleanor's kindness, her devotion—yet at the moment such praise was sweet to him. And he took up the theme; but not without a secret stir of vindictiveness, a vague desire to make the doctor suffer for the results of his now distant blunder. He had forgiven the two doctors for himself, but he suddenly found he could not forgive them for Eleanor, and he had an angry wish to let them know it. "That diagnosis of yours nearly killed her, though it didn't kill *me*," he concluded sardonically.

The doctor had followed this outburst with a look of visible perplexity. The sight of his forgetfulness made Dorrance continue with rising irritation: "The shock of it *did* kill her—I see that now."

"Diagnosis—what diagnosis?" echoed the doctor blankly.

"I see you don't remember," said Dorrance.

"Well, no; I don't, for the moment."

"I'll remind you, then. When you came to see me with that cancer specialist four or five years ago, one of you dropped your diagnosis by mistake in going out. . . ."

"Oh, *that?*" The doctor's face lit up with sudden recollection. "Of course! The

(Continued on Page 162)

Christmas shopping at Home

This is Mr. W. J. Downs, one of the forty-five hundred courteous Fuller Brush Men who bring a helpful service to more than forty thousand homes every day.

Fuller Brush Men help thousands of women to shop this easy way

"OH, YES, that's the kind of brushes my husband wants—but I didn't know where to get them."

Some day soon the Fuller Brush Man will call and show you gift suggestions in brushes that you couldn't possibly find anywhere else. Because Fuller Brushes are sold *only* by Fuller Men who call at your home.

Perhaps you will want to be Santa Claus to yourself—or some friend—with cleaning brushes to lighten housework, or the White Beauty Set of personal brushes. Perhaps there's a "him" you have in mind—a man to whom the Black Beauty Set, shown at the right, would be just the thing.

In any case, welcome the Fuller Brush Man when he calls. Cellar to attic, head to foot—he will show you brushes to do the job a little easier, a little quicker, a little better, a little longer. For the Fuller Man represents the largest organization of its kind—devoted solely to the making and distribution of tested brushes for every use.

The Fuller Brush Co., 3596 Main St., Hartford, Conn., Branch Offices in 200 cities. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

Genuine Fuller Products carry the Red Top Tag and trade mark Fuller Look for both

Every Saturday Night the Fuller Brush Man calls on you with MUSIC

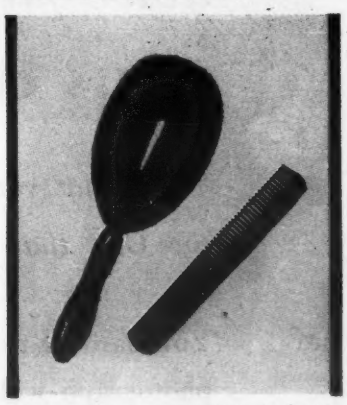
On the radio, tune in on the Fuller Brush Man's program every Saturday night at 7:30 Eastern Standard Time. Hear this musical entertainment over any one of the stations on the WJZ coast-to-coast network.

My husband calls this set his "Valet"

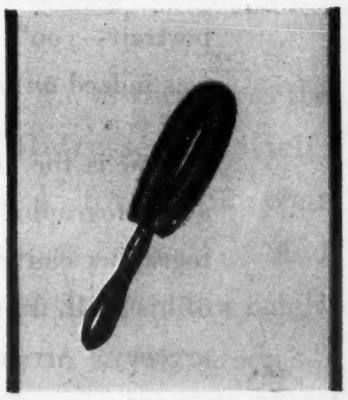
—by Grace Fowler

Last Christmas I gave my husband this Black Beauty Set of Fuller Brushes. He often says now "It's like having a valet to keep me neat."

He likes this Clothes Brush because it is curved to fit his shoulders. As a matter of fact, he never would bother with a clothes brush until he tried this one.



He says the Fuller Hair Brush is also good for massage and shampoo. Its bristles penetrate the thickest hair. And the Comb has teeth polished to prevent cutting or breaking the hair.



I'm sure that all wives like to see their husbands' fingers and nails kept neat—and this little Fuller Manicure Brush will do it with very little effort.

Fuller Brushes *are sold only by* Fuller Men *who call at your home*

WINS FIRST PRIZE — *Mrs. Martha Curran Gray, Minneapolis, Minn., Chosen America's Loveliest Mother in Photographers' Golden Anniversary Contest*

ARE YOU TOO "MODEST" *to make your family happy* THIS CHRISTMAS?

They want your PHOTOGRAPH, the Gift that Only You Can Give

You cannot realize how much your photograph will mean to the family—and to your friends. But when their faces light up as they receive your gift-portrait—you'll know that your choice was indeed *an inspiration.*

Now is the ideal time to prepare for a "photographic Christmas." Your photographer can give you the full benefit of his skill, unhurried by last-minute urgency. Arrange for an early sitting!

YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

The Gift that only you can give

PHOTOGRAPHERS ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA MEMBER

(Continued from Page 160)

diagnosis of the other poor fellow we'd been to see before coming to you. I remember it all now. Your wife—Mrs. Welwood then, wasn't she?—brought the paper back to me a few hours later—before I'd even missed it. I think she said you'd picked it up after we left, and thought it was meant for *you.*" The doctor gave an easy retrospective laugh. "Luckily I was able to reassure her at once." He leaned back comfortably in his armchair and shifted his voice to the pitch of condolence. "A beautiful life, your wife's was. I only wish it had been in our power to prolong it. But these cases of heart failure . . . you must tell yourself that at least you had a few happy years; and so many of us haven't even that." The doctor stood up and held out his hand.

"Wait a moment, please," Dorrance said hurriedly. "There's something I want to ask you." His brain was whirling so that for a moment he could not remember what he had meant to say. "I can't sleep . . ." he began.

"Yes?" said the doctor, assuming a professional look, but with a furtive glance at his wrist watch.

"Yes—but no matter about my sleeping. What I meant was: Do I understand you to say that the diagnosis you dropped in leaving was never intended for me?"

The doctor stared. "Good Lord, no—of course it wasn't. You never had a symptom. Didn't we both tell you so at the time?"

"Yes," Dorrance slowly acquiesced.

"Well, if you didn't believe us, your scare was a short one, anyhow," the doctor continued with a mild jocularity; and he put his hand out again.

"Oh, wait," Dorrance repeated. "What I really wanted to ask was what day you said my wife returned the diagnosis to you? But I suppose you don't remember."

The doctor reflected. "Yes, I do; it all comes back to me now. It was the very same day. We called on you in the morning, didn't we?"

"Yes; at nine o'clock," said Dorrance.

"Well, she brought the diagnosis back to me directly afterward."

"You think it was the very same day?" Dorrance wondered to himself why he continued to insist on this point.

The doctor took another stolen glance at his watch. "I'm sure it was. I remember now that it was my consultation day, and that she caught me at two o'clock, before I saw my first patient. We had a good laugh over the scare you'd had."

"Your wife had one of the sweetest laughs I ever heard," continued the doctor, with an expression of melancholy reminiscence.

There was a silence, and Dorrance was conscious that the doctor was looking at him with growing perplexity. He, too, gave a slight laugh. "I thought perhaps it was the day after," he mumbled vaguely. "Anyhow, you did give me a good scare."

"Yes," said the doctor. "But it didn't last long, did it? I asked your wife to make my peace with you. You know such things will happen to hurried doctors. I hope she persuaded you to forgive me?"

"Oh, yes," said Dorrance.

"Well, now about that sleeping ——" the doctor checked himself on the threshold to ask.

"Sleeping?" Dorrance started. "Oh, I shall sleep all right tonight," he said with sudden decision, as he closed the door on his visitor.

Chrysanthemums

(Continued from Page 31)

Eastern growers. He was called the "father of the chrysanthemum" in this country, and "at the time of his decease [1875] there was probably no other man who could claim to have been acquainted with the chrysanthemum for so long a period."

Romantic indeed is the story of the chrysanthemum's chief impetus in its rise in favor in this country. It is recorded of the Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, a variety which brought the surprising price of fifteen hundred dollars, that Capt. Alpheus Hardy, bound from Japan to Boston, discovered a stowaway whom he would ordinarily have returned to Japan. Mrs. Hardy interceded and the stowaway was taken on to Boston and, through her kind offices, educated at Harvard. Soon after his graduation and return to Japan he sent her his gift of gratitude, a collection of chrysanthemum cuttings. Among them was the Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, first of the ciliated type ever grown in this country and the patriarch of fifty ciliated varieties, chiefly American hybrids, which have been developed from it.

Rich and subtle as is the color range of the chrysanthemum, including virtually every shade of every color except blue, its forms are no less varied and elaborate. In the "hairy" type, such as the Mrs. Alpheus Hardy, the flowers possess a small beard of ciliated petals.

"Incurved" varieties have petals all pointing to the center of the flower, making a ball type.

The best example of this form is the yellow Turner. It is popularly known among visitors to our chrysanthemum show as the Cream Puff.

The direct opposite of this type is the reflex type, fairly described by its somewhat unceremonious popular name, the "mop head." The true exhibition Japanese chrysanthemum can scarcely be distinguished from either reflex or incurved, since its various petals partake of the characteristics of both.

Petals are rolled to resemble a quill in the quilled type. Anemone chrysanthemums have open flowers, with enlarged center or disk flowers, in a replica of the form of the true anemone.

Despite the compelling beauty of the exhibition varieties and the many-flowered bush plants, the little pompons introduced by the French, which are often referred to as the "button" type, are extremely popular. This is especially true of the small white Mary Pickford.

Both the forms and the long history of the chrysanthemum are regarded in the annual show at Missouri Botanical Garden, for the arrangements must be designed appropriately for the various types, and the setting as a whole is Japanese. The first regular chrysanthemum exhibit of record in this country was presented under auspices of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in 1868, and in an account of a flower show held by that society twenty-four years earlier occurs the line, "The show of chrysanthemums on November second was very fine."

The chrysanthemum show in St. Louis is the oldest flower exhibition in the city, and it remains the most popular. In 1890, the local florists' club began a three-day exhibition, which was repeated for ten years. The Garden presented its first chrysanthemum show in 1905, under canvas, since there was then no greenhouse large enough to shelter the two thousand plants in two hundred and eleven varieties, and the show has been given every year since then with annually increasing attendance, except in 1911, when a gale destroyed the tent and a seventy-degree drop in temperature ravished the flowers the night before the exhibition was to begin. In 1928, the Japanese motif of display was adopted, and, with attendance for the month of the exhibition approaching the one hundred thousand mark, it seems likely that this type of design will be continued.

(Continued on Page 164)

"Take a look at *this* Fruit Cake"

Says the Uneeda Boy

"Here's a Fruit Cake to crown any Holiday Feast! For it's the richest, *fruit-iest* cake you've ever tasted . . . chock *full* of nuts and pineapple, citron, raisins, cherries . . . Sealed tight in a cellophane wrapper that keeps it moist and fresh . . . And packed in this merry red tin, as cheerful as the Holiday season itself! Look for it on your grocer's counter . . . And buy it as a joyous gift to friends or family . . . In 2 and 5 lb. tins at your grocer's."

If you can't purchase this cake at your grocer's, clip this coupon and mail it to "Uneeda Bakers," 449 W. 14th St., New York City, who will be glad to see that your order is filled.

_____ 2 lb. cake _____ 5 lb. cake

Name _____ Address _____

Grocer _____ Address _____

Baked by
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY **"Uneeda Bakers"**

"Uneeda Bakers" Fruit Cake

WHAT a beckoning scene of charm this lovely pottery creates in living-room, dining-room, hall or library. Color . . . artistry . . . just that little touch which defines so undeniably one's good taste. That's the fascination of Roseville Pottery, exemplified in these new creations distinguished by their autumn colorings and classic shapes. See them and other Roseville pieces at leading gift shops and department stores.

A copy of the booklet, "Pottery", sent free on request.

THE ROSEVILLE POTTERY COMPANY, *Zanesville, Ohio*

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954 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

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AMONG the many things Mrs. Edward Goff wants for Christmas each year is more money—for herself and for tasteful gifts. Many years ago she discovered that she could easily earn it herself. In a single hour—after learning of our earning plan—she earned $1.35. And she has tucked away $50.00 extra in one month just for sending us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman*.

Earn in Your Spare Time

Like Fern Shoemaker (left) you'll greet Christmas with a happy smile when you have plenty of money in your purse.

WE need more local subscription representatives like Mrs. Goff and Fern Shoemaker, whose pictures you see here. The work is easy and dignified. You need no previous experience to succeed, and your time is your own. We will pay you liberally for results—but if you want $50.00 before Christmas do not delay!

CLIP THE COUPON

(Continued from Page 162)

Within the past few years one of the features of the exhibition has been the so-called basket chrysanthemums. These are the first to be propagated, and are considered to require ten full months for development. In January the cuttings are rooted, grown in pots, and later they are planted three to the basket.

The ordinary types are not suited for this unusual method of display, but out of the four hundred varieties grown at the Garden several have been selected, with a pendant growth, which lend themselves to basket cultivation. All are of the single type, which very nearly approach the common marguerite, and one of the best is the small white daisy variety, the Anna.

The two usual forms of cultivation are the bush and the single-stem exhibition development. In St. Louis the bush plants are propagated and planted outside in the nursery by the middle of May. To produce the bush effect all the terminal buds are pinched several times, in order to force the vigor of the plant into the production of as many lateral branches as possible. In the latter part of August the plants are placed in pots and taken into the greenhouses for establishing.

To reduce transpiration the houses are kept shaded and the plants are kept moist by periodical syringing until all danger of losing the leaves, due to reduction of the root area, is past.

Exhibition bush plants, which oftimes produce hundreds of flowers, require greenhouse care. For this type the cuttings are taken in late December and January, so as to cover as long a period of growth as possible. Pinching is practiced as in the smaller bush plants.

Single-stem exhibition flowers likewise are grown in the greenhouse throughout the growing season. The system of pinching is the reverse of that in the bush plants. Lateral buds are removed as soon as they appear in the axes or "joints" of the leaves.

Farmers of the Sea

By
ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

THE bronzed and innocent long men
Who farm the ocean are as ten
Who farm the land. For he who sows
The burden of his harvest knows,
Looks no deeper than the land,
Grasps no farther than his hand.

But men who sink nets in the sea
Run fingers through eternity,
Assume a god and do their duty
And blindly grope about in beauty.
They lean on more than human reasons,
They weave in with the circling seasons,
With the wind whose law is writ
Too high for men to compass it.
It is a noble thing to take
From a vast design a flake,
Subtle and shining, that is called
A codfish when the net is hauled.

Without a Conservatory

WHEN grown commercially, the large-flowered varieties are grown all together in open benches filled with earth, instead of in pots, to supply the cut-flower trade. The earliest of the flowering types are used as hardy varieties, since their flower cycle is completed before the first killing frost. An unusual outdoor exhibition of these plants was possible at the garden in the fall of 1929, due to a remarkably open season late in the autumn. These varieties are treated like any ordinary perennial plant.

Though many amateurs grow a few of the better-known hardy varieties, most of them, in climates like that of St. Louis, at least, would be surprised to see that many of the fine bush and single-stem types, with adequate care, can be successfully flowered by an amateur without a conservatory. They may well profit by the experience of Mr. Frank Herr, of Illinois, a retired merchant, who raises fourteen of the better varieties—Mrs. G. G. Mason to seven flowers and Chrysolora to eighteen—with no shelter except a cold frame in winter and his veranda in autumn. It is impossible, of course, to bring late-flowering varieties into bloom before a killing frost without the aid of a conservatory.

Cold-Frame Culture

MR. HERR'S cold frame, his most complicated piece of apparatus, is a simple affair, three by six feet, with a glass top and front. Air circulation is permitted by four two-inch holes in the rear and a fifth at the side, which may be corked up whenever there is danger of freezing. In zero weather the frame is protected with boards, old carpets or what you have. When the flowers have been taken by the first killing frost of winter, Mr. Herr cuts the stalks just above the soil, waters the plants and plunges the pots into the cold frame. They require no more watering and are safe against low temperature, as long as they are not allowed to freeze.

Aphis, or plant lice, infest the plants in winter, but their control is a simple problem to a pipe smoker. Mr. Herr simply removes the cork from the side of the frame and blows pipe smoke through the vent. In the active growing season the appearance of aphis and thrips may be prevented by an occasional spray of a nicotine preparation.

In late March or early April the plants are removed from the cold frame. The sprouts or suckers which began to form at the base of the plants in the beginning of the last blooming season are the material for the coming season's plants. They are removed, trimmed and inserted in shallow pans of sand, watered and placed on a convenient shelf in the back of the cold frame. The cans seldom have to be watered again. Two or three small holes at the side carry away surface moisture. When the cuttings have formed roots they are transplanted in two-and-a-half-inch pots, which are kept in the frames. As the weather grows warmer the sash is opened so that the young chrysanthemums are nurtured in an abundance of fresh air and sunlight, and as they grow they are transplanted into larger pots, until the definite arrival of warm weather, when they can be placed in the open soil along a south fence. Here they remain through the summer, until cool weather comes, about September fifteenth, when they are removed to a place where they can be protected at the top and sides when light frosts threaten. As the flowers begin expanding, the plants are placed on an east veranda for the blossoming period, and when killing frost comes they retire again to the cold frame.

"FLAPJACKS WAITIN'—and Vermont Maid Syrup," calls Dan Hughes, veteran lumber cook.

"Come and Get it!—

FLAPJACKS AND VERMONT MAID SYRUP

There's a breakfast that's famous throughout the whole North Woods—your husband would like it, too!

"LUMBERJACK or bank president . . . makes no difference. He'll relish a North Woods breakfast. Flapjacks . . . three mornings a week. Vermont Maid Syrup . . . and plenty of it."

A veteran lumber cook gave this advice. In a North Woods cook shack—where you'll eat the finest food in the world.

For lumberjacks know good food . . . demand it . . . get it!

Lumberjacks discovered Vermont Maid Syrup . . . spread its fame from camp to camp.

Surprise your husband. Tomorrow morning. Give him the very breakfast he's been secretly longing for.

Tender brown flapjacks—crisp at the edges . . . and the syrup that's famous throughout the whole North Woods . . . Vermont Maid. That's a breakfast you can count on to delight any man alive.

Old-time Vermonters make it . . . in the maple center of Vermont. They blend pure cane sugar with pure maple sugar. With expert care. Finest maple flavor you ever tasted. Now available for all in stores everywhere.

Your grocer has Vermont Maid Syrup in convenient glass jugs. By all means try some for breakfast soon. Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Burlington, Vermont.

"YOUR HUSBAND'S no different! He'll relish a North Woods breakfast, too," says this lumber cook.

THROUGH the cold gray dawn they come a'running when cook calls, "Come and get it!"

MADE IN VERMONT BY VERMONTERS

Vermont Maid Syrup

CANE AND MAPLE SUGAR

SEND 10¢ FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

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Burlington, Vermont.

I enclose 10¢ for generous sample bottle of Vermont Maid Syrup and recipe folder.

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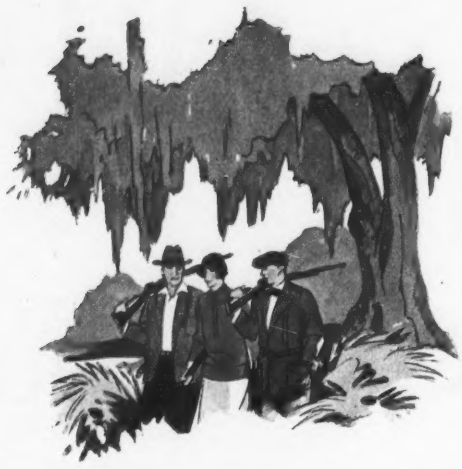

Governor Parker's Week End Guests Enjoyed

An Alligator Hunt and a Plantation Breakfast

Again and Again Old Jim passed heaping plates of Fluffy Griddle Cakes

HUNTING lions and tigers in Africa or shooting bears and moose in the West may be more exciting, but it isn't likely that sportsmen ever had more fun than on the alligator hunt that John M. Parker, former Governor of Louisiana, gave for a party of distinguished Easterners who were his guests for a November week-end at his plantation near St. Francisville.

It was a typically Southern event---the negro guides and attendants; the early morning tramp through moss-hung forests to the lair of "Mistah Alligatah"; the triumphant return; the real plantation breakfast.

What a breakfast it was---fried ham and new-laid eggs, broiled tomatoes with crisp curls of bacon, batter biscuits, spoon bread and coffee, and to crown the feast, golden griddle cakes with sugar-cane syrup. Until he was dizzy, Old Jim circled the table with plate after plate of the piping hot pancakes.

"Huh" said Jim, as the distinguished guests praised the cook, "anybody can make dese pancakes if dey hab de right flouah."

Old Jim was right. Southern cooks demand a special type of flour, unlike the flour you generally see. What impresses you, first, is its amazing softness and whiteness. Such flour is sure to produce cakes, pancakes, biscuits and other bakings that are wonderfully light, tender, and fine in flavor. The Ballard Mills are the world's largest producers of this flour.

Now your grocer has, or can get for you, the same flour that was used in Governor Parker's kitchen that November morning---prepared just as good Southern cooks prepare it for making the most delicious pancakes you ever put in your mouth---Ballard Pancake Flour. Try it, and notice as you stir it into the creamy batter how much lighter it is than other flours you have used.

Ballard Pancake Flour is an all-wheat product; it is made from the same wheat and in the same mills that make *Obelisk* and other fine Ballard cake and biscuit flours. It is equally as delicious for waffles and muffins as for pancakes. If you live within the continental limits of the United States you can try a package of Ballard Pancake Flour now by using the coupon.

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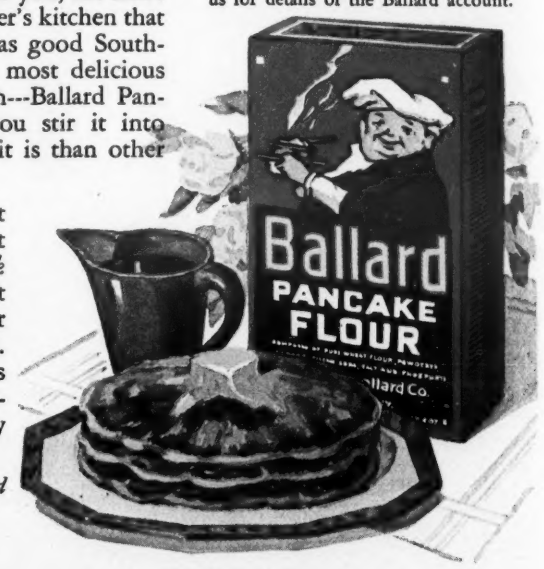
For 50 years Ballard Flours have been sold in the South. Now they are being made available to women everywhere. There is still some open territory. Write us for details of the Ballard account.



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Enclosed find 25c in stamps for which please send me full size package Ballard Pancake Flour together with a Ballard tea towel neatly made of cotton crash size 17 x 27 inches.

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Ballard Flours

STANDARD OF THE SOUTH FOR FIFTY YEARS

The Best Indoor Plants to Grow

By ALEX LAURIE
Professor of Floriculture, Ohio State University

TO SIMPLIFY the choice of the easiest and most hardy plants to grow we shall divide the more common kinds into three groups: Those which will withstand the worst conditions and abuse; those which will succeed under average conditions; and those which are desirable but extremely difficult to grow with any degree of perfection.

The first group includes aspidistra, English ivy, bowstring-hemp *(sansevieria)*, wandering-jew *(tradescantia)*, screwpine *(pandanus)* and anthericum.

ASPIDISTRA is a thick-foliaged plant belonging to the lily family. Very little sun is required by the plant and it's almost impossible either to overwater or to dry out. It does best in a temperature of 60° to 75° F., but will withstand great fluctuations. Gas fumes and dust do not affect its vitality.

ENGLISH IVY *(Hedera helix)* does very well under trying conditions. It makes an extremely rapid growth when given proper treatment. Scale and aphids attack the young foliage but may readily be eradicated. The variegated variety recently placed on the market does not possess the same vitality and adaptability to adverse conditions.

BOWSTRING-HEMP *(sansevieria)* is another plant which succeeds well under trying conditions. It requires little light and very moderate amounts of water. The leathery texture of its stiff foliage precludes insect attacks.

SCREWPINE *(pandanus)* has swordlike green or variegated foliage, bright, lustrous and attractive. It is remarkably hardy in the house but will not stand overwatering during the winter. It is particularly useful in boxes as a point of emphasis.

DRACÆNA is a plant similar to the screwpine, both in appearance and its requirements. Many different species are used for the home, all because of their decorative foliage.

ST. BERNARDLILY *(anthericum)* belongs to the lily group, although it is chiefly grown for its ornamental foliage and ease of culture. This plant is very useful for hanging baskets, developing new plants by offsets which hang gracefully over the sides. When in bloom the plant requires an abundance of water; otherwise moderate amounts are sufficient. Very few insects attack it.

WANDERING-JEW *(tradescantia)* will grow in any situation. It flourishes in moist soil or even in water, and prefers none too rich a soil; otherwise elongated shoots will develop. Very little actual sunlight is required and a temperature of 60° F. is sufficient. Insects are rarely noted.

THE second group includes the great majority of foliage and flowering plants which are to be found in the average home. They are somewhat susceptible to gases and object to dry atmosphere, yet may be grown with a fair degree of success.

GERANIUM *(pelargonium)* is the most generally grown plant, thriving best at a temperature below 70° F. It prefers a sunny location, otherwise very little flowering takes place and spindly growth develops. Geraniums benefit by regular applications of plant food to the soil. Abundance of water is necessary. Various insects attack the plants, but usually the infestations are not serious. Geraniums are quite susceptible to gas injury.

BOSTON FERN *(nephrolepis)* is an extremely popular house plant and is grown in many varieties. Many people do not succeed with ferns because of keeping them too cool—a temperature of 65° to 70° F. is best—growing them in too large pots, which results in overwatering and "wet feet," allowing them to be exposed to direct rays of the sun, placing them too near heat registers or radiators and thus forcing heat under the plants.

BEGONIAS are numerous and constitute the largest group of plants grown in the homes. Some have brilliant foliage and insignificant flowers. Others combine beauty in both. The plants are more tolerant of adverse conditions than ferns or geraniums, although they are somewhat susceptible to gas. Leafy or peaty soil is best for their growth. The temperature may be cool and direct sunlight is not absolutely essential.

COLEUS is a very common house plant, but one which is rarely grown to perfection. It requires full sunlight, a warm, yet moist, atmosphere, and is susceptible to gas injury and to mealy bugs. Fair specimens may be produced, however, even if many of these requirements are not fulfilled.

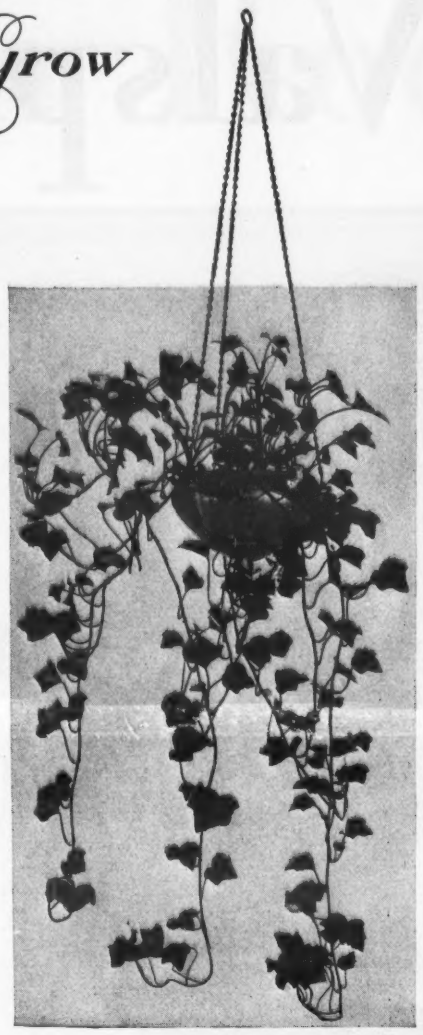
ASPARAGUS FERN includes the two species commonly grown—*Asparagus plumosus* and *Asparagus sprengeri*. Their requirements are similar. High temperatures and dry atmosphere are extremely objectionable. Overwatering may be easily done and direct sunlight in the spring and summer results in yellowing foliage. Avoid these mistakes for success.

PHILODENDRON is rather new to the home owner, but it has been cultivated in greenhouses for a great many years. In spite of the fact that this tropical vine thrives in moist situations, it does very well in the home.

PALMS constitute a large group of tropical plants, but the kinds used as house plants are limited in extent. The Kentia and the date palms are used largely. Both are easily grown, provided direct sunlight is withheld and the plants are not overpotted. A shift once a year is sufficient and in many cases once in two years may be found better. Feeding with commercial plant food once in four or five weeks during summer and spring will be found advantageous. Warm, moist atmosphere is suitable.

RUBBER PLANT *(ficus)* does well under adverse conditions of high heat and low humidity, but it will not stand overwatering during winter. Yellowing of the foliage is a sure sign of overzealous applications of water. The plant does best in small pots and should not be shifted too frequently.

AMARYLLIS is a bulbous plant of easy culture. It withstands house conditions very well. The best treatment is to allow all the foliage to mature after flowering in March



and keep the pots plunged out-of-doors until frost. Then they should be taken in and kept dry until December, repotted into fresh soil and started into growth. The flowers appear in advance of the foliage. Failures are due to lack of rest.

OXALIS, with its cloverlike foliage and pink and white flowers, is a desirable plant for hanging baskets. It flowers in late winter, at which time feeding and abundance of water are needed. After flowering a rest should be given by gradual reduction of water. Full sunlight and a temperature of 65° F. are required.

PERIWINKLE *(vinca)* is used in hanging baskets and does fairly well under ordinary conditions. It may be started from cuttings.

LANTANA resembles verbena a great deal but produces flowers of greater brilliance in yellows, reds and orange. Being a free bloomer it requires full sunlight, a moderate amount of water and a temperature of 65° F. The old plants may be cut back in the fall for winter blooming. New plants are produced by seed and cuttings.

THE third group includes desirable plants that are extremely difficult to grow with any degree of perfection. In most cases, they will be grown successfully only by florists and experts. To avoid disappointment, we suggest that cyclamen, cineraria, primrose, calceolaria, hydrangea and roses be purchased from florists, rather than grown at home.

CYCLAMEN is one of the most popular of florists' plants. It requires a cool room, abundance of sunshine and care in watering during winter. Gas injury is evidenced at once by the yellowing of the foliage, the reduction in size of the flowers, and the like. It is propagated by seed and it requires eighteen months to produce a plant in full flower. It is possible to reduce water somewhat after flowering, and later in the summer to start plants back in growth.

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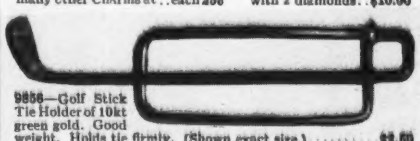
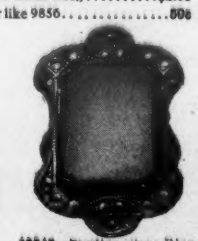
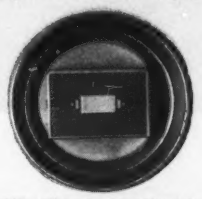


9856—Golf Stick Tie Holder of 10kt green gold. Good weight. Holds tie firmly. (Shown exact size.).....$3.50
43341—Sterling silver Tie Holder like 9856.....50c



43343—Sterling silver Ring set with genuine chrysoprase and marcasites. $1.75

42721—Sterling silver Perfume Flask, hammered grey. Fitted with long tongued stopper. (Shown exact size.).....$1.00



42722—3" Ash Tray and Match Box to match of sterling silver. Tray has green enameled border and Match Box enameled both sides. Ideal for the bridge table. (Shown ½ size.) Match Box $1.50. Ash Tray $1.75. Set of 4 each. . .$13.00

37850—Tite-wad Bill Fold of fine, dull-black pin seal with 14kt green gold snap, for small bills, leather lined.....$4.00

26826—Men's sterling silver Hair Brush with silver mounted Comb inserted in handle. Modernistic design. Russian boar bristles set in rosewood. (Shown ½ size.). .$10.00

22975—6" Reversible Bridge Score Pad of pierced and polished brass, one pad for "Personal Scores," and the other for "We and They." Complete with pencil. (Shown ½ size.).....$2.50

22602—This same holder and pencil with plain memo pad. .$2.00

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"I think we worked out a pretty attractive color scheme, Val, don't you?" returns Mrs. Val, recalling the night she had curled up in the old wing chair when they planned the "transformation."

"But, it's even better than we anticipated," concludes Val, *"and if credit goes where it belongs 'The Valspars' should be saluted."*

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10¢ 4 Brillo Pads and Brillo Soap

BRILLO—the soft fibre lubricated pads and pure free-lathering soap—cleans Aluminum so beautifully it shines like silver! *BRILLO polishes as it cleans!* It scours greasy pots and pans without rags, without powders, without effort. It erases stains from cutlery, enamelware, tubs, stoves—easily. This *guaranteed* cleanser can be used on tile, glass, china—all around the house!

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BRILLO

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L. W. RAMSEY, *Landscape Architect*

JOURNAL Garden Patterns (trade-mark) are designed by leading landscape architects in various parts of the country for the purpose of helping you plant your home grounds attractively.

Each Garden Pattern is a complete landscape plan for a definite city or suburban lot. They are designed to meet average situations in each definite planting area throughout the country.

Four plans are shown on this page, especially designed for city or suburban dwellers living in the Middle West on lots 50 by 150 feet in size.

The drawings show the placement of house and garage upon the lot and give the outline for landscape development.

Select the plan which coincides with your home situation and the pattern will provide an adequate guide for you in the development of your own planting and landscaping. The advantage of the completed plan is that if you do not wish to plant the garden in its entirety in one season, it can be budgeted over a period of years. But with a definite plan in hand you are steadily advancing toward the completed picture.

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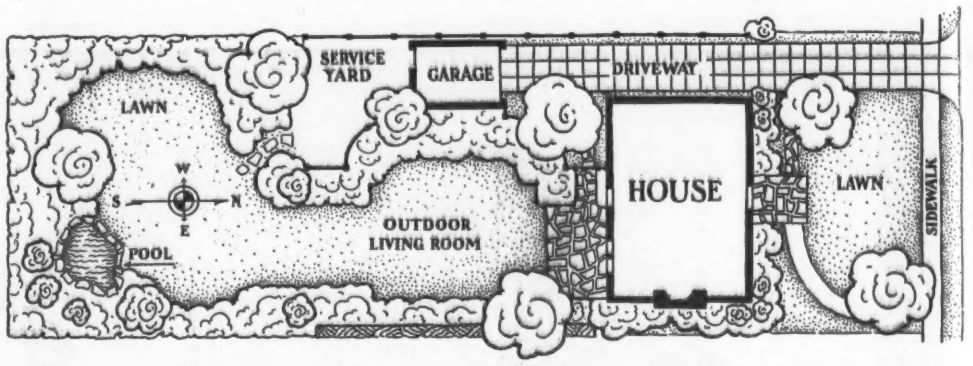
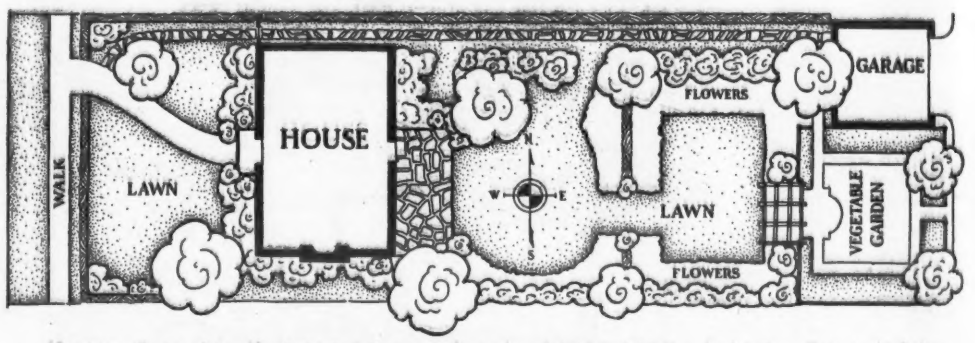
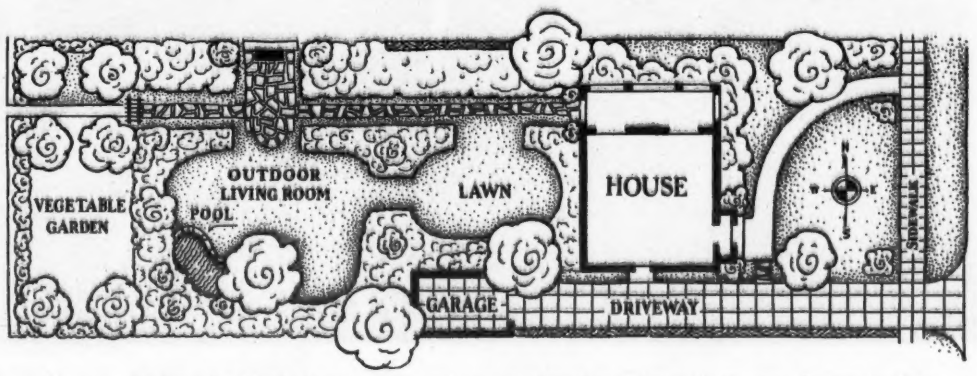


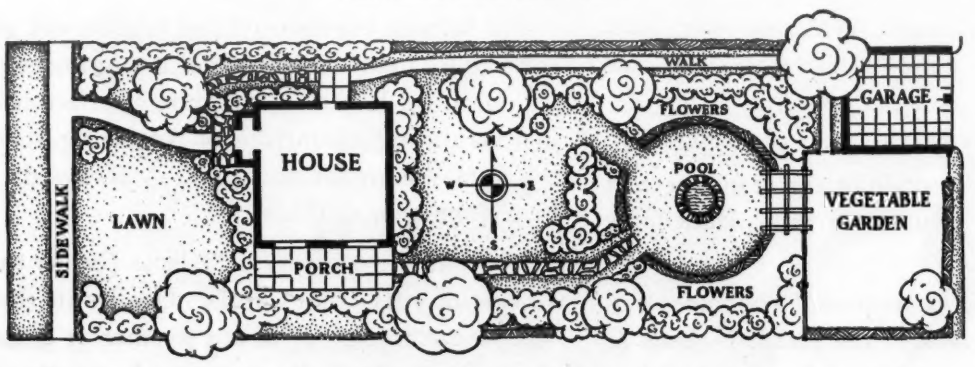
No. 109—Designed for North-Central States, and can be adapted to variation in lot size. Pattern includes pool, outdoor living room and service yard.



No. 110—Designed for North-Central States, and can be adapted to variation in lot size. Pattern includes garden arbor, sundial and vegetable garden.



No. 111—Designed for North-Central States, and can be adapted to variation in lot size. Pattern includes pool, sundial and vegetable garden.



No. 112—Designed for North-Central States, and can be adapted to variation in lot size. Pattern includes pool, garden arbor and vegetable garden.

Journal Garden Patterns

Garden Information Service,
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Gentlemen: Inclosed please find.....cents for which send me JOURNAL Garden Patterns (trade-mark) at 25 cents each, as marked below:

☐ Garden Pattern No. 109 ☐ Garden Pattern No. 110 ☐ Garden Pattern No. 111 ☐ Garden Pattern No. 112

☐ JOURNAL Garden-Pattern Leaflet (4 cents) (Twenty-four different plans, for different sections of the United States)

Name..... Street.....

City..... State.....

I bring you all the natural flavor of sun-ripened oats/

I grew in a rich field of oats, where Mother Nature filled me full of the natural vitamins, protein, carbohydrates and minerals that make children grow big and strong.

Sunshine ripened me and filled me full of health, just as it does little boys and girls who play in the sun and grow healthy and brown.

Because I was plump and whole, I was admitted to the famous 3-Minute mill, where only the plumpest, whole white oats are allowed to enter. There I spent 12 hours in a fireless cooker with my jacket on, so that none of my natural sun-ripened flavor could escape as I was being prepared for your table.

Thanks to this fireless cooking—at the mill—for 12 hours—I cook perfectly on your stove in exactly 3 minutes.

I am light and flaky and free from the flouriness that cooks into a soggy, glutinous mass.

No human hand touched me even once, from the time I went into the 3-Minute mill until I entered the sterilized air-tight carton that brings me to your home.

Ask for me at your grocer's. You'll find me only in the package with the big red 3, waiting to delight you and the children with my wonderful new nut-like flavor. I cost but a dime—and you'll say I'm worth a lot more than that, because children like me and want me at the table with them every morning.

"Keeping Weight Normal and Bodies Growing"

"I am the Mother of four youngsters, ranging from three and a half to twelve years of age," writes an Ohio woman. "Two of them tend to run underweight, consequently, their diet must be watched constantly. Furthermore, jaded little appetites must be coaxed along in order that there may be no let-up in growth. For me, 3-Minute Oat Flakes have solved this problem. The delightful flavor spurs the appetite and induces my children to eat more, thus keeping weight normal and bodies growing."

Regular Package, 10c; Family Size, 25c
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VITAMIZED BY NATURAL PROCESS

3-MINUTE OAT FLAKES

Warning! Quick cooking oats are not 3-Minute Oat Flakes—in the package with the Big Red 3

The delicious sun-ripened flavor of genuine 3-Minute Oat Flakes cannot be obtained in any substitute for 3-Minute Oat Flakes. Grocers prosper and please by furnishing what you want, so don't hesitate to insist upon the genuine and obtain the highest quality your money can buy. If your grocer hasn't it in stock, write us direct, giving his name and address, and we'll tell him and you where he can get it.

THREE MINUTE CEREALS COMPANY, 907 16th Street, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Lively HANDS can be LOVELY ones!

35c., 50c., $1. everywhere. 10c. handy size at 5 & 10c stores. Mail orders filled by The Frostilla Co., Dept. 411—Elmira, New York.

BUSY, housework-ing hands . . . . always doing something . . . . in and out of hard water . . . hastily dried . . . prey to redness, roughness, chapping . . . knuckles bulging in protest . . . *ugh!*

Liveliness needn't kill loveliness. FROSTILLA'S the secret! Banishes coarseness, catchy finger-tips, brittle nails . . . brings whiteness, softness, and such smoothness. . . . .

A bottle in the boudoir . . . another in the kitchen . . . a fragrant, speedy massage with Frostilla two or three times a day . . . and you'll hold constant beauty in your busy hands!

FROSTILLA
SAVES YOUR SKIN

Water

(Continued from Page 24)

born-under-the-bureau ones, and then, too, he's Mexican hairless in spots!"

"Added to which," the purchaser commented, "I believe, if we had the case history we'd find that his mother, when expecting the little strangers—and strangers is the word—was frightened by a swan or a vacuum cleaner. There's nothing canine about that neck!" He thrust a hand into his pocket. "He's mine. Eats anything, I suppose?"

"And how! Well, so long, bozo!"

The beast followed Darrow docilely in the general direction of his room, being fitted to collar and leash before they headed for Willowvale and riding resignedly in the back of the car. "No social relations at all, old top," the youth warned him. "Can't imagine ever liking you, but we'll take no chances!"

"Oh, say, does that Star-spangled Banner yet wave?" he interrogated the young Kehoes at supper, next day. He elicited the fact that no flag had been displayed, so he paid another visit to the Deerfoot school. The teacher, crimson, stammering, said she had conveyed his message.

"And?" Darrow Brant beamed upon her hopefully.

She shook her head. "Mr. Gusberger—the trustees—said no."

HE LISTENED in grieved silence. "Then will you please tell Mr. Gusberger—the trustees—that we say yes?" He bade her a gentle good morning and went to see Anthony Manning, and later, Jim Corey.

The young rancher gave him a clearer and cooler picture of the Swiss's domination of the school. "I guess he just likes to run things. Landed here from the steerage years ago; smart and thrifty. Made a good deal of money, for this territory, and built up a lot of power. Loans money on crops and lets things ride; easy on 'em till election time, and then he puts on the screws. Gets himself in again and again as trustee, and the other two are always men he's got right under his thumb."

"Yes men," said Darrow.

Corey nodded. "So, naturally, he picks the teacher every time and she boards at his house. Election's always crooked. He drags in people to vote who haven't any right to—haven't been here long enough."

"Well, but doesn't anybody peep?"

The other shrugged. "Sure. We raise an awful holler. Three or four of us; but there are too many of 'em owing him money."

The northerner's eyes narrowed. "There's an idea! That might be one way to handle it!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why—take up the loans. Beat him at his own game. Let the peons pay him back." He visioned the drama of it for an instant, kindling to it, but the rancher's face was impassive. After all, what business was it of his—Darrow Brant's? Wasn't he deep enough in his own mess without looking for more grief? "Well," he went on less warmly, "I hope you'll win out this time and get June Gale in."

Jim Corey colored suddenly. "That's our idea," he said stiffly.

DARROW studied him in silence. What'd he want to freeze up all the time for? Gave him a pain in the neck. But—of course! This bird was jealous of him—scared stiff of a newcomer cutting in on him with his girl, the poor fish. Well, but why wouldn't he be? Natural enough. Well, easy enough to put him out of his misery.

"Miss Gale's an awfully keen girl," he said cordially. "Guess you'll be pleased pink to have her back here." His neighbor merely flushed a deeper crimson, scowling. "I can figure how you feel. There's a girl up on the Peninsula ——" Instantly he was aware of the fellow's relaxing.

The temperature rose pleasantly. He wouldn't ever be clubby, this lean young yeoman of the alfalfa fields and the silos; that wasn't on the cards, but at least, now, he would be civil, coöperative.

It was a relief to get it over to him that he didn't want his nice big girl with the summery-wintry name; he didn't like large women.

WORK went briskly forward under the hammers of the two carpenters. Darrow's own tiny cabin was finished first and he moved into it with a sense of sanctuary—one room with screened windows on all sides and a wash room with a shower.

After he had bestowed his belongings he called the child M'ree and exhibited it.

"*This is my* house," he stated with emphasis.

She regarded him warily out of her pale eyes; she knew there was a catch in it somewhere.

"*Me* house!" her scared and hissing whisper reasserted, gesturing with a skinny small arm toward the main dwelling.

Probably the world's least pleasing child. He could have shaken her with pleasure. But she would yet eat from his kind hand! He was animated, in those days, by a boundless and benevolent cheer. It was fun to have power. Bill and Fred were swiftly converting clean boards and shiny nails into a modern and sanitary bunk house for his toilers, and already there were four men, besides his hobo, living at home, for the present, tooling to and from work in the new and prosperous machines which never ceased to amaze him.

The day the flooring was completely laid one of them said at dinner, "Well, Bill, I see you and Fred have got our dance floor ready for us?"

"Sure have. When'll it be, buddy?"

The boy glanced toward Darrow Brant. "Well—we were sort of figuring ——"

Darrow came sharply back from a deep preoccupation. He had been sitting at his desk—his desk at Malglum & Company's. He met the suggestion warmly.

"Check! We'll throw a party. . . . When? Tonight? But can you gather your gang? . . . All right, then, step on it. What about music?" The Kehoes had no radio. "This man Mallory, at the Wiggins place, has a fiddle, but something tells me he's not so hot. We'd better get some moaners out from Fresno."

His young henchmen looked startled, respectful, pleased. Things like that didn't happen to them. One man, in their world, wasn't able to commandeer a dance orchestra from twenty-five miles away.

But this youth from the north who'd had his picture in the paper time and again in the four years of Stanford could make an amiable decision to spend fifty or a hundred dollars without turning a hair. They heard him presently in brisk conference with Mrs. Kehoe as to a midnight supper, deciding what part of it she would handle, and what should be turned over to the competent Mrs. Keith, of the Cottage Restaurant, and where he should order the ice cream. He said—to Jed Kehoe's shocked horror—"We'll take an hour off and get busy on the phone and round up the crowd. Look—you can use the Kehoes'—and some of you can jump in your cars and dash round to the nearest places—and I'll run in to town and call Fresno about the music. And I'll call back here at two, to get an idea of the number of people to expect. All right—step on it, everybody!"

XV. HIS personal guests were few. Jim Corey accepted civilly, Anthony Manning declined, Donald Gale would be there with bells, and the Mallorys would

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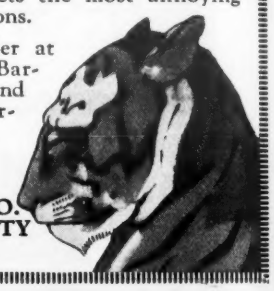

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If someone in your family "always has a cold" send for this FREE booklet. It tells about cracks around the doors and windows of your home that let in drafts and discomfort . . . ill-health . . . cold and soot. It is called . . .

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and tells why Monarch tubular Metal Weatherstrip—installed by experts—is the remarkably efficient method of sealing these cracks to make your home warm, comfortable and *healthful.* Furthermore, you'll have a free heat-loss analysis of your home made—by mail. This analysis shows—in advance—what Monarch Metal Weatherstrip will save for you each year—savings of from $35 to $100 yearly for the life of your home. So don't delay. Clip and mail coupon today.

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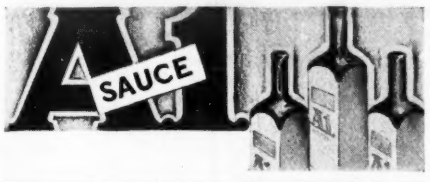
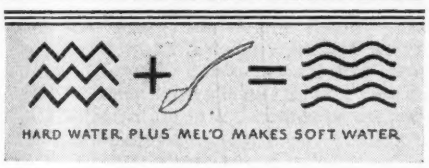
"MEAT — MERE COOKING CAN'T GIVE YOU FLAVOR LIKE THIS . . .

"No, you're not such an appetizing morsel, Mr. Meat, just from the roasting or broiling. It takes more than heat alone to give you the taste that we men hanker for. It's this sprinkle of A-1 Sauce that does the trick—that makes you a downright delicious mouthful. For A-1 is the sauce that's made for meats . . . and fish, too . . . a rich, thick, savory table sauce that's made for you—and made for me."

A-1 Sauce works wonders as a seasoning in cooking, too. Write for free recipe booklet, "Twenty-five Ways to a Man's Heart." G. F. Heublein & Brother, Desk 311, Hartford, Connecticut.





Roughened, reddened hands are caused by HARD WATER

PERHAPS you don't know that. But it is *hard water*—water filled with harsh alkalis—that irritates, roughens and chaps the skin of tender hands that wash dishes and clothes.

You *need not* wash in hard water! Add one or two tablespoonfuls of Melo to the dishpan—two or three to the washtub—and instantly the *hardest* water is made soft. Suds are quick and rich, less soap is used, rinsing is rapid and thorough. Grease films disappear from dishes; white clothes dry *snow*-white.

Water softened with Melo makes every washing and cleaning operation easier. It adds to the comfort of the bath. Try it tomorrow. Sold by your grocer in convenient cans—10c (slightly higher in far western states). The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio. (*Also makers of Sani-Flush.*)

MEL'O

WATER SOFTENED WITH MEL'O IS A REMARKABLE CLEANER

10 CENTS

walk over for a little while unless the evening was too damp for Clyde's bronchitis.

There were thirty-eight at the dance on the new clean floor of the bunk house; thirty-six to feed, because Elaine Mallory, after being a pallid wallflower save for one dance with her husband and one with her host, discovered Clyde was wheezing at ten o'clock and led him hastily home across the alfalfa fields, the flash light wavering like an oversized firefly as they picked their stumbling way.

DARROW was delighted with the whole affair. His young toilers had come back in their smart cars and their good-looking best clothes and sleek hair, with their pretty girl friends beside them. Darrow danced at least once with every one of them—spool heels, the very sheerest silk stockings, made-up mouths. His young henchmen weren't missing a thing!

Jim Corey, standing near him early in the evening, scowled and muttered, "Who let the bars down?"

Darrow, following his gaze, saw a thin small girl between two lanky, slouching boys. "Who are they?"

"Name of Cooney." His scowl deepened. "Know who asked them?"

"Haven't an idea. Why? What's the matter with them?"

"Ornery trash," said his neighbor briefly. "Haven't been here very long, but they're all in Dutch with the community. Some say they're bootleggers. One of the boys is doing time now for shooting deer in a government reserve, and another one got in a fight in the pool hall the other night and pulled a gun. Bunch of bad actors. Four-five boys and this one girl. They say she's straight, but ——" The trio came nearer and he stopped talking.

The brothers were gaunt, sallow, beetle-browed youths with an air at once furtive and truculent, but the girl was a tiny, pansy-faced creature, tawny-haired, violet-eyed, golden-skinned, with a soft and formless mouth of crimson. The underlip was full, and quivered as Darrow looked at her. She seemed scared and shy; forlorn.

"Cute little trick," Jim Corey admitted grudgingly after they had passed. "Poor little rat ——"

"Well, as long as they've crashed the gate," Darrow debated, "somebody probably asked them. Can't give 'em the bum's rush as long as they don't play dirty pool." He went then for his virtuous dance with Mrs. Mallory, who had not learned until she was twenty-five.

THE Cooneys, unmannerly cubs, did not come near their hosts. Probably had just crawled under the edge of the tent! The boys ate ravenously, wolfing down several suppers apiece, but the girl drooped apart. No one had paid the slightest attention to her.

"Poor baby!" said Darrow to Donald Gale, who stood beside him, slim and good-looking. "Let's give her a whirl, shall we?"

"Check," said the nice big girl's young brother. "Who first?"

"Well—as it's my show, you can cut in on me." The musicians were moaning plaintive and seductive blues. She looked up at Darrow in a shy panic; her heavy lids fluttered and her red lower lip looked as if she might be going to sob, but she slipped into his arms without a word. She had a great knot of untidy, tawny-gold hair—must reach to her knees when she let it down. She was wearing a pulled and stringy little dress and her shoes were scuffed and run over at the heels, but she danced like a feather on a lifting breeze. And she was as tiny to hold in his arms as Ty de Laine.

The night was mild, mellow. A half-moon rode tipsily down a dark mysterious sky. The girl in Darrow's arms had that curious quality of fragile thinness which was not sharp, but soft. She was shy and inarticulate.

"No . . . from a long ways off . . . Ozark Mountains."

"What's your name?"

"Dell."

"Not Adele? Or Della?"

"No; just Dell."

The single gentle syllable, musical, ringing on in the ear of your memory . . . Dell . . . seemed to suit her.

"Like to dance?"

"I do certain sure love to dainee!" her sweet little slovenly voice admitted.

One of the musicians put down his instrument and lifted a megaphone and sang in a husky croon:

"Blue . . . blue . . .
Longin' for you . . .
Lonely an' blue . . .
Cravin' you . . .
Only you . . .
you . . .
you . . ."

The night was not only mellow and mild; it was tender and warm. The sky above them was a tent of velvet, cobalt blue, studded with silver gilt nails.

Dell Cooney's little slim boneless body swung softly against him.

Ty!

DON GALE cut in, according to their agreement, and Darrow was amused to find himself reluctant to relinquish her. He walked back to join Jed Kehoe and Jim Corey.

He sensed their disapproval. His partner was articulate about it: "I'd sure like to know who invited that Cooney bunch. If I was in your place I'd give' em a wide berth, Mr. Brant."

He shrugged comfortably. "Oh, well—hated to throw 'em out. The brothers do look like rustic yeggmen, but the girl's a harmless little rat."

"No rats are harmless," said Kehoe. "Wisht we could run 'em out of town."

"Well, floaters like that never stay long anywhere," Jim Corey considered.

"Sure, they don't! Decent communities make it too hot for 'em!" Kehoe wagged his head. "I betcher June Gale'd be sore if she could see her kid brother this minute. She's awful set on having him keep good company." He whispered darkly: "Just look at him looking at her!"

Darrow felt a fleeting pang of compunction. They were just dancing past, and the lad's dark head was bent close to the girl's frowzy golden hair. Clearly enjoying himself. Well, but hadn't he? All the same, perhaps he shouldn't have urged the kid to cut in. But he answered his partner with robust reassurance:

"Doesn't mean a thing, Jed. That's just the high-school line nowadays. Well, I think we may conclude that our housewarming is a success."

"Great party," said Jim Corey civilly. "The boys will appreciate it."

"Maybe," Kehoe gloomed. "Anyhow, I'll get about half a day's work out of 'em tomorrow—up till all hours and eating their heads off, just 'cause they're getting something for nothing!"

THE host moved away. Gad, what a joyless creature it was! Gusberger gave him far more pleasure, as a personality. A cold, damp muzzle nudged the hand that was swinging by his side. The pooch. He had been staked out at a little distance in the alfalfa field, but a chewed leash trailing behind him bore witness to his desire for a more intimate connection with the human side of the Brant-Kehoe ranch.

"Now, listen, Bait!" the young man addressed him sternly. "You're not a member of a house party, you know. Bait is your name and bait is your business."

The animal sat down, his mismatched legs folding up ludicrously, his low-comedy head on his grotesque neck tipped to one side, and gave him close attention.

"Mustn't get the idea that you're rescued. Only reprieved. You have merely

(Continued on Page 175)

Famous PARKER GAMES

REG. U.S PATENT OFFICE **Camelot** *a truly great game*

CAMELOT—This new and brilliant game is easily learned and full of fascinating action. It is the latest popular success by George S. Parker, author of Rook, Pollyanna, and other famous games. Two forces of Knights and Men confront each other in the center of the board. Jump, canter, capture, smash with a Knight's Charge and clear the way through your opponent's forces to his goal!

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Camelot will be found surprising and amusing even when lightly played. Greater still will be the delight when a player has sufficiently advanced to use adroitness in play. ***Camelot brings a new pleasure in life.*** There is never a dull moment—there are never two games alike — the variety is endless. Its charm is captivating America! Camelot is played upon a handsome folding board, made in various editions, and with playing pieces varying in quality of finish.

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BOWS AND FLARES... *the velvet bows on Daniel Green's satin Bridge slipper plus the hip and shoulder flare of this peach crepe and écru lace pajamas . . . are awfully nice together. Both shown in lovely pastels by Kaufman's, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

QUITE 1930 IN COLOR *is this chartreuse crepe pajama worn with Daniel Green's kid D'Orsay in a darker, vibrant tone. These all-in-one pajamas have slanting trouser legs and a separate jacket. From Saks —34th Street, New York City.*

MANLY MULES . . . *black patent leather ones trimmed with a dash of red or blue . . . are as conservative as a piece of English luggage. Men like that about them . . . like the fact that they are easy to slip into.*

NAUGHTY . . . naughty Daniel Green! He's at it again. Tempting us to buy one or two or three more pairs of his bewitching new leisure slippers.

But what can a woman do! No one with a spear of appreciation could walk away from these little affairs. Some are half and half, satin and crepe, toed off with bows that make feet look wickedly small. Others are all crepe or satin or kid in twinkling, gay colors. Wear them with your new hostess pajamas and you'll be lounging perfection to your pink toe tips!

And Daniel Green slippers refuse to look weary . . . even when they are worn for ages. It's simply because they are made more carefully of superb materials. All good shops have styles for you . . . for men and children, too. Price $2.50 to $10.

THE DANIEL GREEN CO., Dolgeville, N. Y.

Look at the sole. If you don't see the Daniel Green name, it's not a Daniel Green slipper.

DANIEL GREEN *Leisure Footwear*

(Continued from Page 173)

substituted a glorious for an inglorious death."

He went back to the revel, which was beginning to break up, and took the grateful farewells breezily, and drove the nice Mrs. Keith and her pots and pans and hampers back to Willowvale, and went into his bunk house and took a nippingly cold shower and fell asleep with the feeling of having been an exceptionally nice young man for hours upon hours.

When he went out in the morning he stumbled over his dog, asleep on his doorstep.

"Hey, hey!" he chided, regaining his balance.

The wretched beast rolled over upon his back and held his ill-assorted feet in the air.

"Needn't try to come round me," his master of the moment said sternly. "Trying to dig yourself in as a watchdog? Not a leaf stirring! Stay in the character you're cast for!"

HE WENT in to his excellent breakfast among heavy-eyed cross Kehoes, and Gramper Davis presently followed him out-of-doors.

"Young feller, you got the makings of a right smart dog there!"

"Now, Mr. Davis," said the youth, "you know why I got that pooch."

"Yes, of course," the Ancient Mariner agreed mildly, "but I'm just remarking that he's got an awful lot a sense. These cross breeds ——"

"Double-cross. Cross-word-puzzle breeds. But that hound is merely the lamb of the sacrifice. I refuse to take notice of his beauty of body or grace of spirit. I regard him simply as a piece of cheese in a mousetrap."

"Well, it just seems kind of too bad. M'ree, she learned him a trick in ten minutes." His faded blue eyes were lifted to the sky. "Going to be a scorcher today, young feller."

"But isn't that what we have to have for the merry old alfalfa crop?" He glanced down at his plus-fours and Scotch hose. "But if I don't connect with some airier raiment there'll be the first case of heat prostration in the annals of the San Joaquin Valley."

He looked after the rapidly disappearing figure of his partner. "What's Jed in such a hurry for?"

"Why, didn't you hear him say, young feller? Word come 'fore sunup from Gusberger that he could have the water for just eleven hours, so poor Jed, he's got to hustle."

"That's interesting," said the young partner. "I want to see some of that stuff." But just now, while Kehoe was occupied, he was going across the fields on the velvet foot and take his first milking lesson from Clyde Mallory. Darrow Brant—milking. Hot sketch!

XVI.

ONE of her pupils, looking out of a smeary window, emitted a squeal of surprise, and the teacher of the Deerfoot school investigated. Four automobiles, the bright sport model of young Mr. Brant in the lead, had stopped at a little distance down the road and men and women were hastily clambering out of them. They stood for a moment in a loose group, talking, and then they set off, two by two, walking briskly toward the building. Anthony Manning in his A. E. F. olive drab with Gramper Davis in his ancient G. A. R. uniform stumbling beside him came first, lending the affair a military effect, but there was the feeling of a parade about all the rest of them. They held their heads high and stepped out smartly—Edwin Gale and his wife, Jed Kehoe and Addie, the Mallorys, Jim Corey, Darrow Brant, half a dozen others.

The old soldier and the young one marched into the building and the rest stood rigidly outside.

Anthony Manning started to speak, but his voice failed him in a hoarse croak. The young woman saw that he was ghastly pale and trembling.

"What do you want?" She was shaking, herself.

He drew a long steadying breath. "We want the flag," he said. "The Deerfoot school flag, to run it up before the Deerfoot school."

"But the trustees ——"

"To hell with the trustees!" Gramper Davis stated in a clear, loud, carrying voice, and all the young Kehoes' mouths fell open as they stared at him. "We're the taxpayers!"

"WE DEMAND the flag!" The World War veteran's tone was steadier. "Will you give it to us, or must we take it forcibly?" He was making drama of it. "Where is it?"

"It's ——" The teacher's unhappy eyes darted toward the cupboard and away again. "Oh, won't you please wait till I send for Mr. Gusberger?"

"We won't wait another moment!" the A. E. F. man rejoined sternly, advancing upon the battered cupboard with a firm and military tread, jerking open the door, snatching out the folded flag, wheeling sharply and marching out-of-doors, the old man in the patched and shiny blue uniform at his heels.

The teacher rushed to the door and the children crowded past her, spilling out into the frowzy and barren yard, wide-eyed and thrilled. The Kehoe boys and girls regarded their parents and their great-grandsire with blank amazement, meeting in return their stern and unrecognizing stares. Jim Corey and young Mr. Darrow Brant likewise gave them strange unseeing looks.

Anthony Manning carried the folded flag to the pole, shook it out, fastened the cord with fingers that fumbled so unsteadily that it took him a long time, and turned to face his audience.

"'Tenshun!" snapped Gramper Davis, his hand rising to salute.

Darrow and Corey followed suit very commendably, Jed Kehoe and the others clumsily, and the women stood in awkward uncertainty.

There was a painful pause.

"My poor Anthony has forgotten his speech," mourned Mrs. Gale in a whisper, her eyes upon the pallid countenance of her son.

"Never mind, my dear," her husband comforted her. "Deeds, not words!"

THE shell-shocked soldier's face twitched painfully. "Friends and neighbors," he began hoarsely, "we are gathered here today for a solemn—for a solemn ——" His voice cracked and faltered and was still, and his thin body began to shake and jerk with a chill.

Darrow Brant jumped toward him. "Quick! Send her up!" he urged, putting a warm hand over a cold one on the cord. "All right! Let's have it!" he nodded to Clyde Mallory.

The man from Carmel tucked his violin under his chin.

"Oh, say can you see see?" the fiddle sang suddenly into the hot and breathless air.

They followed raggedly, voices on tiptoe to reach the soaring notes, the men roughly and tunelessly, the children high and shrill, Mrs. Gale with a deep sweet alto. The flag rose jerkily to the top of the pole and hung limp while Darrow Brant tied the cord.

Anthony Manning looked to be on the verge of collapse, and his mother moved nearer to him, her face very white.

And then, suddenly, with the nicest possible dramatic effect, a brisk and stout-hearted breeze arrived, picking up the disconsolate colors and snapping them out with vigor and assurance.

"Oh—lookit!" a young Kehoe squealed and pointed.

Jed Kehoe started a cheer. Everyone joined in and they cheered again and

(Continued on Page 177)

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It's such a comfort, such a relief, to own an Electrolux. There's no machinery to worry about, to fuss with. Not a single moving part in this automatic refrigerator to wear, to vibrate, to make a sound—either when it's new or when it's old.

A tiny gas flame and a mere trickle of water do all the work of making cold, of freezing ice cubes.

The cold is constant, unvarying, for there's no stopping and starting. The refrigerant is hermetically sealed within rigid steel, and never needs renewal. Even the tiny gas flame is guarded every minute. Should the flame ever go out, the gas shuts off automatically.

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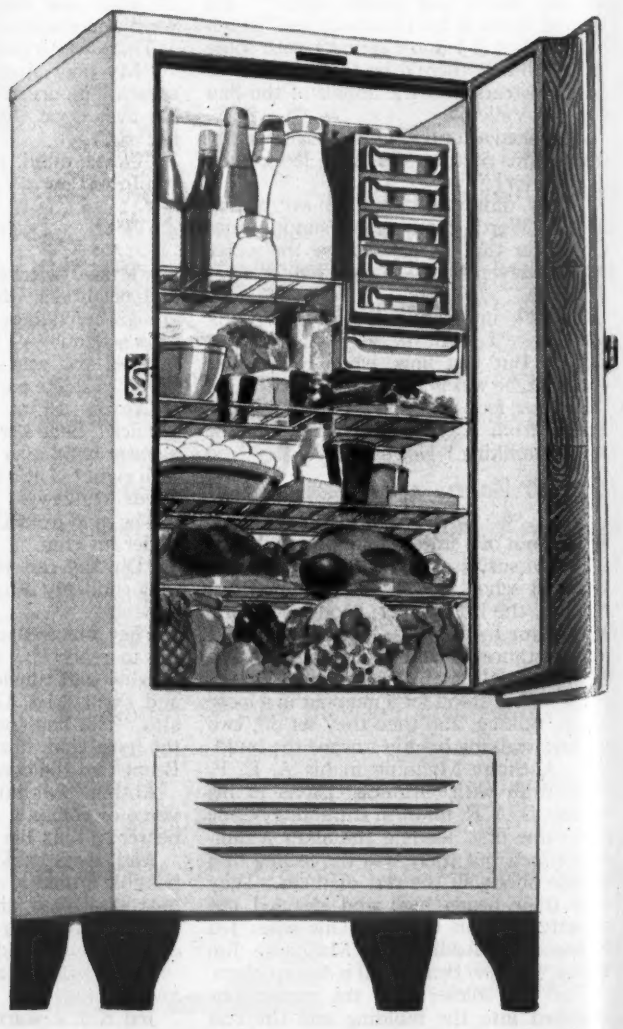

Hostess Model Electrolux shown above has 9.2 square feet of shelf space and makes 45 large ice cubes

ELECTROLUX

THE *Gas* REFRIGERATOR

(Continued from Page 175)

again—for the flag, for Anthony Manning, for Gramper Davis, for the Deerfoot school, and it was another scene, warm and confident. The teacher suddenly burst into tears and sobs and ran weeping into the building, and Darrow and Jim Corey herded people back to their cars.

The northerner ran after the World War veteran and clapped him fraternally on the shoulder.

"You put on a great act!" he said cordially. "And I guess that'll show old Gyp the Blood where to head in!"

Darrow, the show over, felt rather foolish and let-down; a sense of "Where do we go from here?" If any of the gang had seen him! There wasn't a darn thing to do or a place to go. Might buzz back to the Brant-Kehoe and jolly the carpenters. It was hot! Summer was getting into its stride, and he found himself stewing in his plus-fours and Scotch hose. On a sudden impulse he drove into Willowvale and purchased at the general store six pairs of blue overalls and one dozen blue shirts, hurried to his bunk house, took a shower, and arrayed himself in the habiliments of agriculture.

Jed Kehoe beamed. "Well, say, now! Well, say! That's something like it! Now I won't be scared o' your clothes!"

BILL, the very blue-eyed carpenter, looked down from his shingling on a torrid roof. "That sure looks like the real thing!"

Fred, the dark-eyed one, looked up from the steps he was building with sharp sure blows of his hammer. "'At-a-boy!"

Everyone approved. Jim Corey with a curt word, Shelley, the automobile dealer, nice Mrs. Keith when he went in to settle for the party supper—ranch hands, storekeepers, the brisk Scotch woman in the telephone office.

The oddest reaction of all to his rustic raiment came from Gusberger. The Swiss, meeting him on the edge of the town, pulled his steed from its slow-motion movie effect to a full stop and stared amazedly at him out of his round and childish blue eyes. For several seconds there were no dimples in evidence.

"You change-a you' dress." He made the statement soberly.

"I changed my dress," the young man agreed. "And that isn't all I've changed, either."

"You change-a you' mind?" the fat man caught it on the fly. He studied him in silent meditation. Then, for the first time, a dimple flashed in a plump pink cheek. "Lil'la boy," he giggled, "lil'la boy play r-real r-ronching man!"

Benevolently amused, tolerantly patient with him; paternal! His soft bulk shook with mirth; kindly mirth.

"All-a right! All-a r-right, play lil'la while. Bime-a-bye, go home!" He waved a pudgy hand and warbled his farewell.

Pretty hard to fit the old balloon into the picture that Willowvale painted. Couldn't be any real venom buried in that hill of pink flesh. But the old buzzard was right there in the head; you had to hand it to him. Fair enough for a thumb-nail sketch of Mr. D. Brant—a little boy playing he was a real rancher, who would presently run home. That was probably what the whole community thought of him.

And who gave a single, solitary tinker's dam what these yokels thought?

XVII.

THE days were blister and the nights were balm. The flag continued to fly before the Deerfoot school, and Gusberger beamed on Darrow Brant as before, meeting him on the roads. It was clear that he had seen the futility of further protest. He conceded the point with cheerful indifference, as if indeed it had never especially mattered. If the little boy wanted a toy—he seemed to convey.

The affair bore two results as far as the northerner was concerned. Anthony Manning was his grateful and admiring friend, and into Addie Kehoe's manner had crept a faint, grudging respect.

"I should think you'd all feel pretty small," she told her husband sourly, "to let an outsider do for you what the whole kit and boiling of you never had spunk enough to do for yourselves!"

Events went forward in orderly procession.

Darrow Brant learned to milk a cow.

Clyde Mallory ceased altogether to cough and rarely wheezed.

A CREW of three young men and two elderly ones moved into the completed bunk house, and Mrs. Kehoe bitterly enlarged her table by double its size and served large and delectable meals.

Bait, the sacrificial dog, howled so heart-rendingly when chained that it became imperative to give him his freedom, which he employed by shadowing his owner by day and sleeping on his doorstep at night. Gusberger's pack ignored him utterly.

June Gale came home for good.

Elaine Mallory was sorry when her husband told the young neighbor that he was now a graduate in the art of milking. His brief daily visits had been little green oases in the scorching desert of her days.

Desperately she reminded herself that nothing in the world mattered except making Clyde well again. But Clyde was well again, and the days of their exile should by rights be ended, and they should be setting their faces north again, toward the gray fogs and the salt winds and the rugged cliffs of Carmel, toward the blessed tea rooms where the kind elderly waitresses would serve them dainty fare in squat pottery on painted tables—fare which she had not clumsily, loathingly prepared.

SHE counseled herself to be patient, to be reasonable. She girded up the loins of her spirit; she dusted the violin three times a day, even though the typewriter was furry. Her own sacred fires did not need stoking. Nevertheless, she lacked the energy, body or brain, for active creation. The poem started when she first arrived had never progressed beyond its first line—

There's a sea bird calling in a sere brown field. . . .

Was it for this that she left the flat commonplaces of Iowa? The dry, scorching heat which filled Clyde with a sense of boundless well-being wilted her utterly. Her dark hair was dank with sweat and sweat stood in little pools in the hollows beneath her dark tragic eyes; her clothes adhered gummily to her.

"Yeah, but look," young Brant said with his thick, insensitive cheer; "it's what the old fat gals pay five dollars a throw for—cabinet baths! We're getting it for nothing!"

He was if anything better-looking, distinctly picturesque in his overalls and blue shirt turned away from the sunburned throat, mopping his steaming brow with a blue bandanna.

"Do you like it?"

"Well, I'm not out to like it, of course, but I don't mind it. Doesn't do us a bit of harm. Does us good, as a matter of fact. Why, just look at your husband!"

She looked obediently. Looking at Clyde was her one consolation—his ruddy color, the astonishing way he was filling out, the mild contentment of him. It was the last that terrified her. She wanted him to be well, the Lord knew, but not content. She wanted him to say, "Dearest, you've been an angel about this exile, patient and brave and uncomplaining, but I'm well again, and now we'll go back to the Eden we were driven out of!"

But instead, she heard him with a sick sense of foreboding saying to the young neighbor, "This place is a fright! I'm

"YOU SHOULD SEE *what has happened at our house!"*

I COULDN'T blame Eleanor. She had so many invitations to parties and dances, and the other girls always seemed to have new clothes to wear. She would come home and tell me about Janet Reed's new dinner dress, and Janet's new coat, and Janet's new sports clothes.

"But, Eleanor," I would say, "it must be that Janet can afford them, and you know we can't. Your father is doing the very best he can."

And then one night, just at dinner time, Eleanor came dashing madly in. I never saw her so excited. "Mother!" she exclaimed, "you'd never guess where I've been. Janet asked me to go down town with her this afternoon, and she took me to the most wonderful place. It's a school where they teach you in the simplest way to make your own clothes. Janet took the whole course. Can you imagine? She never bought those clothes at all. She made them herself."

"You don't mean it!" I said. "Why, they're lovely!"

"I know it," exclaimed Eleanor, "and she never knew how to sew until a few months ago. But you should see this adorable little shop. They have just everything to make sewing easy—cutting tables and mirrors—and, Mother, the most marvelous electric sewing machines you ever saw. I tried one, and it was the greatest fun, it ran so quiet and so fast. And there's a teacher who knows all the new, clever ways to make things. Mother, can't I go?"

Dear girl, she couldn't know how glad I was that she should want to learn. Father was as pleased as I was with the idea, and the very next day we made arrangements for her to start.

Well, it's the best thing that ever happened in our house. Of course, I have sewed all my life; but Eleanor learned the new, modern methods that make sewing so much easier. Her very first dress was a great success, because the teacher helped her every step, and since then she's been the busiest and happiest girl you ever saw. She's just finishing a new party dress now, and she's planning a tweed suit and an evening wrap. She will have them all for just about the cost of one nice dress ready-made. We are going to make some new draperies for the house, too; and Eleanor says, "Don't you worry, Mother, about your new dress for the holidays. There's a dressmaker in the house now—with some wonderful plans for Christmas!"

✣ ✣ ✣

Not far from you, wherever you live, there is a Singer Sewing School where you or your daughter can enjoy, without one cent of cost, the benefits of this new delightful plan. You have the personal help of an expert teacher in selecting designs and fabrics; laying out your pattern; cutting the materials; and making, fitting, and finishing the dress of your choice.

If you would like to know all about this new plan, simply 'phone or call at the nearest shop of the Singer Sewing Machine Company. You will find the address in your telephone directory. Or send this coupon, and the full story will come to you at once.

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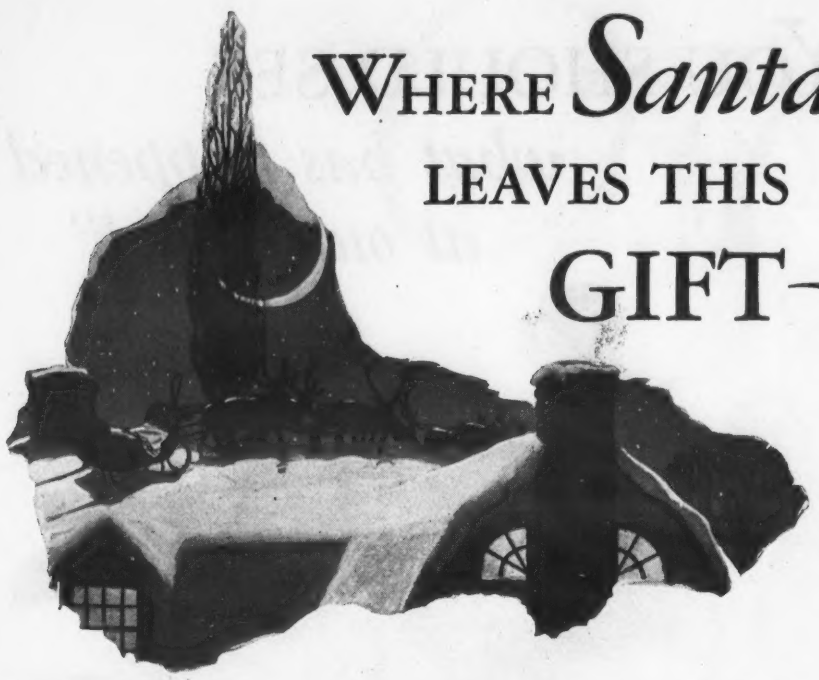

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YOU, no doubt, have had the experience of receiving gifts which you admired at the time—but forgot the following day.

You have also doubtless received gifts which have brought you keen enjoyment all through the year.

Such a gift is a subscription to the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

The *Journal* is a gift that will delight everyone on your list—lively sub-debs, gracious hostesses, homemakers; all women who seek sparkling entertainment. To these people every month the *Journal* will be a cheery reminder of you.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

940 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

ashamed every time anybody looks over the fence, even if we are only renting. Do you suppose I could arrange with your man to plow it up for me, just around the house and barn, anyway, and plant it to alfalfa?"

"But, Clyde, when we're only here for such a little while," she began in panicky protest.

"I'll ask Jed. He's hell-bent on our own job, but I'll ask him to lend you a man for a few days."

"Well, I might even do it myself, if I took it by degrees," the violinist said eagerly. "Doctor wants me to stay outdoors all I can, and I never cared much about walking. Suppose I step over with you now. Want to come along, Elaine?"

She shook her head, not trusting herself to speak.

AS THE two men walked away she heard her husband's light and pleasant voice. "My wife feels the heat a good deal, but I expect she will grow accustomed to it."

"Yeah," the northerner agreed. "Not the kind of heat that hurts anybody."

Deidre, the wretched outcast from the Gusberger pack, came cringing to her feet, inviting her to accompany the strollers. "Go on, if you want to! Get away, you hideous thing!" Elaine besought her in a furious whisper.

But the shabby greyhound ran only a little way after the men and came apologetically back to fawn before her.

"Oh, get away!" Elaine raged at her, almost in tears. "Get away! I hate you! Get away!"

Darrow noted with surprise the change which had come over Anthony Manning. "I suppose it seems absurd to you, out of all proportion," he said wistfully, but with the dignity, nevertheless, which was never lacking. "But I guess little things loom large in narrow lives. I get to brooding over things like that flag, while I'm milking; nights, when I can't sleep, when my head's bad. But now, thanks to you, the thing's settled, and I can put my mind on something else." He said the last so significantly that Darrow felt a query was indicated.

"Yeah? And that's what?"

The ex-soldier was silent for a moment. "I think I'll tell you; I believe you'd understand. I'm saving for a trip to Europe!" Darrow had picked him up on the road and they were bowling along toward the Gale place.

DARROW took pains to register the correct amount of astonishment. People in his own world said, "No, sorry, but we're booked for Spain this summer—taking the car over," quite casually, but of course in Willowvale it was a dazzling event.

Anthony Manning listened to his pleasant enthusiasm. "Yes," he said, "it's all that, of course, but it's a lot more to me. You see"—slow and painful color rose in his thin cheeks—"I have a theory that it might—straighten me out, make me normal again. All my life, from the time I was a child, I was wild to travel. Geography was the only thing that ever really excited me in school. I made up my mind I'd work and save, work and save, until I had enough to go and stay a year—stay and study, soak it up! Well, I had about half what I'd set out to save; then the war came."

Darrow saw the color draining out of his face. He looked as he did the day of the flag raising, when he couldn't remember his speech.

After a little while the older man went on, his voice low to cover its unsteadiness. "Sorry. . . . Well, my theory is this. I—I lost myself over there; I have the feeling—the hope—and sometimes it's a certainty, almost—that if I went again, and saw it without the horror—I might find myself."

"Sounds very reasonable to me," said Darrow.

"You—you won't mention it?"

"Not a word."

"My mother knows, and June; no one else. Of course, I may never be able, physically. You've seen what a poor stick I am, and ——"

"Well, but it'd be the best thing in the world—change—rest—new scenes."

The veteran was getting himself in hand again. "At any rate," he said with a fair effect of casualness, "it's something to think about; it keeps a person looking beyond the milk pails. Now that June is home, I shall feel freer, of course."

Now that June was home.

It was a sort of slogan, Darrow saw, not only for the shell-shocked half brother and the gentle, vague parents and the scatter-brained Don, but for Gramper Davis, Jim Corey—the neighborhood.

He heard it from a dozen sources. The large girl filled a large place in her little community. It would be pretty tough if she didn't get the Deerfoot school. And he had the feeling that his jolly old jelly bean had let the matter of the flag go without a struggle because the bigger issues of trustees and teacher were still securely in his grasp.

XVIII. JUNE GALE stared as amazedly as Gusberger had done when she first saw Darrow Brant in the habiliments of agriculture, in pure astonishment at first, and then delightedly.

"What does this mean?"

"Merely means," he said coolly, "that this uniform more nearly approximates comfort in this summer resort than the garb of less ardent climates."

"Oh, I see!"

"You see what?"

"Still the play boy, passing through."

"Still passing through, certainly, if by that you mean that I haven't taken root and don't intend to, but I'm busier than a riverful of beavers; not a minute to spare from morn till dewy eve. I'm going to have an auction!"

"An auction?"

"Yeah. Selling out my Holsteins and putting in Jerseys."

"But—what for ?"

They had met before the telephone office at Willowvale and he leaned against the door of her battered old car. "Well, you see, I'm a dairy rancher with a vision—that is, with a sharp eye on the main chance. Fresno distributors are insisting on a higher content of butterfat, and my very decorative black-and-white ladies can't seem to cut the mustard. Therefore, the skids are under them."

"But, hasn't Jed always sold his milk to the creamery at Willowvale?"

"Exactly. But I went in to Fresno and met your friend, Mr. Pond, at the Californian, and he knew just the right firm to steer me to—and if there's anything that man doesn't know about this landscape and its possibilities and probabilities he'll look the matter up and commit it to memory before night!—with the result that as soon as the new herd is installed and everything running on greased wheels I'll ship the whole milk to Fresno, night and morning, with a monthly milk check which will make Jed Kehoe weep joyful tears composed of pure cream."

HE WAS very flippant about it, but there was satisfaction in it just the same. He observed her covertly. Let her scorn him now for an idler on the sands of time.

She was clearly and generously impressed. "But I think that's wonderful! Wonderful the way you've taken hold of the situation. I'm so glad for the Kehoes!"

"And how about being glad for the young dairy king himself? Aren't you a little pleased with him?"

"Yes, of course. But it seems rather superfluous when he's so patently pleased with himself."

(Continued on Page 181)

WE HAD TO GO 'WAY DOWN SOUTH FOR FRUIT CAKE LIKE THIS

YEARS ago we set out to find the finest Fruit Cake recipe known. In the heart of Dixie we found the supreme fruit cake artist. At the first taste of his fruit cake we knew our quest was ended.

So incomparably delicious that—well, the same treasured gentleman presides over our fruit cakes today.

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Send coupon for our new book . . . We've printed a new recipe book—nothing like ordinary cookbooks—ours is crammed with ideas for menus and table services for every possible occasion—with a wealth of easy recipes that you'll yearn to try.

NOTE: *We've published a new kind of recipe book—packed with ideas for bridge luncheons, teas, in fact for every possible occasion. Menus, table schemes, recipes galore. Use the coupon below.*

Spiced Watermelon . . . We make this fine old-fashioned delicacy from the rinds of the tenderest selected melons. Spiced to just the right piquancy to bring out its inimitable flavor.

•

Currant Jelly . . . Made from specially selected currants and the purest of cane sugar—tender—flavorsome—delicious.

•

Dutch Process Cocoa . . . Our true Dutch Process Cocoa has a rich chocolaty taste not found in other cocoas. It has double the strength of ordinary cocoa—hence, twice as many cups can be made from a package.

A little visit to our Olive Department

Casks from Spain freighted with burdens of green olives from trees that were old when the Spanish Armada set forth. Olives of every size and shape—names like Giant—Colossal—Super-Colossal—Olives stuffed with almonds—with celery—with onions—with tenderest dabs of pimento. Glossy ripe olives from sunny slopes of our own California—and, a devilishly ingenious apparatus that measures their exact oil content—that, so the scholar in charge says, is but *one* reason why ours are so tender, so succulent—so altogether delicious.

Betty Thomas

SPRAGUE, WARNER & COMPANY,
P. O. Box L, Chicago
I enclose a dime for my copy of "Forty Miracles for Your Table."

Name.....

Street.....

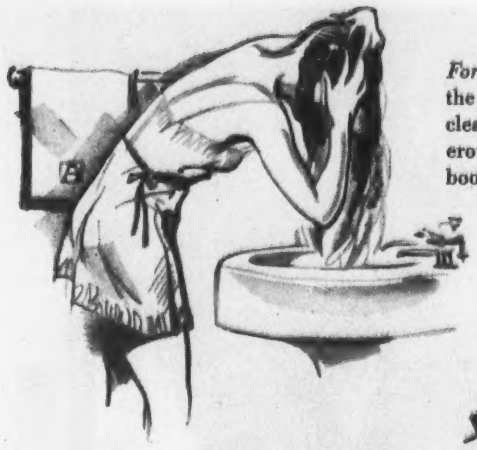
City.....*State*.....

Grocer's Name.....

Please check ☐ if you wish address of a nearby grocer-agent.

RICHELIEU *or* FERNDELL *or* BATAVIA

Three complete lines of* 500 *Epicurean foods, including the finest* Fruits—Vegetables—Coffees—Flavoring Extracts—Condiments—Cheeses *and other good things to eat



For highlights in your hair, the chief requirement is cleanliness . . . frequent, generous shampoos. (See our booklet.)

What to do?

To help keep away wrinkles, and flabby flesh, scrub lustily with your wash cloth, make of your toweling an exercise.

For a new smart look to your clothes, put on *nothing* that isn't crisply clean.

When elbows are dark and roughened, the remedy is simple: soap-scrub this unloveliness away.

What to do?

For a more beautiful complexion, try some of the many suggestions in our booklet, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

To have beautiful hands, never wash them casually. Scrub them well. Rinse them thoroughly. Dry them completely. (See booklet.)

WHAT TO DO?

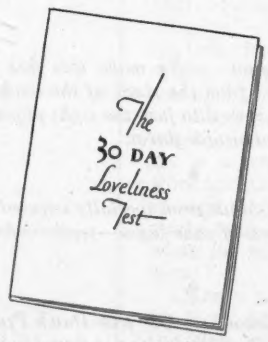
For better times, to look your best, just take a bath. Here's vigor, verve, vivacity; beauty, poise, and charm.

The way to loveliness is in this book

There IS a way to loveliness . . . a way that anyone may take. And its cost . . . only a little effort on your part . . . and an earnest wish that you may become a happier, more charming, and better liked person.

What is loveliness? Let's see if we can't list some of the precious ingredients. First, isn't loveliness a quality of "inner spirit," made up, in turn, of things like pride in self, and confidence? (Here, surely, is the truest source of poise and personality.)

Next, isn't loveliness better health . . . disclosing itself in many ways, as in skin that is clear and tinted naturally, hair that has a luster, and eyes a sparkle. Third, loveliness undoubtedly is charm of dress . . . style, neatness, immaculacy. Loveliness is all and principally these things. Don't you agree?



Then possibly you will also hold with us that right in your own home, in your bath tub and basin, in your laundry bag and dresser drawer, are vast possibilities for you of greater loveliness.

But where to start! What precisely to do! Isn't that the big problem? Feeling sure that it is, we urge you to send for "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test," a new and a different kind of beauty booklet. For here are easy instructions . . . and *a definite program to follow.* Mail the coupon promptly, for a free copy of this most unusual booklet.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths," or "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. LHJ-4
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of all cost, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

(Continued from Page 178)

Not so bad at that. Batting 'em right back to him.

"However, as a slight testimonial of esteem, you are herewith invited to join Gramper Davis' highly educational excursion to the Don Pedro Dam this week."

"Accepted with due appreciation, but may I suggest my own bus as the means and method of locomotion?"

"The idea has its points," she granted. She was starting her noisy engine. "What day? Not Saturday—that's my auction."

"Thursday, then?"

"Check!"

She probably couldn't make any less noise with gears like that. Imagine an all-day trip in that car! No; there were heights of altruism he was not required to scale. He watched her depart in clamor and dust, and went in for the telegram which was waiting for him.

IT WAS from Ty, who had not written, as he had hoped she would, if he refrained long enough himself. It was placed at San Francisco at two o'clock of that same morning and ran explosively:

DARRIE DARLING ARE YOU DEAD OR MARRIED TO THE MILKMAID WE THOUGHT PERHAPS YOU SLIPPED AND FELL IN LOVE AND BROKE MY HEART STOP ARE YOU FOREVER LOST TO US COME BACK TO ERIN PERFECTLY PRICELESS PARTIES EVERY NIGHT AND SOMETHING DANGEROUS DOING EVERY DAY STOP SHALL WE DASH DOWN AND DRIVE YOU HOME SPEAKING OF DRIVING PINCHED THREE TIMES LAST WEEK IRON DUKE HAS CONFISCATED CAR SO FEAR I MUST MARRY MAN OF MYSTERY PERHAPS EVEN SHORTY HOW DOES SHE GET THAT WAY EVEN SAYS HE STOP SEE TO WHAT DEPTHS YOUR CRUEL SILENCE HAS SUNK YOUR DEVOTED TY.

Gad, but it would be fun to be back there! Well—get the auction over and the new milk contract signed and speed up the scraping and lay out the ditches and make the checks and build up the borders.

Sounded like the house that Jack built.

Partly to please Jed Kehoe, partly to make a hit with his uncle, partly to impress the nice big girl, but mainly to prove himself to himself he chose, next day, to take a lesson in scraping from Charley, the bundle stiff.

"Say, buddie, you sure picked a scorcher!" the hobo warned him, and Jed Kehoe, slinging over his shoulder a gallon canteen of water with a squeeze of lemon in it, shook his head.

"You're sure hunting trouble!"

EXACTLY. There wasn't going to be anything on that ranch he couldn't do—if he wanted to—but he wasn't going to want to, after this once. "Let's go!" he called to the tramp.

"Betcher he'll be heading for home by ten o'clock," one of his ranchers prophesied.

"Well, I got a dollar says eleven, maybe," another offered.

"Say, that feller'll stick till the whistle blows," said his partner hotly. He went across the fields to see how Clyde Mallory was coming on with his one-handed farming, noting with surprise and satisfaction the change in the appearance of the old Wiggins place.

Mallory himself was away, working, but his wife was home, the outcast greyhound heeling her devotedly.

"Well, Mis' Mallory," Kehoe said warmly, "I've got to hand it to that husband of yours! I been feeling mighty guilty 'cause I couldn't help him out more, we being so crowded ourselves, but looks like he don't need anybody's help. I declare, I couldn't believe my eyes, walking over, to see what he's done, all by himself. Say, but old man Wiggins'll be tickled pink."

The woman heard him in silence, lifting a sallow hand to push the damp hair off her brow.

"I'm here to say that Mr. Mallory's a born rancher. Yes, ma'am, I mean it!" he misread her expression utterly. "Maybe you think that's putting it too strong, but anybody hereabout'll tell you Jed Kehoe's no flatterer. And I say your husband's a born rancher!"

He turned away, glowing with pleasure at being able to bestow well-merited praise, and trotted happily home to the signs and wonders of the Brant-Kehoe dairy ranch.

After the first half hour in the field Darrow found himself coated with the cocoa-colored dust which covered Charley every day; his eyes stung with it and his nose and mouth were choked.

"How you coming?" the hobo called, checking his team.

"O. K.!" his employer caroled back. "Watch out for that middle strip there. Don't you see that humpy place?"

He hadn't, but he did. He turned his horses about and went back, the fine clouds of smothering dust rising round him. The tramp was lightening his labor with song.

"There's a lake of stew, and of whisky, too;
You paddle all around 'em in a big canoe—
In the Big Rock Candy Mountains!"

Whisky and stew! With the sweat running in streams from the crowns of their heads to the soles of their feet. The horses were dripping. Bait, the lamb of the sacrifice, devotedly heeling, appeared to be generating fresh lengths of pink tongue which the cocoa-colored dust kept converting into mud.

DARROW hadn't supposed one human body could produce—and continue to produce—such quantities, such *quantities* of sweat. It was bad enough when he let the canteen alone and worse when he drank and drank, presently draining it dry.

What was that wise crack of Uncle Jerry's on the night of the unexpected and tragic revelation of his plans for his nephew and heir?

"You see, Darrie, my feeling is that we've missed a good deal, you and I and your dad, and his father and mine—we Brants. Life has been too tender with us. We've missed the vital urge of poverty and the stimulating responsibilities of great wealth; between us all there isn't an eighth of an inch of callus or a pint of perspiration."

Gad! Maybe there wasn't, at that time, but ——

Late that afternoon he sent a telegram:

JEROME ARCHER BRANT,
BOHEMIAN CLUB,
SAN FRANCISCO.
SCRAPING SEVEN HOURS WITH MEAN TEMPERATURE AND MEAN IS THE WORD OF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN STOP OUR MUCH-REGRETTED TRIBAL LACK COMPLETELY RECTIFIED TODAY STOP ENTIRE BRANT FAMILY CONNECTION NOW CAUGHT UP ON PERSPIRATION THREE GENERATIONS AHEAD
DARROW.

HE WAS faintly annoyed to have the Scotchwoman tell him about the swimming pool when he sent his wire. He preferred to have Willowvale without a single redeeming feature, but he drove home that way, out of curiosity, and found an adequate enough affair at the home of a rancher, where the youth of the village was now diving and splashing happily at fifteen cents a head. It was very wet and gay and noisy.

June Gale and her kid brother were there, tall and slim and sturdy in their pulled and faded bathing suits. They thrust up wet and glistening brown arms in salute and the girl called out to him

(Continued on Page 183)

All that is beautiful shall abide forever

WHEN Armistice Day comes round once more, bringing with it memories of heroism and deathless valor, reverent groups will gather in hamlet, town, and city to pledge themselves anew that America's immortal hosts shall not have died in vain.

So, for a few hours, are heard the rolling of the drums, the solemn sincerity of words that spring from the heart, the thunder of a military salute—then all is still once more, and the hallowed shaft of Vermont Marble stands alone . . . serene in its crystalline clarity and the beautiful simplicity of its design . . . to carry on until another Memorial Day.

Family love and devotion, no less than public duty and heroism, may be honored and perpetuated in memorials of Vermont Marble. Write for our booklet, "All That is Beautiful Shall Abide Forever." It simplifies the problem of selecting memorial designs for your special requirements, and explains the nation-wide service of our Department of Plan and Design, available to you without obligation through the co-operation of a Master Craftsman in Marble in your vicinity. Address: Dept. J 304, Vermont Marble Company *(world's largest quarriers of marble)*, Proctor, Vermont.

VERMONT MARBLE

has the STRENGTH of the EVERLASTING HILLS

WALNUT DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN

DIAMOND *branded* WALNUTS

THIS YEAR, California's finest Walnuts are *extra* good—the kind of cheerful golden shells and plump, tender kernels you're proud to have for table and kitchen use. When you order them, just ask for Diamond California Walnuts, and look for the Diamond, *branded on the shell!* It's your guarantee of quality Walnuts. Your grocer has them in stock, or he can quickly get them for you.

SEND FOR FREE RECIPE BOOK

The recipes shown on this page, and scores of others, are included in our free recipe book, "For That Final Touch—Just Add Diamond Walnuts." Write for your copy now.

Address Dept. H-3,
CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION, Los Angeles, California
A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of 5669 growers. Our yearly production over 70,000,000 pounds.

And don't forget Diamond *shelled* Walnuts (mixed halves and pieces) packed in two sizes of vacuum sealed tins, to keep them always fresh and sweet, ready for instant use. They are exactly the same tender, mature, full-flavored kernels as Diamond Walnuts *in the shell.*

Mixed Fruit and Walnut Salad

Walnut Poultry Dressing

MIXED FRUIT AND WALNUT SALAD: Cut in small pieces 1 slice of pineapple, 12 dates, and the pulp of 1 orange. Add to these ½ cup Diamond Walnuts broken in pieces, 2 cups seeded white grapes, and 1 banana sliced. Mix thoroughly. Add enough cooked salad dressing to moisten, and serve individually in lettuce cups; or in a salad bowl, masked with additional dressing. Top with a few golden walnut halves to add that "dress up" touch which improves any salad. *Serves six.*

WALNUT DIVINITY: Boil 2 cups sugar, ½ cup water, and ½ cup white corn syrup until mixture forms a soft ball when tried in cold water. To 2 stiffly beaten egg whites add ½ the syrup, pouring slowly and beating constantly. Cook remainder of syrup until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Add slowly to the first mixture, beating constantly until mixture begins to keep its shape. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 2 cups Diamond Walnuts broken in pieces and turn into buttered dish. Cut when cold.

WALNUT POULTRY DRESSING: Cook giblets with 1 onion and 1 bay leaf until tender, and chop fine. Remove crust from 1 large loaf of stale bread and crumb the bread fine. Mix the giblets and bread crumbs with 2 teaspoons salt, 2 tablespoons poultry seasoning or sage, 2 cups Diamond Walnut kernels chopped fine, and 4 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, in order given. Stuff fowl with dressing. Baste with water in which giblets are cooked. You'll find the walnut flavor not only in the dressing, but also in the meat itself.

(Continued from Page 181)

that she would expect him, with Gramper Davis, for an early start on their "big water" excursion next morning.

"Well, but what's the idea of the chill gray dawn? How far is it?"

"Oh, something under two hundred miles, I guess."

"Well, we're practically there!"

"Of course. I keep forgetting that we're not sallying forth in the Gale prairie schooner. But the earlier the cooler."

"Means nothing in my life," he boasted. "I'm a scraper man, myself."

He was obliged, however, to set out in good season, for his Ancient Mariner was up before the east was pink, arraying himself in the gray linen suit, with the new shoes and the G. A. R.-flavored hat and the gray silk handkerchief bordered with blue, in a twitter of anxiety to be off.

JUNE GALE was ready and waiting. He found her easy to look at in a dull blue linen dress which made her eyes less of the steel gray and more of the blue. He had refused her offer of a picnic luncheon, planning lavish entertainment at the best hotel in Modesto, but she had put up a little packet of the old prospector's favorite ginger cookies for him to nibble on.

"You're a good girl, Junie," he murmured, beginning at once to munch and dropping crumbs on his shirt.

"And your cabin's ready for you, Gramper Davis!"

"June! Can I come a-visiting most any night?"

"Most any night at all!" She explained to the northerner. "There's a tiny one-room shack on our place and every summer we clean it out and paint it up and put in some nice fresh pink oilcloth, and it's Gramper Davis' own particular guest house, and he just drops in any evening he feels in the mood, and surprises me for breakfast! It's such fun!"

"Piles of fun, June and me have!" the pocket hunter crowed.

It certainly must be comical, Darrow reflected, having one more to cook and wash dishes for. She was a good scout. He had placed the old man between them. It would have seemed a sort of betrayal of Ty de Laine to have the girl next to him. Besides, it would have made him even more homesick than he already was. . . . Ty was so tiny, sliding down in the seat . . . little and sweet and slim. . . . June Gale's shoulders were almost on a level with his own.

"Of course, you haven't read a line of the books on irrigation I sent you," she was stating conversationally, without rancor.

"Well, a paragraph or two, when they arrived. Pretty heavy for a light-minded young man."

"What you see and hear today may be easier. The backward young are taught visually today, you know. What a joy this car is!"

"Like to drive awhile?"

"LOVE to, sometime when we're not bound for a definite destination. I don't drive fast."

"Why not?" It would seem to go with her general competence.

"Tell you sometime." She dismissed it rather gravely. Probably been spoken to harshly by a traffic cop. Compare that to Ty!

"Have you any idea as to what we're going to see when we get there? This Don Pedro Dam ——"

"Lady," said the youth earnestly, "must you be instructive? Do you feel it coming on?"

"I am now in the throes of an attack," she said calmly. "Do you realize that three-quarters of all the state's waters reach the ocean within forty-five days of their precipitation as rain or snow in mountain areas?"

He groaned aloud, brought the roadster to a sudden stop, leaned his head on his hand, covered his eyes. "I can't bear it," he said low and bitterly. "Why must you cloud our innocent, carefree, happy day with your evil tidings? You make me think of a messenger in a Greek drama. Remember Stephen Leacock? 'What? More of the dark stuff?'"

"Don't mind him, Gramper Davis," June said cheerfully to the anxious old man. "It's undergraduate comedy. . . . Well! And do you happen to know that approximately three-quarters of the water is in the northerly third of the state's area, while three-quarters of the need for water lies in the southerly two-thirds of the state's area?"

"Water," said the Ancient Mariner, wrapping up the rest of his cookies for later consumption and blowing at the crumbs, "water's the staff a life, more'n bread is, to my way of thinking. I tell you, young feller, when a man's been in Death Valley and died seven deaths ——"

"This Turlock-Modesto Irrigation District has done——"

"Help!" the youth chortled. "Of all the nut factories! Of all the hooey! Of all the goofy, gaga ——"

They gave up and laughed together in jocund fellowship.

They arrived at last, after lunching long and expensively in Modesto's most excellent hotel, at the Don Pedro Dam, and got out of the car. The old man crowed and broke into a wavering run.

"WAIT for me, Gramper Davis!" June called, catching up with him and slipping a firm young arm through his. She looked at Darrow and lifted her voice above the noise of the water. "The Modesto and Turlock was the first big district to form after the Wright Act in 1887. Judge C. C. Wright was a Modesto man who had the vision to see that dry-land grain farming had had its day, and that irrigation —— Gramper"—she broke off suddenly—"you mustn't lean over so far! You might lose your balance and take me with you!"

Darrow came closer and she tried again. "This dam and the spillway and the power house cost more than $4,800,000, but when you consider its service to this territory you know that it's ——" Again she interrupted herself to cry out sharply, "Help me hold him!"

The youth seized his Ancient Mariner by his other arm. "Steady on!" The old fellow was shaking with excitement, capering, prancing absurdly, leaning out as far as his guardians would let him.

Below them the torrent plunged down, breaking into a kaleidoscope of colors on its way to the thirsting lands beneath.

Darrow saw that June Gale's olive cheeks were flushed to rose and her eyes were shining, but the old prospector was weeping happy tears. They ran down his withered cheeks and dripped off his chin.

"Big water!" he said with a quavering sob. "Restores the years that the locusts have eaten. . . . I see it and hear it, but I wisht I could feel it and taste it. 'Twouldn't hurt me none, Junie—water's life to me! Big water! Big water!"

XIX.

WHEN Jed Kehoe said, of the auction, "They say we'd better have lunch enough to feed about three hundred," he was braced to hear his partner say exactly what he did.

"Three hundred? Then we'd better be prepared for four. What do we give 'em? Barbecue?"

"Lord, no, Mr. Brant. We can get the lunches all ready to serve in paper sacks,

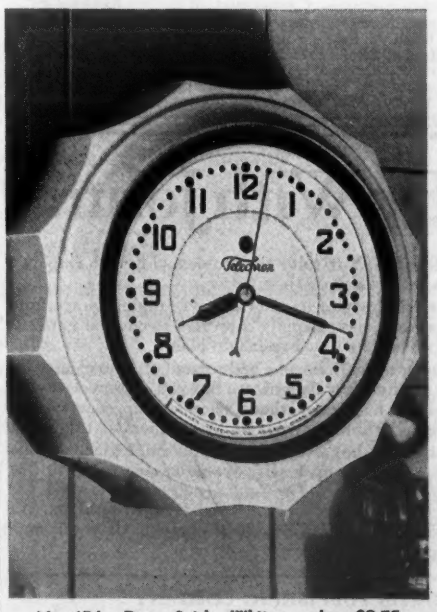
Forget you ever had to wind a clock!

FATHER winds the alarm clock every night—when he's not too sleepy. Mother attends to the mantel clock once a week. Cook winds the kitchen clock—now and then. If one of the three forgets, everybody's schedule is upset. Tempers are lost. Trains and meals are missed.

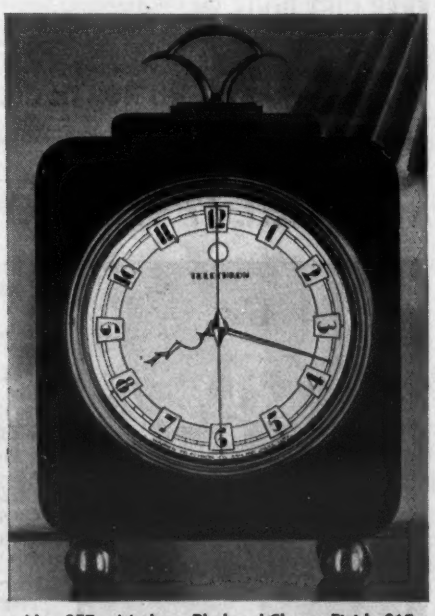
A Telechron★ Electric Timekeeper will bring peace and promptness to the most absent-minded family. It never forgets! It never needs winding—or oiling, cleaning and regulating. Quietly, correctly, it marks the minutes. Its accuracy is assured by impulses of alternating current from your light socket, controlled by means of a Telechron Master Clock in the power house.

These Master Clocks, developed by Warren Telechron Company, installed in America's power houses, make all synchronous electric timekeeping possible. Telechron is the pioneer, the original, self-starting synchronous electric clock. Telechron Clocks offer you the greatest variety of outstanding models by America's foremost designers—from $9.75 to $55. The Revere Clock Company of Cincinnati, Ohio, manufactures grandfather's clocks and chiming clocks of all kinds, equipped with Telechron motors—at prices ranging up to $1200. You may be sure you are getting genuine products of the Warren Telechron Company when you see the word "Telechron" on the dial of a clock. There is an authorized dealer near you, listed under "Telechron" in your Classified Telephone Directory. Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Mass. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Company, Toronto.

★ Telechron is the trade-mark, registered in U. S. Patent Office, of Warren Telechron Co.



No. 454—Duco finish. White or colors, $9.75



No. 357—Modern. Black and Chrome Finish, $15

Telechron

The Florsheim SHOE

THE Florsheim Shoe

There is youth and grace in the styling of these new FLORSHEIM SHOES—and the FEETURE ARCH, so cleverly concealed, offers a new comfort that you've never known before.

The Avalon . . . Style L-2

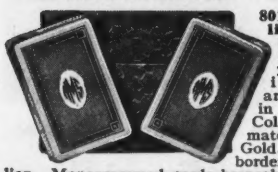
FOR THE WOMAN WHO CARES

$10.50 & $12.50

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · *Manufacturers* · CHICAGO

INDIVIDUAL MONOGRAM

PLAYING CARDS



8013A Very durable linen-finished Playing Cards in Whist size: Each card with your individual initialed monogram, artistically designed in Black and Orange Colors with edges to match, decorated with Gold and Cream-colored borders and center Medallion. Monogrammed cards bespeak personality and good taste. They are ideal gifts. **Two packs: one Orange and one Black in Presentation Box..... $2.50**

8014A One Pack in either Color as above, monogrammed..... **$1.50**

State plainly which letter of monogram you desire for large center initial

FREE GIFT BOOK *Our 60th Anniversary Catalog* —Over 200 Pages of Jewelry, Watches, Silver, and charming moderately priced Gifts for every occasion. Do your Christmas shopping in the comfort of your easy chair—*direct by mail*—and save both time and money. Write today for this Free Book.

JASON WEILER-BAIRD NORTH CO.
27 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

WE START YOU FREE!

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. Make 100% profit selling our **Christmas Greeting Cards.** Simply show our supreme $1 box 24-card assortment and sale is made. Before you sell any other cards let us prove we have fastest selling line in America. Write for samples. **Gair Manufacturing Co., Dept. 178, 1916 Sunnyside, Chicago**

The **MYSTIC MARVEL**

The New Pot and Pan Cleaner

Honestly, almost miraculous! Continuous, springy coils of pure copper, thousands of them, make hardened grease and grime vanish like magic. Like velvet on hands. Like magic on pans. Cannot rust, shred or splinter. Rinses readily. Saves soap, labor and time. At 5 & 10's, grocers, hardware, department and other stores, or send 10c for sample to The Mystic Mit Makers, W. Orange, N. J. **10c**

"What *Will* We Do With John?"

IT ISN'T EASY to solve the problem of how to employ a live-wire boy's spare time.

But hundreds of parents of boys ranging in age from ten to fourteen, have happily expressed to us their enthusiastic approval of our salesmanship plan.

Of course, the cash income and prizes (with no chance for loss) are what a boy values most. But you'll appreciate that the training in business methods, salesmanship, courtesy and initiative are still more valuable by-products of this work.

Perhaps your boy could find happy employment of his spare time, building up a route of regular customers for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman* among your friends and neighbors. We will gladly send him all details of our plan, if you'll mail this coupon today.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
955 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Send my son full information about your single copy sales plan.

Boy's Name.....

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....

Your Name.....

for ten cents apiece up. But the ten-cent lunch is a right nice little snack, and folks don't expect ——"

"But we're on the up and up at the Brant-Kehoe. What do they give us at about twenty-five a throw?"

The little man gave his squeal of dismay. "But look, Mr. Brant! That'd be a dollar for every four people you fed. My Lord, at that rate ——"

"No cheap chow on the Brant-Kehoe," said the youth inexorably. "Why don't we get Mrs. Kehoe and Mrs. Keith to figure on it? I'll wager they could use real food and still cut under that."

Jed Kehoe relaxed. If he could get to the women first . . . "All right," he said hastily, "and now we got to figure on parking space, and which of the yards we'll use for selling, and where we'll let 'em eat. Addie'll sure be sore, the way they'll mess everything up."

The notices had been tacked up for two weeks all over the country within a radius of twenty miles—bright and arresting in black on orange—AUCTION BRANT-KEHOE DAIRY RANCH WILLOWVALE DISTRICT OFF LARKIN STREET. Smaller type stated that they were selling out their entire tuberculin-tested herd, cows, calves and bulls, beginning at ten A.M. on the designated day.

"If it's nice weather, you'll have a mob," Jim Corey said. "Buyers'll come anyhow, but if it's a real pretty day, look out for the picnickers."

DARROW woke early, in ample time to see the High Sierras against the pearly pink of the morning sky in the east. Funny about the killers. Never a glimpse of them since he'd baited the trap. They seemed to sense the .22, leaning against the little table by his bed. Or, perhaps, he told himself complacently, the old cream puff had had his lesson, after the flag raising. He was faintly disappointed.

It was a foggy morning, the first he had seen there, a soft, thick smothery *tulle*. Would it keep away the hordes he was prepared to nourish?

Addie Kehoe was a bundle of nerves and the children ran to cover. The ranch boys were roping off spaces importantly, and the man who had been dolling up the cows for days announced the last bovine lady through the beauty shop. The auctioneers came soon after nine, three of them; a small, slim, keen-eyed Portuguese-American, a long lean Yankee, and a short and thick-set older man with a poker face.

The ranch worker in charge of the parking space paced nervously up and down. "Gosh, Mr. Brant, but it don't look like we're going to have a crowd," he kept repeating.

Darrow himself began to have the just-before-the-kick-off feeling.

Then the coffee and the coffee makers and their outfit arrived—Dale Bros., young Mr. Dale in person. That cheered things up a bit. Everything smelled deliciously.

A huge, unwieldy school bus drove in from the next district, disgorging two teachers and a horde of high-school boys. A teacher introduced himself.

"MR. BRANT? Benton's my name. This is my class in animal husbandry. They'll get regular credit for this day."

"Yep—and about three lunches apiece, and what'll we get out of the whole outfit?" Jed Kehoe muttered sourly. "Not a nickel; not a red cent."

"Hi, Mr. Brant!" the boy in charge of traffic called exultantly. "Sixty-nine a'ready. And, look, the fog's lifting! Betcher we do get a crowd! Look up the county road! Look at that line!"

They came and came, like wolves on the fold. Two other boys were told off to keep count with buddy, and they reported excitedly to the two women. "That makes a hundred 'n' eighty-two—no, eighty-nine!"

"Well, Mr. Brant, at this rate, you won't have sandwiches and pickles for breakfast, after all," Mrs. Keith twinkled at him.

Darrow looked them over. Shabby cars and new and shiny cars, rattling old vehicles spilling over with eight and ten Portuguese "short on the buy and long on the lunch," Jim Corey said out of the corner of his mouth, "although now and then one of those fellows that looks like a hobo has a bank balance that'd make you gasp."

SOLID citizens, responsible ranchers with their smart, substantial wives, clean, capable, clear-eyed people. The banker, Shelley of the flivver agency, the manager of the creamery, the editor of the local paper. The Cooneys, father, sons, and daughter, the men slouching and furtive and truculent, the girl timid and forlorn, softly pretty in a tight, faded pink chambray dress, a flapping hat of stained pink straw shading her pansy face. People, *people*, PEOPLE!

"I want to tell you we're just about up to that four hundred you were talking about!" Mrs. Keith whispered as Darrow hurried past her. "I believe you'd better send into town for extra stuff."

The crowd began to surge toward the barns and the yards.

"Hurry up! It's startin'!" a woman called shrilly.

Darrow broke into a run.

A rebellious boy who hated to miss a minute of it was dispatched to Willowvale where two shops were holding emergency orders in readiness. "And listen, Ed!" Darrow called after him. "Tell 'em to just double it. Get that? Yeah—double it!"

He saw the ranch flivver out of the yard and hurried to the throng in the biggest corral. The auction—his auction and little Jed Kehoe's—was on. There was no reality in the thing. Those cows, driven two at a time into the ring of close-pressing men—professionally "dolled-up" at thirty cents apiece—washed, brushed, clipped, nervous and worried because they had been milked at strange hours—were never his—Darrie Brant's? But the auctioneer, the Latin-American, mounted on a little platform, wearing a high-crowned drab straw hat which seemed just a trifle large for him and gave therefore a hint of the tango to his narrow, sallow face with its keen and burning eyes, was banging sharply on the railing before him with a short section of hose and talking loudly about "Mr. Kehoe and Mr. Brant—our old neighbor, and our new one, one tried and true and the other not tried yet but just as true, boys! Just as true!"

THE class in animal husbandry had helped themselves to gallery seats by perching on the top rail of the fence, a teacher at each end. Beside the corner post sat a middle-aged Portuguese with a soiled cap pulled low over his eyes, so that little of his face was visible save a salient chin covered with a bristling stubble of black beard. One of the eaters, Darrow surmised. No buying power there.

The other two auctioneers stayed in the ring, one bringing the animals in and turning them round and round for inspection with the short cane he carried, the other, the gaunt Yankee, walking close to the men, a little book in his hand, entering names and numbers, urging purchases in a husky whisper.

"Look!" cried the auctioneer. "There's a pair of aristocrats! That's what I call cows! What am I bid for choice? What am I bid? What? Fifty dollars? Well, listen at the village cut-up! He will have his joke. But fun is fun, gentlemen. Fifty-five? Sixty? Make it sixty? Who said sixty-five?" Banging on the rail before him with the section of hose, peering down into the circling faces while the man with the little book held up a crooked inquiring finger at the swart Portuguese

(Continued on Page 186)

A Frank Talk with Mothers *about candy*

Here's a subject that needs the searchlight of truth turned upon it. There have been so many false ideas, half truths and superstitions about candy, that the public should know the facts: that candy has a definite place as a food; and that candy now is made which is especially suitable for children.

GONE are the days when most things we liked were "not good for us." Science now finds that every craving has a meaning—that a normal hunger for something indicates a bodily need.

Every normal person, old or young, craves candy at times. That means that the system is calling for the quick energy found in sugar.

Candy for Energy

A nationally known medical authority recently wrote in a well-known magazine, that in all the history of science the attitude toward any food has never so completely changed as it has toward candy in the past ten years.

He says that the driving power of both the animal and vegetable kingdoms is provided by sugar.

The energy used up by children is simply tremendous. It is no wonder that it needs restoring, and that candy-hunger results.

It Relieves Fatigue

Did you know that Marathon runners eat candy as they run—to give quick energy? Did you know that Gertrude Ederle ate candy while swimming the English Channel? Did you know that Commander Byrd took two and one-half tons of candy on his South Pole trip? That's one hundred pounds per man for a period of two years. Practically a pound per man per week!

Candy a Real Food

Another well-known medical man recently wrote that if there is anything deserving of special consideration as a nutritious food, it is candy. He calls attention to candy's wholesomeness, its nourishing qualities and its ease of digestion.

Goodbye, Old Superstitions

It used to be said that candy was bad for the teeth. We quote on this subject from the Canada Lancet, a monthly publication, the oldest medical Journal in Canada:

> "There is not the least scientific foundation for this notion. The lack of sugar is much more likely to injure the teeth, through impaired nutrition, than even its excessive use is likely to do by any digestive troubles which might result from such over-use."

It used to be thought that candy made people fat. The fact is that candy is now recommended by many physicians in prescribing a reducing diet. Sugar produces the "flame" in which fat is burned; so it is less fattening to satisfy that craving for sweets with good candy.

A Further Development

Facts about the food value of candy could be given by the hour. Medical men and women have been learning these things for years; but, unfortunately, the public has not been so well informed.

However, there's no need of more defense for candy. Your own family physician will agree with the above statements if you show them to him. We want to tell you briefly about a particular candy that has gone still further—especially as regards its suitability for children.

A Dream That Came True

For years a certain candy manufacturer worked toward a wonderful goal: a candy that would have, of course, sugar for producing energy, and, in addition, other food elements most important, especially for children. He reasoned that those very ingredients would produce a taste thrill never achieved before, due to their honest wholesomeness.

This is the Result

After a great deal of research and experimenting, this *new idea* candy was evolved. It is primarily a *Milk Confection*, which accounts for its name—MILKY WAY. Great quantities of whole milk are used—and milk is the nearest perfect food we have. Malted Milk is another important ingredient. Also Cream Caramel, made with butter fat from pure, fresh cows' milk. Then comes Milk Chocolate of the highest possible quality—and we mean *real* milk chocolate—prepared with cows' milk. Among other ingredients are eggs; also breakfast cocoa for flavoring.

Think What These Ingredients Mean

Now let's see what important food elements these contain, besides the energy-producing sugar.

First, the whole milk, which contains protein, and valuable minerals, such as calcium and phosphorus—(absolutely essential to development of bones and teeth). And it contains Vitamin A—noted chiefly for producing growth and preventing infections; as well as Vitamin D, known as the Sunshine Vitamin, which prevents rickets.

Then the butter fat, and the eggs, both of which also contain Vitamins A and D.

The chocolate contains some fats and some minerals. The Malted Milk contains some carbohydrates.

Not only is this an unusual combination of healthful food elements, but the standards of *quality* of all ingredients make Milky Way truly remarkable. Mothers who have the happy privilege of seeing this candy made are glad that their children like Milky Way. (We've never yet heard of a child—or an adult either—who did not like it.)

The Home of Milky Way

Milky Way is made by "the Community of Candy Makers." At first glance you might think the low Mediterranean type building to be a large country club. Conditions for candy making could not be more ideal than in those marvelous, spotless, sunlit kitchens. They seem, as you look around, to be all windows. Such cleanliness and orderliness are seldom seen anywhere.

All This for Five Cents

And so you have in this candy—

(1) A taste thrill never experienced before.
(2) Unusual food value—due to the wholesomeness of the ingredients, and especially the large amount of Milk used.
(3) Cleanliness and wholesomeness in the making, never known before.
(4) Size—for each Milky Way is 2½ ounces or more . . . truly a wonderful nickel's worth.

Something to Look Forward To

If you never have tasted Milky Way, eat one and judge for yourself as to its suitability for children. You are sure to recognize a certain something in its taste that only *quality* can give. You will know instinctively that you've found *the* candy for yourself and the children henceforth.

It's so fundamentally *right* in every way that it never tires the taste. Appreciation grows; which accounts for the fact that it outsells every other candy bar in the world today. It is pleasing more people, in fact, *than any candy ever placed on the market anywhere.*

Why don't you find out for yourself about Milky Way today?

Just imagine how good one would taste right now!

MARS, INCORPORATED, CHICAGO, ILL.

NOW . . . *for the Finest Dishes* Ever Cooked!

HERE'S a sure way to win praise for your cooking—prepare dishes of outstanding goodness with macaroni, spaghetti or egg noodles. Results can't fail to delight if you'll remember to say MUELLER'S when you order macaroni products from your grocer—and be sure to send for your copy of the new Mueller Recipe Book.

The Most Valuable Book Ever Offered FREE!

The new Mueller Recipe Book is a veritable gold mine of information. Illustrated throughout in full colors, it contains scores of tested and proven recipes. There are full directions for preparing the simplest as well as the most elaborate dishes, using macaroni products as a base. There is also a host of suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette. Don't fail to send for this valuable new book.

And—to make success certain—

Even the best recipes can be spoiled by using an inferior product. So be sure to specify MUELLER'S when you order macaroni products from your grocer. Made from farina—*the heart of the wheat*—Mueller's Macaroni and Spaghetti are most healthful—they cook up lighter and fluffier than any other. Your grocer has Mueller's or can get it for you.

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Send me your FREE Recipe Book with suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette.

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Address.....

Town.....*State*.....

(Continued from Page 184)

on the fence rail. "Seventy? Now you're talking. Now it begins to sound like a buy—it just begins, boys!"

Jim Corey, walking over to Darrow, explained: "Crowd's always cold at the start. Takes time to get 'em warmed up. He'll have to let the first ones go cheap."

"Seventy? Only seventy?" the auctioneer grieved. "Seventy once; seventy twice; seventy three times—sold to the gentleman on the fence!"

TO DARROW'S incredulous amazement, the dark man with the dirty cap and the unshaven chin had nodded his head—up, down—and the Yankee had entered the transaction in his little book.

"I say sold, gentlemen," the high, singsong, faintly nasal tone went on, "but it's a present! That's what it is. Oh, well, today's my birthday, and I figured on giving something away." He was brisk again. "Now, then, how about the other one? How about No. 63? Boys, I'm going to tell you something. I believe he left the better one. I believe my soul he left the better one! Turn her round, Gus! He's looking at the wrong side! What's that?" He leaned back to listen to the cow tester behind him. "Oh! Ben, here, says she's three-cornered. Well, what's one teat, more or less? Tell you candidly, boys, that's the kind of cow I like to milk, myself—get through sooner! Now, then, gentlemen, let's have a bid. Forty dollars? What? Guess I'll have to quit the game if my hearing's going back on me. Gus, was that right? Did he say forty? Lots of these funny men out today. Is there a minstrel show in town? Say, I couldn't look Brant 'n' Kehoe in the eye again if—forty-five? Fifty? Who says fifty-five?"

The circle became closer, more compact, four or five deep; men in the main, with here and there a brisk and knowledgeable widow, and always the Portuguese women close to their men, heavy-headed infants asleep in their arms or parked on a fat, sagging hip.

COWS were driven in, discussed, bid upon, sold, driven out. The auctioneer was lyrical over the best ones, philosophic over the less desirable buys.

"Look at that heifer, gentlemen! If that isn't your favorite dream of a young lady cow. Say, if I had to be a heifer, I'd want to look just like that! Look at her! She's a creamery, boys, that's what she is! All she needs is a whistle."

The Mallorys walked over from the old Wiggins place, the man chatty and cheerful, the woman silent and with dragging feet. No; they wouldn't stay for lunch.

"Why, Elaine, dearie"—her husband protested—"long as we're invited! And it'll save you fussing to cook up something."

"You stay if you want to, Clyde. I couldn't eat, anyway. I'll go back and drink some milk."

"Well, then, if you're sure you don't mind." He was clearly relieved to see her going slowly away, the derelict dog at her heels. "Tell you what I was sort of figuring on, Mr. Brant. You see, it's not much more work to milk two or three cows than one—I mean, it's a job, anyway, whether it takes you a little more time or less. I thought if I could pick up a couple, cheap, then I could sell a little milk and be in the clear on feed and all." There was happy, excited color in his thin cheeks.

Sometimes the auctioneer broke into a few words of Portuguese, to the delight of his dark-skinned audience. He began to be hoarse, but his ardor never flagged.

The Portuguese on the rail had bought three cows.

The class in animal husbandry was getting restless. One of the boys called, "Hi! When do we eat?"

"Pretty soon, son!" said the auctioneer promptly. "Right away, in fact—quick's we get rid of these two beauties! That's right! Hundred and ten! Who says—hundred fifteen? Twenty? Don't blame you a bit—do it myself! Thirty? Thirty-five? Keep a-going, gentlemen, keep a-going! We'll tell you when to quit!" The bidding mounted swiftly to a hundred and seventy-five. "Eighty? Hundred and eighty I'm bid!" The sharp slap of the hose, the murmur of talk, the splash of hoofs in the mire. "Hundred and eighty once—twice—three times, and sold!"

Lunch! Coffee by Dale Bros., young Mr. Dale in person, filling the warm air with a pungent fragrance. Addie Kehoe, Mrs. Keith, half a dozen other women, presiding over tables. Jed Kehoe, bustling, important, "Get in line, folks! Get in line and *keep* in line. Don't let the young ones push. We got aplenty for all!"

DARROW was called to the telephone, but there wasn't time to run in to Willowvale. He would try to get it over the farmers' line. He stood impatiently, shifting his weight from one foot to the other. Burlingame wanted him. Ty! But—good gad, of all times to pick. "Hello! Hello! Operator, I'm waiting!"

"Yep—and you will wait too!" Corey offered scant comfort. "Better call back later."

"Well, but I think she's got 'em, now. . . . Hello? This is Darrow Brant!" A confused murmur, faint, distracting, maddening. It had to be given up. "Just a minute. San Mateo, we're on the line. *Oper-r-ator-r-r!*"

At last. . . . A Miss de Laine speaking. She wanted him to drive up for a dinner, that very night.

Tell her he was sorry—he couldn't possibly—he was tied up——

Miss de Laine said it was most important . . . she was having thirty people to dinner.

He was no end sorry, but he was having five hundred and twenty people to lunch!

He hung up the receiver and rushed out again into the blazing sunshine to watch the long line of lunchers enjoying his bounty, the humbler picnickers even asking for portions for babes in arms, babes at the breast. The Cooneys, father and sons, seen in line for the second time.

"Maybe we'd ought to lend 'em a wheelbarrow," said Kehoe, loud enough to be heard. "But it's going great, Mr. Brant, sales and everything! Best auction this year, folks are saying—best lunch anybody ever gave!"

JUNE GALE and her young brother came when the picnic was over, and while Darrow chatted with her he saw Don greeting little Dell Cooney swiftly—secretly? He heard her whisper, "Oh, I'm right glad you did come, after all!" Gad! The kid wasn't running with her?

The auctioneers were on the job again.

The sun was hotter, the muck in the circle deeper; the babies were sticky and cross.

The class in animal husbandry went away in the swaying bus after lunch, but the swarthy Portuguese in the soiled cap climbed to his rail again. Darrow never

(Continued on Page 189)

. . . *When you're* Most *particular*- SKINNER'S!

When everything must be "just so"—when silver must gleam like new—when linens must be laid with painstaking care—when everything on the table must radiate perfection; quite naturally would you choose Skinner's.

For Skinner's easily meets the most exacting demands. Its remarkable superiority comes from the amber durum wheat of finest quality from which it is made, and from the improved processes of its making.

Its superlative quality makes possible macaroni recipes which are surprisingly tempting alike to family and guests. Its additional cost is so trifling that it can be used whenever macaroni is served. 10c

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Let Yves ... Chef of the S.S. "Paris" give you his treasured recipe for

MACARONI MOUNDS

So simple to make ... so certain to please

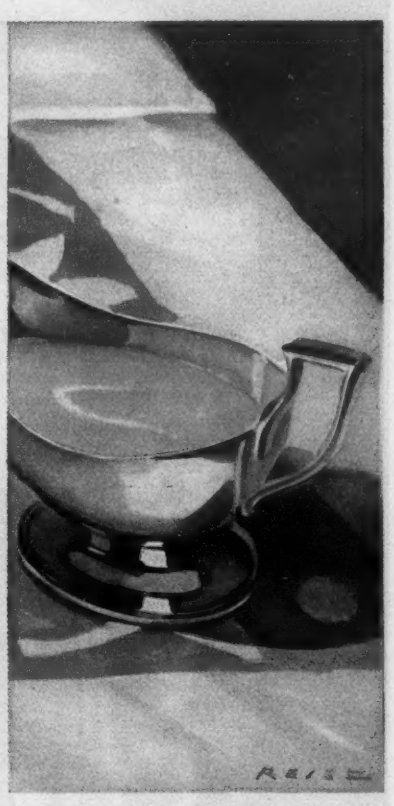
RECIPE FOR MACARONI MOUNDS

½ lb. macaroni (preferably elbow)
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
¼ cup pimientos, cut fine
1 cup diced chicken
1 teaspoon salt
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk or water
½ cup bread crumbs

1. Cook macaroni until tender; drain and chill.
2. Make a cream sauce of the butter, flour and milk.
3. Cook thoroughly. Add macaroni, chicken, pimiento and salt, and chill again.
4. Shape into mounds. Roll in egg beaten with milk or water, then in cracker or bread crumbs.
5. Fry in hot deep fat. Drain on brown paper and serve with Rarebit Sauce; made as follows:

   Make a cream sauce with 1½ tablespoons flour, 1½ tablespoons butter, 1 cup milk, ¾ teaspoon salt; when thickened add ½ cup cheese. Stir until cheese melts.

(This recipe, which gives 4 liberal servings, may also be made with egg noodles.)



CRUNCHY, nut-brown outside . . . Delicious macaroni and chicken inside—an irresistible combination! Be sure you make plenty of these Macaroni Mounds, for everybody in the family will call for *more.*

Passengers on the *S. S. Paris* of the French Line praise this treasured recipe of Chef Yves. You, too, will be captivated when you serve it, as you so easily can, in your home. Just follow the Chef's simple inexpensive recipe. The Rarebit Sauce adds the final zestful touch. Try it tonight!

Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles are "The Energy* Trio"—rich in those important food elements that build *sturdy bodies* and supply valuable nourishment. As easy to prepare as they are to digest. Have one of these foods often on your table; then notice the improvement in the family appetite—and *health.*

*Food value

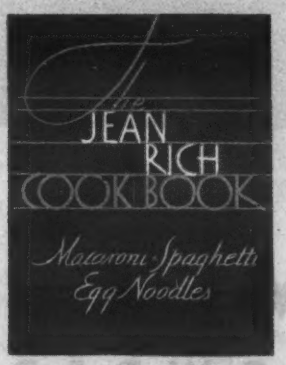
Enter Your Recipe in $5,000 *Contest*

Your favorite recipe for Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles may win first award in the big prize contest now being sponsored by the National Macaroni Manufacturers Association. So be sure to enter it, to win your share of 354 cash prizes—totaling $5,000. "The Jean Rich Cook Book," containing 70 tested recipes, will aid you. Mail the coupon today!

SPAGHETTI NAPOLI

½ lb. spaghetti
½ lb. meat, cut in small pieces
1 small onion
1 clove garlic
¼ green pepper
½ cup olive oil
¼ cup chopped stuffed olives
½ cup grated cheese
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teasp. paprika
½ teasp. Worcestershire sauce
1 cupful tomato soup

1. Cook spaghetti until tender, and drain. 2. Fry chopped onion, garlic and green pepper in olive oil until onions are brown, then brown meat. 3. Add tomato soup, olives, Worcestershire sauce, salt and paprika. 4. Add cheese and cook slowly for one-half hour. 5. Serve with grated cheese.



$5,000 *for best recipes*

	For Macaroni	For Spaghetti	For Egg Noodles
1st Prize	$500	$500	$500
2nd Prize	250	250	250
3rd Prize	100	100	100
4th Prize	50	45	45
5th-14th (Each)	25	25	25
15th-118th (Each)	5	5	5

RULES: 1. Contest open to any resident U. S. or Canada, except those connected with macaroni industry. 2. Awards based solely on novel, appetizing qualities of recipes. Judges' decisions will be final. Each recipe must contain either Macaroni, Spaghetti or Egg Noodles. 3. Use pen and ink or typewriter, one side of paper only; separate sheet for each recipe submitted. 4. In describing recipe, give exact measurements. 5. In event of tie for any prize equal prize will be awarded each tying contestant. 6. Contest closes Dec. 15, 1930; no entry bearing later postmark considered. See coupon address below.

JUDGES: Sarah Field Splint, Director of McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management; Maxime, Chef, Benjamin Franklin Hotel, Philadelphia; Jean Rich, recipe counselor, National Macaroni Manufacturers Association.

Send coupon for free book

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Please send me—FREE—my copy of "The Jean Rich Cook Book," containing 70 tested recipes for Macaroni, Spaghetti and Egg Noodles. (Print name and address.)

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MACARONI
EGG NOODLES SPAGHETTI
THE ENERGY TRIO

Easy to prepare — *70 ways to serve*

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Cinderella 1930

Valerie's breath came in short, excited gasps...she wondered if the couples dancing past her could hear the pounding of her heart.

She had never dreamed it could come true! Ever since schooldays she had secretly adored Hal...had cheered him through countless football triumphs.

But Valerie herself had none of the glamour and beauty to awaken a like response. Sallow of skin, nondescript as to hair and eyebrows, even her clear blue eyes were lost in the monotone of her skin and coloring.

But tonight...everything was different! Hal had cut in on every dance...his eyes followed her wherever she went—and now the real moment had come! He was telling her that he loved her.

● Valerie had learned the secret

The ugly little duckling who had envied the fresh loveliness of other girls was tonight the most exquisite of them all. The sallow skin had given way to a satin radiance of an opalescent brilliance...her eyes were aquamarine pools of liquid light—and these had brought new amber glints to her hair.

Valerie had discovered that the clever placing of Pompeian Bloom (a vibrant, pulsing color of Medium tint) and a smooth, invisible dusting of Pompeian Beauty Powder (in the mysterious Nude tone) would give her that "tanned-blonde" effect which Hal found so enchanting.

● it's only natural

Millions of women of every type of coloring prefer Pompeian Beauty Powder for perfectly natural reasons. It spreads evenly and smoothly...it doesn't cake...it clings for hours.

After years of experimenting on living models, Pompeian has produced five perfect colors...each a blend of countless shades, as subtly wedded as are the shades with which Nature colors the skin itself. One of these is a tint which will flow smoothly into the tones of your skin.

● the bloom on the skin

Pompeian Bloom is vibrant, shaded coloring which has none of the unnatural solidity of a single tone. Each of the five tints is a blend of many, many living shades and the effect is one of a glowing color, pulsing below the skin.

Pompeian Bloom comes off on the puff without crumbling and spreads creamily on the skin. It clings loyally and lastingly.

● the price is important, too

An alarming amount can be spent on toiletries if one is not a knowing shopper. Before you realize it, your toilette expenses can have cut into your dress allowance. And how unnecessarily! Because Pompeian Powder has such vast, world-wide popularity, it is possible to produce the purest, finest quality for the amazingly low sum of 60c. Pompeian Bloom is another matchless value. In a dainty metal case, with mirror and long-life puff, it is 60c.

THE POMPEIAN COMPANY, INC., New York, N. Y., Elmira, N. Y. and Toronto, Canada...(*Sales Offices:* Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., Madison Ave. at 34th St., New York and 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Can.)

● do you know your type?

Your most potent charms? How to enhance them? Mme. Jeanette de Cordet—skilled specialist in feminine beauty—describes and prescribes for 24 types in her elaborate booklet on making the most of your looks. The coupon below tells how to secure it.

Send for your copy of the new Pompeian Art Panel

The illustration in this advertisement is by Clement Donshea, master painter of beautiful women. It has been expensively reproduced—in full color—in the new Pompeian Art Panel, size 7½ x 28½, suitable for framing. Its artistic and decorative value will appeal to you. Send for your copy.

Enclose 10c. You'll receive the Art Panel—Mme. de Cordet's booklet—and samples of two other toilet necessities—Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

● Be sure to PRINT name and address

Mme. Jeanette de Cordet,
Dept. 11-11, The Pompeian Laboratories,
Elmira, N. Y.

I enclose 10c (coin) for the Art Panel and a copy of booklet "Your Type of Beauty." Include the samples of Pompeian Day Cream and Night Cream.

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The value of this book is $1.00—its worth to you could not be measured in dollars. We ask you to accept this 80 page volume with our compliments. Simply send us your name and address and a copy will be mailed to you promptly, postage paid.

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Corns

End Corn Pains instantly with Wizard Improved Corn Pads. Cushioned, but not bulky. Oh, so comfortable. Treated with mercurochrome (HW&D). *Safe.* 10c and 35c packages. Write for FREE sample. Send your dealer's name and address.

Wizard Co., 1635 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.

Wizard Corn Pads

(Continued from Page 186)

saw him speak during the entire day. He nodded or shook his head in answer to the inquiring finger of the Yankee in the ring, with the little book of business.

Clyde Mallory bought two cows and drove them home across the fields. They lowed and looked back over their shoulders as they went. Darrow wondered: Did cows have feelings, like horses and dogs? Did they form attachments for places, for people, for one another?

A big and beautiful Holstein was sold to the amazing Portuguese on the rail for a hundred and ninety dollars. He had spent close to a thousand without opening his lips.

They finished with cows and went to the calves, to the bull pens. The last bull was hauled into the trailer, blood dripping from the ring in his nose.

The crowd went away much faster than it came.

The auctioneer, fanning his face, now darkly flushed, with his tango hat, came up to Darrow. "Well, Mr. Brant, I hope you're satisfied. We certainly are. Your first experience? I'm sure you found it novel and interesting."

Darrow was amazed at the change in his diction, his accent, his tone.

"MY WIFE enjoys watching these affairs occasionally, and I wanted her to come today, but she was all dated up with luncheon and bridge." He was hoarse and weary. "Well, I'll be running along. A great pleasure to have met you, Mr. Brant. I trust we'll meet again."

The youth stared after him.

"Yes," said June Gale at his elbow, understandingly. "Isn't he amazing? He puts it all on—just like his hat."

"Priceless," said Darrow. He looked about him. Cars with trailers were backing in and out of the yards. A few cows were being driven away on foot, lifting their voices in loud lament. The ground about the house was littered and loathsome with orange peel and banana skins and eggshells and crumpled paper napkins and crusts of bread and bits of meat. Bait, the sacrificial dog, was busy.

"Hi, you," Darrow called to the child M'ree, "there's a dollar apiece to every kid if this mess is gone in an hour." He felt let-down and tired and a trifle low in his mind. Ty would be wild at him. Well, could he help it?

June Gale was walking away and he hurried after her.

"Look," he said, "I'm too keyed up to key down. What are you doing tonight—besides milking and getting supper and giving massages and coaching mathematics? Aside from that?"

"Why—nothing, especially," she began uncertainly.

"All right, then! Let's go places!"

XX.

HE HAD a shower and clean, cool clothes and called for her in an hour. He wondered how Jim Corey would like this.

She was wearing a surprisingly good-looking dress in the dull blue which suited her. He commented on it.

"Finished it as you turned in at the gate," she said contentedly.

"You made it?"

"Oh, I'm one of those handy-with-the-needle girls luckily." She had more color than usual and it was becoming. He wondered about her mouth again. How would it look, done up, done over a dozen times a day?

"Want to drive? All the time in the world."

"Sure you don't mind? I'd adore it."

"Handles like a dream," she said happily after a moment.

"Darn good driver," he decorated her after a few smooth miles. "Why don't you like to drive fast?"

She said, after a brief, constrained pause, "I had a hideous accident once. The first month I was north. Driving another girl's car with a load of fellows and girls. I wasn't going more than the limit, but a big machine struck us in the rear; drunken driver."

"But—it wasn't your fault?"

"No; I was completely exonerated—at the inquest. One boy was killed and two girls horribly hurt. I had hardly a scratch on my body."

"Yeah. Those things are a shock, all right. But you'll get over it."

"I mean to; I must. Look, your gas is low."

"GEE, yes! We'll fill up in Fresno. Plenty to get there, and two gallons in the emergency tank. Well, my auction's over! And it was sort of fun, all right."

"When do you get your Jerseys?"

"Next week. Just time to clean up and get ready for 'em."

"How does your contract with the creamery read?"

They chatted soberly, companionably. The girl had a head. They talked ranch all the way in, over the table for two in the dining room of the Californian Hotel, with the tiny fountain murmuring and the flowers and candles and the soft organ music making an obbligato for their voices.

"It's another world, isn't it?" June stopped talking and looked about her. "You know, it's the first time I've ever had dinner here."

He registered surprise. "Is that right?"

"But some day," she said with cheerful conviction, "after I've taught the Deerfoot school long enough to pay off all my debts, and Don's a reclamation engineer, and Anthony's had his trip abroad, I'm going to have dinner here every night for a week, and every day—guess what I'm going to do every day."

He made three bad guesses.

"No. I'm going to spend two hours in the Californian Beauty Shop!"

"What for?"

"Beauty, naturally!" She stopped his rubber-stamp protest. "No, but listen, I never had a manicure, even, in my life!" She held out her long, strong, slender fingers, brown and smooth, the nails faintly pink. "I'm going to have the whole works—everything they can give me."

SHE laughed long and enjoyingly, and the youth laughed with her, but he said to himself, "That isn't so funny. There's not such an awful lot of comedy in that when you boil it down. Going without all the things other kids have—making her own clothes, up to her ears in debt to all the hicks in the neighborhood."

Mr. Pond came in to ask about the auction, and they sat so long over their coffee and ices that they were late even for the second show at the big, cool moving-picture house, and it was close to midnight when they ran out of Fresno and turned south. June was driving again.

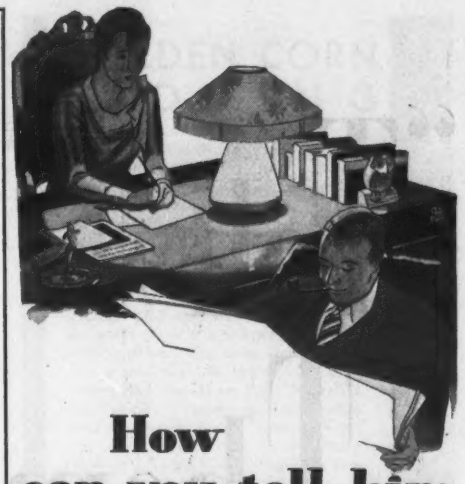
"Funny there's no traffic," said Darrow, "such a peach of a night. Of course, there's no moon, but I like this velvet dark trimmed up with stars. The nights are certainly the consolation prize for the day down here. Well, I suppose everybody's in bed so as to be up at quarter to milk." He leaned back luxuriously. "This is what I'd call a full day. That movie wasn't so hot. I'm not altogether sold on talkies yet."

"Nor I. Like to make up my own lines. Well, there's one other owl car besides ourselves."

"Yeah; handsome bus." A battered and rattling machine with the top down and five men in it had passed them without blowing a horn, almost scraping the sport model's fender. "And handsome is as handsome does. Haven't you noticed that people's manners usually match their cars?"

"I call that very unkind. Mean to say the Gale family acts the way their chariot looks?"

(Continued on Page 191)



How can you tell him what you *really* want?

EVERY Christmas, to many women, comes disappointment—because the gift most desired is not received.

It is difficult, frequently impossible, to tell "him" your secret wish. Yet, there *is* a way to get the Christmas remembrance you will prize.

The Whiting & Davis Company, creators of the Mesh Costume Bag, devised it. It is very simple, very effective. From an unknown source, Santa Claus perhaps, there comes to "him" the helpful suggestion, "She wants a Whiting & Davis Mesh Costume Bag"—and it is done.

You simply fill in now the coupon below with the name and address of the person from whom you wish to receive a Whiting & Davis Mesh Costume Bag.

Without revealing your identity, a message will go to that person suggesting the desirability of such a gift—always dear to every woman's heart, today doubly so, because of the present vogue of femininity in Fashion.

So, fill in the coupon NOW—for a happier Christmas. The subtle message of gift suggestion will be sent at an appropriate later date to the person whose name you give.

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World's Largest Manufacturers of Costume Bags
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Always a desired style *accessory*, the return of the ultra-feminine to Fashion makes the Mesh Costume Bag a style *necessity*. As created by Whiting & Davis in a great variety of clever designs and colorful combinations, the Mesh Costume Bag adds the final touch in smart costuming.

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Dresden enamel soldered Mesh Bag. No. W-24. Silk-lined, with mirror. Enamel frame and chain.

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Mesh
COSTUME BAGS

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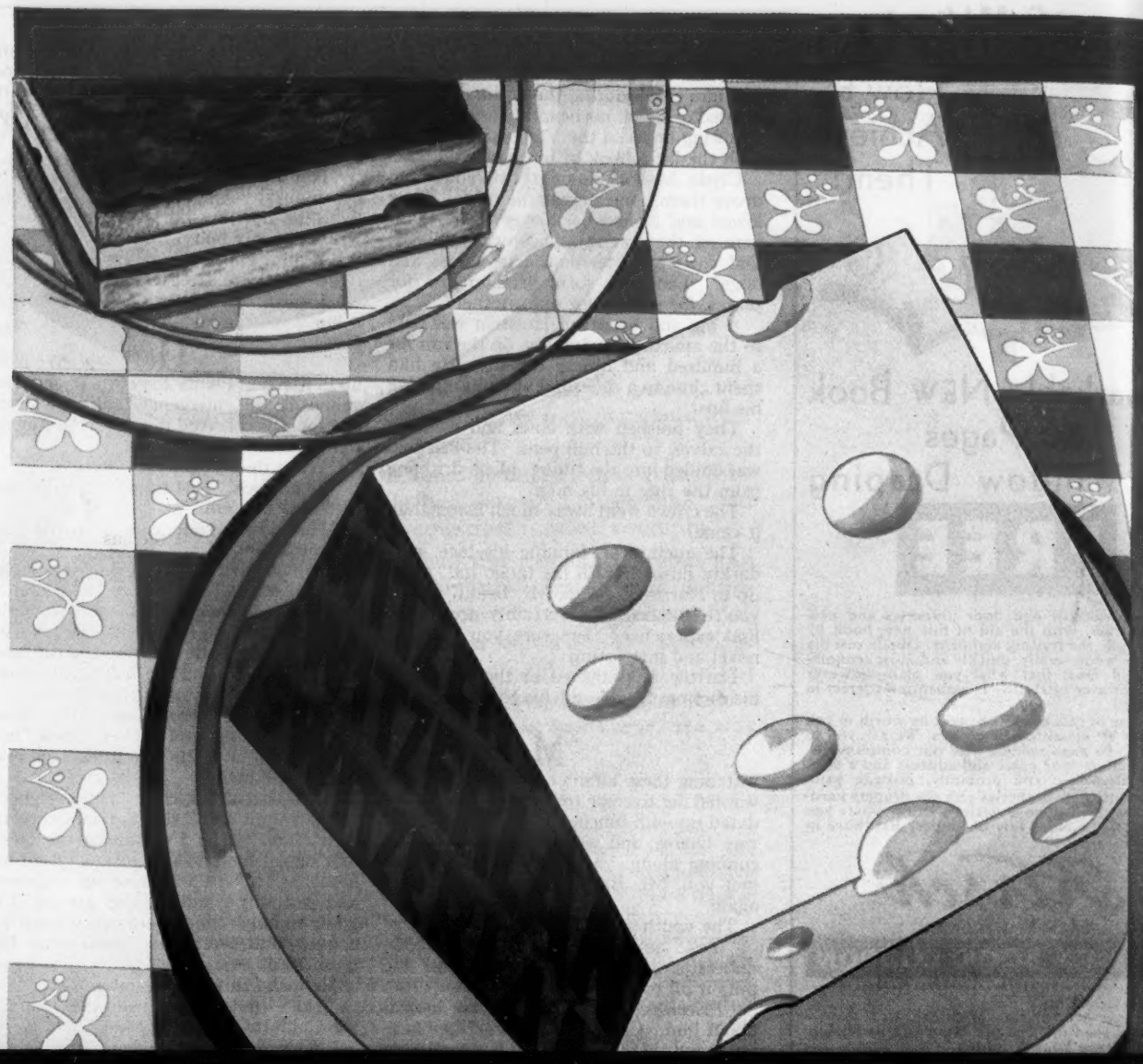
Gentlemen: Will you send your Gift Suggestion letter to the name and address below—without, of course, in any way revealing my identity. Thank you.

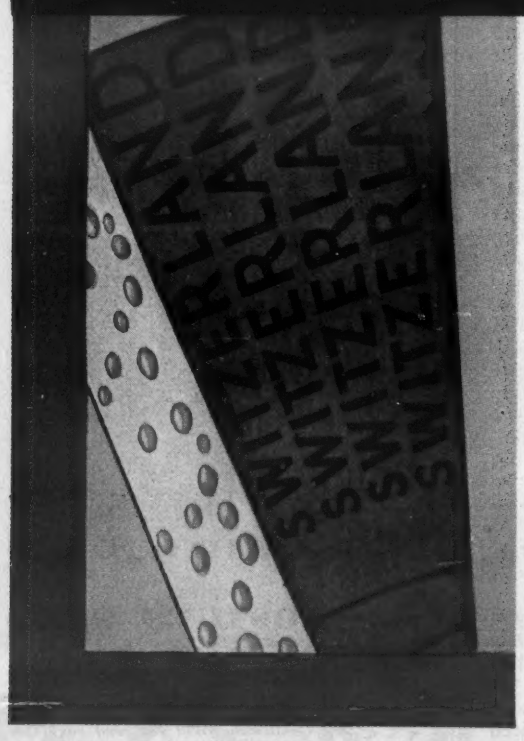
Name.....
Street and No......
City..... *State*.....

"Tell Them

. . . THE RARE FLAVOR OF SWITZERLAND CHEESE COMES FROM SWITZERLAND ALONE"



SWITZERLAND CHEESE



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

The "Switzerland" design appearing on the rind of every Switzerland Cheese, as illustrated above, is registered in the U. S. Patent Office. Insist on seeing this marking when you buy, because, due to the growing demand for Switzerland Cheese, certain unscrupulous dealers are stamping their "Swiss-style" products with stencils to imitate the genuine and protected "Switzerland" design.

EPICURES, since the days of the Roman Empire, have looked to the rocky fastnesses of Switzerland for the masterpiece of flavor—Switzerland Cheese. And that is exactly where you must continue to look if you would get that genuine product with the flavor that can't be copied.

The rare flavor of Switzerland Cheese comes from Switzerland itself—from its sprightly Alpine climate—from rich pastures and fragrant forage—from pure water flowing from everlasting glaciers. No other dairy land in the world has the same "ingredients" to give the flavor to their Swiss-style cheese. The Swiss cheesemakers know this and are so proud of it that they mark every cheese with many imprints of the word "Switzerland." Thus you can tell their genuine product from all substitutes.

Switzerland Cheese is sold everywhere. To enjoy it to the full, eat it by itself as the Swiss do—in thick portions rather than wafer-thin slices. Your taste will revel in its appetizing, nut-sweet goodness and tender texture. For variation serve Switzerland Cheese with salads, cold cuts, fruit and in cooked dishes. Although the color of Switzerland Cheese may vary from butter-yellow to cream according to the time of the year when made, and although the size of the eyes may vary, the flavor is always the same.

LET US SEND YOU

a copy of the beautiful booklet in color—"Switzerland Cheese—How to Use and How to Serve It"—showing many unusual and attractive dishes. It's free for the asking.

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*Name*_____

*Address*_____

An advertisement published by the Switzerland Cheese Association of Berne, Switzerland

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The more you mend the more you save to spend

LE PAGE'S GLUE

Mends Everything

LEMCO

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LIEBIG'S

Extract of Beef

CHILDREN LIKE "LEMCO"

After school hours children need a cup of hot stimulating "LEMCO". It is delicious, healthful, the essence of prime beef, and easy to prepare—A quarter teaspoonful of "LEMCO" to a cup of hot water—Nothing more. It fits them for study or play.

GROWN UPS TOO

find "LEMCO" most appetizing and convenient especially when unexpected guests arrive or for afternoon teas or luncheons. A delicious beef bouillon made in a minute; or by adding a small quantity, it makes soups, stews, gravies, fish, meats, vegetables, salads or "leftovers" rich in flavor and sustenance.

Sold by all Druggists or Grocers

Lamont, Corliss & Co., 131 Hudson Street, New York, U. S. Distributors for Oxo Limited, London, England.

A LITTLE "LEMCO" GOES A LONG WAY

(Continued from Page 189)

"No, but I mean—what do they think they're doing?"

The other machine had waited for them to pass and fallen behind.

"That man Pond is a good scout. What he doesn't know about—say, I don't get the humor of this at all." The shabby vehicle had pushed rudely past them again. Darrow said, after a moment of silence, "Do you mind speeding up a little? I'd as soon leave those babies in the distance."

June stepped firmly on the accelerator and the roadster shot forward. She honked the horn, but the other machine would not give place.

"Pass 'em!" said Darrow between set teeth. "Plenty of room on this side. You can make it; they'll move over."

But they moved so reluctantly and so little that Darrow's car careened alarmingly for an instant before it righted itself and sped forward.

"At-a-girl!" said the youth warmly. "And now do you mind hitting it up? Because there isn't time to change pilots and I don't care very much for that bunch of bums. I hate to make you do it, the way you feel, but ——"

"It's quite all right," said the girl levelly.

Forty, forty-five, fifty.

"Are they hanging on?"

"Like leeches. Wouldn't believe that wreck of theirs could do it."

"You haven't, by any chance, a gun?"

"I haven't so much as a flash light, worse luck, to bean even one of 'em."

June Gale slid lower in the seat; her knuckles whitened as she gripped the wheel. Fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-five. "Still with us?" She held steadily to the middle of the concrete.

"Still with us. And they mustn't—get—ahead."

"They won't get ahead." Her shoulder was almost on a level with his. He moved closer, putting his own against it.

Fifty-eight, sixty. "They can't keep this up," she exulted, the school-teacher who could never drive fast again. "We'll lose them! They can't possibly ——"

Sixty-two; sixty-five ——

Darrow gave a stifled groan.

She did not take her eyes from the road. "What is it? Guns?"

"No. But I forgot the gas. We're out. And we can't stop to tap the emergency tank." He cursed himself heartily, bitterly, for a heedless fool.

"We'll keep going," the girl said.

Sixty-eight ——

"But in another mile—in a minute—any second now—we'll be stuck."

(To be Concluded)

A Hero Named Chips

(Continued from Page 27)

heart was a dizzying joy. His longed-for opportunity was at hand. Every step of his procedure was planned and tested in advance.

Daily, after tea, Miss Ginevra lay down for an hour's twilight nap. Daily, at the same hour, her athletic young secretary, Graeme Bliss, went for his brisk five-mile walk. Today, at dusk, the whole household staff would be busy in the kitchen wing of the house on preparations for the ponderous dinner party.

Blayne said over to himself the safe's combination, the combination he had acquired by picking with a buttonhook the antiquated lock of the secret drawer of Miss Ginevra's desk:

Ten. Right twice, stop at twenty. Right three times, stop at thirty. Left four times, stop at five.

Not fifteen minutes after the aged safe's doors had slammed shut on the jewelry, he made his first move.

Miss Ginevra Garrod was in her study, dictating letters to Graeme Bliss. Chips snoozed at his mistress' feet, in a shaft of sunshine. Blayne made excuse to enter the room. Miss Ginevra's temper never was sunny. Today, by reason of the great events in preparation for the evening, it was at its least desirable.

"What do you want, Blayne?" she demanded, with no urbanity at all. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

"If you please, ma'am," said Blayne, deferentially apologetic, "your dress for this evening has just come; and I've laid it out on your bed. I ——"

HE GOT no further. Chips, aroused from his nap by Blayne's entrance, had waked in merry mood. He got to his feet and shook himself and leered obliquely at the intruder. With exaggerated show of terror, Blayne took a step backward. This was enough for Chips. In gay simulation of wrath he bounded growling toward the masquerader.

This time, Blayne did not retreat or protest, as usual. Instead, he stood his ground. As Chips bore down upon him, the mongrel was met by a hard kick.

Blayne's toe missed the onrushing dog's face but smote him glancingly on the shoulder, with enough force to send him rolling over and over. Blayne accompanied the kick with a falsetto yell of "Get out, you filthy cur! You drive me fair crazy, so you do! I'll kick the wretched head off of you if you don't leave me be!"

Miss Ginevra had merely been cross. Now she flamed, of a sudden, to righteous and blazing rage at this unforgivably outrageous assault upon her beloved pet and at the hideously bad training shown by her hitherto irreproachable maid.

She ended the briefly lurid diatribe by discharging Blayne and bidding Graeme Bliss write out a check for his wages, including an extra month's pay in lieu of notice.

"You will be out of my house before nightfall today," she commanded. "As soon as you can pack your things. And you go without a reference. Now leave the room!"

MUTTERING under his breath in most convincing ill-temper, but with all the birds on earth singing in his heart, Herb Blayne departed for his own quarters. His ruse had succeeded, right gloriously.

Very slowly and with every show of thoroughness he began to pack.

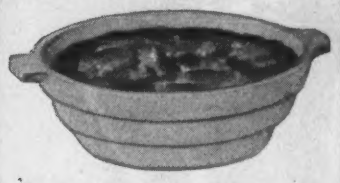
For so expert a lady's maid this process of packing was very slow and very strange. But at last it was finished, at about sunset. Asking Jerram to send for a messenger boy, Blayne consigned his portmanteaus to the youth and told him to carry them to a suburban hotel some miles away.

Then, as dusk drew on, Blayne began to work much more rapidly. He discarded his feminine attire and rolled it into a compact bundle to be dropped into the nearest street sewer outlet. In the middle of the bundle was his well-built black wig.

Next, he arrayed himself as a man, in a loose tweed suit, into whose pocket he stuffed a folded soft hat. Over his clothes he donned a woman's ulster, old-fashioned but inconspicuous, whose hem came well below his shoe-tops. He put on his head a neat black *cloche* hat. Headgear and ulster were to join the bundle of clothes in the sewer opening when he should be a square or two away from the house. Then, putting on the folding soft hat, he could swing along without fear of recognition, a 100 per cent man from top to toe. It was all absurdly simple and safe.

Down the servants' staircase marched Blayne with no effort at concealment. Only when he reached the main floor of the house did he turn furtive. For a

GOLDEN CORN PUDDING



Fluffy and golden, smooth and creamy—here's a wholesome and delicious treat for crisp days! This recipe and the one below are table-tested and appear in Sally Stokely's new book, "Vegetables for Health and 50 Ways to Serve Them." Write for free copy. Tune in on Sally Stokely's Radio Hour. Hear the fascinating story of table-testing. There'll be new recipes and menus. Announcement of broadcasting hours in newspapers.

CORN PUFFS

Irresistible, for Sunday night suppers. The cheese and corn blend magically in a new flavor you'll adore. And the corn itself—tiny, milky ripe morsels of tenderness. Packed the same day it's picked, like *all* of Stokely's Vegetables, cooked under pressure to save freshness and vitamins. Sealed in *golden-lined cans*—safe from specks, spots and discoloration. Ask your grocer for your favorite vegetable (20 varieties) packed this better Stokely way.

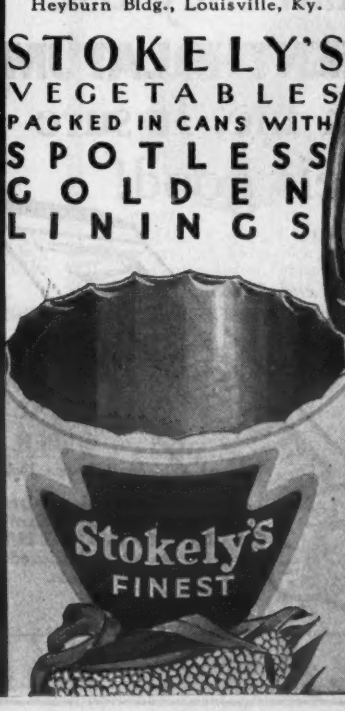
MOCK OYSTERS

2 cups Stokely's corn
2 eggs, separated
2 tablespoons flour
1 tablespoon melted fat
Salt and pepper

To the corn, add beaten egg yolks, stiffly-beaten whites and other ingredients. Drop batter from a tablespoon into hot fat (360° to 370° F.) and fry until light brown. Drain on soft paper. Serve hot with Stokely's catsup or chili sauce. This recipe makes 18 oysters.

STOKELY BROS. and CO., Inc.
Heyburn Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

STOKELY'S VEGETABLES PACKED IN CANS WITH SPOTLESS GOLDEN LININGS



Wotta life!
A guy can't even chap his skin any more! Anyhow—I'm glad they use **MENTHOLATUM** on me. It sure feels good!

TUBES *and* JARS
30¢ *and* 60¢
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moment he stood and listened. But all was as he had known it would be.

Miss Ginevra was lying down in her own room for her usual after-tea rest. Graeme Bliss was out on his twilight walk. Jerram and all the other servants were vigorously busy in preparations for the evening's festivities.

On silent feet Blayne sped into the library, and shoved aside the picture which masked the door of the wall safe. His nimble fingers were on the safe's knob. Ten. Right twice, stop at twenty. Right three times, stop at thirty. Left four times, stop at five. There was a click. The door opened at Blayne's impatient wrench.

In much less than a minute the Faith Diamond and its pendant, the triple rope of pearls, and several less precious but decidedly worthwhile ornaments, were wrapped separately in white tissue paper and were stuffed together into a stout chamois bag. The bag was in a pocket of Blayne's undercoat. The safe's door was shut and its knob was twirled. Blayne was on his way, no longer furtively, toward the servants' entrance.

He was rich, independent, settled luxuriously for life. Or he would be as soon as he should have disposed of his treasure through a "fence" he knew and could trust. Now to get out into the open, and on his way! True, it would have been vastly pleasant to slit that horrible dog's throat before departing. But one cannot have everything.

Besides, Chips was nowhere in sight.

CHIPS had been brushed and combed carefully that afternoon by no lesser hands than old Jerram's; and under Miss Ginevra's supervision. Then Miss Ginevra had tied upon his thick throat an enormous cerise satin bow, and had gazed with pride on the disgusted dog, looking forward happily to the impression her canine chum was certain to make on the evening's guests. After which she lay down for her nap, insisting that the unwearied Chips lie down also on his blanket beside the bed.

Chips had had experience in this kind of thing before, and had studied the position more than once with a view to its possibilities of escape.

When at last Miss Ginevra dozed—it took much longer than usual this afternoon for her to fall asleep—Chips moved pussyfootedly to the bedroom door, which was slightly ajar. He nosed his way through and pattered noiselessly downstairs. In due time he had descended unseen to the cellar. There, atop a heap of coal, was a window whose glass was broken. Through it wriggled Chips and out onto the side lawn. He was free.

ON THE veranda of the house next door sprawled lazily a big police dog, the Otho with which Miss Ginevra so often had forbidden Chips to play. At sight of the mongrel, Otho came trotting across to meet him. The two touched noses in greeting. Then Chips snatched up a twig and set off at a circular gallop with it. Otho gave chase. The romp was on.

The wide circle in which he cantered brought Chips presently within a few yards of the servants' entrance. He heard a door shut softly. At the same time he was aware of a hostile scent, the scent of the disguised man who had kicked him so painfully and brutally not three hours agone.

The little dog halted precipitately in mid-canter. He snarled, his upper lip curling back from his funny little teeth. Otho stopped also at sight of this show of anger on the part of his chum.

Too shrewd and too nearly human not to be secretly glad of Otho's formidable aid in case of another kick, Chips dashed ragingly at the departing Blayne. The insult of the early afternoon was due to be wiped out then and there.

BEFORE Blayne could reach the street, Chips had overhauled him, Otho jogging inquisitively along behind. Blayne wheeled about at sound of his chronic enemy's scurrying approach. Catching sight of Chips through the gloom, the man braced himself and aimed a kick far heavier and more murderous than he had dared to in their earlier encounter that day.

But twilight is an ill time for gauging distances. As before, Blayne's boot merely grazed Chips' shoulder; yet this time most painfully, and knocking the charging mongrel through the air for several feet. Chips, bruised and indignant, forthwith gave vent to a loud yelp. The yelp had several immediate effects.

For one thing, it penetrated to a room in the house next door, where Otho's owner, young Carryl Deane, sat reading. Deane sprang up and ran to the side door. He recognized the howl as Chips' and he dreaded lest Otho in their play had inadvertently injured the smaller dog. Remembering Miss Ginevra's dire threats, Deane sought to establish an alibi by getting Otho indoors as quickly as might be. So he whistled in shrill command to the police dog.

The yelp had been wafted through the open windows of Miss Ginevra's bedroom just as she was rising from her unsatisfactory nap. She, too, recognized Chips' voice. Hobblingly, she hurried downstairs and out onto the lawn. Jerram and the second man, in the butler's pantry, also had heard the cry. Both of them came hastening out to learn what had befallen so important and popular a member of the household. Jerram snatched up a flash light as he ran out of the house.

BUT the most immediate and drastic effect of Chips' yelp was upon Otho, the huge police dog. Seeing his jolly little pal kicked, and hearing the squeal of pain, Otho hurled himself at the assailant.

Blayne saw the peril in time to turn and flee across the lawn, in something less than the world's record, making for the nearest tree. Fast as he ran, his mind moved faster. It was plain he could not outstrip this demon of a police dog. Otho would get him down. People would arrive to investigate the rumpus. It would be discovered that he was dressed as a man and had discarded his wig. This by itself would be enough to rouse suspicion. He might be searched. Then ——

Snatching the chamois bag from his pocket, Blayne hurriedly flung it into the very heart of a juniper clump. There would be ample chance to creep back later and recover it.

Scarcely had the thrown bag left his hand when Otho had overtaken him. The police dog leaped upon Blayne's shoulders from behind, pulling him down and ripping

(Continued on Page 195)

A Christmas Pageant

By
Mrs. Don Marquis,

which your school, church or Sunday school can produce without large expense, is given in the

CHRISTMAS JOURNAL

CORNS
GONE—FORGOTTEN

100% SAFE

For corns and tender toes apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and in *one minute* pain will be gone—forgotten! Removing shoe friction and pressure and the soothing medication produce this speedy, permanent relief.

Once gone, *corns never come back* if you apply a Zino-pad where the shoe rubs or pinches. Cutting your corns invites blood-poisoning. Using harsh and caustic preparations often causes acid burn. Zino-pads are *guaranteed 100% safe.* Thin, dainty, cushioning, healing.

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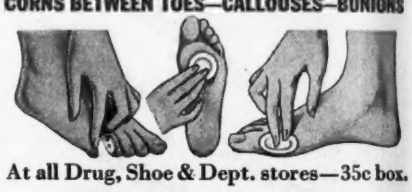

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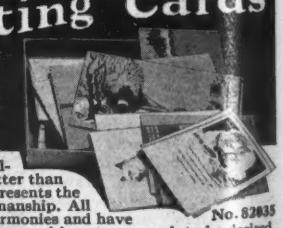

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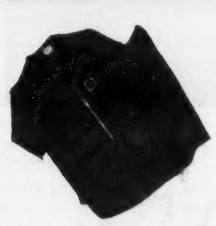

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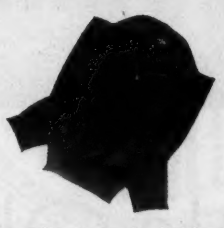

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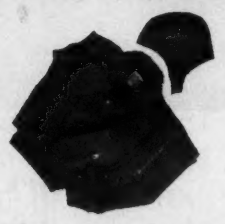

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(Continued from Page 192)

away the upper half of the ulster. As Blayne rolled over in a futile effort to rise, Otho dived for his throat. Instinctively Blayne put up his right arm to guard his jugular. The police dog's teeth met in the fleshy part of his thumb.

Blayne was halfway to his feet as Otho crashed against him this second time. Back he was knocked, with tremendous impetus. His skull banged resoundingly against a sharp edge of the lawn's rock garden. Blayne's taut sinews relaxed. He slumped in a huddled heap, senseless.

Before Otho could follow up his advantage, Carryl Deane's imperative whistle came to his ears. Trained from puppyhood to implicit obedience, the police dog turned reluctantly from his helpless prey and ran to his master.

Pausing only long enough to thrust Otho into the house and to slam shut the side door behind him, Deane hurried apprehensively over to the lawn to find how badly Chips had been hurt. At almost the same moment, Miss Ginevra, with Jerram and the footman, issued from the Garrod house on the same hasty mission.

When Otho had given chase to the fleeing Blayne, Chips had followed as fast as his short legs would permit. As he ran he had seen Blayne toss something into the juniper clump. Ever morbidly inquisitive, Chips yearned to investigate. But more thrilling work was afoot, and the investigation could wait.

PANTING and pattering, he came up to where Blayne lay stunned, just as Otho had galloped off in obedience to Deane's whistle.

Thus Chips was left alone on the field of battle, alone except for this huddled and inert thing that lay so still on the lawn in front of him. The little dog sniffed at Blayne's bitten and bleeding hand. Next, he placed both forepaws on the senseless thief's chest and sniffed inquiringly at the upturned face.

It was then that Deane and Jerram and the second man and Miss Ginevra debouched upon the scene of carnage.

Jerram's flash light revealed a man lying bleeding and unconscious on the sward, a woman's ulster half-torn from his body; a *cloche* hat lying beside him. Standing fierce guard over the victim, posed Chips—Chips with ferocious mien and blood-smirched jaws, Chips the heroic conqueror; a nobly inspiring sight!

While all stood mute, the flash-light rays played vividly upon the prostrate man's face. Miss Ginevra croaked in unbelieving amaze:

"Blayne! It's—it can't—it *is* Blayne! And—and she's a man. Not a woman at all! Look at those clothes and that short-cropped hair. Why, the very features have changed! He ——"

Her babbled words were drowned in a triple exclamation of wonder.

"Lord, ma'am!" blithered Jerram, stooping down to peer more closely. "Lord, ma'am, but you're right! It's ——"

"He is a thief! A robber!" declaimed Miss Ginevra, getting back a fraction of her wonted keen mentality. "I understand it all now! Every bit of it. He came, as a lady's maid, just to rob me. There was a case like that in New York when I was a girl! He's ——"

HER cracked voice scaled a whole octave, as she cried in fresh excitement, almost at the point of hysteria:

"And Chips caught him while he was escaping! Chips caught him and dragged him down and gave him that bite on the hand; and then held him prisoner till we could come to his help. I heard Chips' terrible howl of anger as he attacked the wretch. That's what brought me downstairs and out here. He mangled Blayne and dragged him down and ——"

She broke into a passion of tears and clasped the wriggling and uncomfortably fidgeting dog to her breast. Jerram turned his flash light for the merest instant on the bitten hand. He noted the great teeth-marks in the flesh. Mentally he visualized Chip's comical little inefficient jaw with its diminutive teeth. But he said not a word. He merely shifted the flash light's ray from the bitten hand and scratched his own head in dire perplexity.

Graeme Bliss turned in from the street. Seeing the gabbling group on the lawn he came across to where they clustered around Blayne. At sight of her secretary, Miss Ginevra let Chips slip gently to the ground, while she poured forth at Graeme the thrilling tale of her dog's magnificent exploit.

CHIPS was glad to be set free. Not only did he hate to be hugged but he remembered the thing which had roused his curiosity to such a pitch, the throwing of that yellowish missile into the juniper clump. Now there was spare time to nose at it and to find what it might be.

In the back of his queer brain, throughout, that maggot of inquisitiveness had been gnawing. At last he could satisfy it.

To the clump he went. There it was entirely easy for him to locate and seize the chamois bag. For the hated scent of Blayne's clutch was strong upon it.

While Miss Ginevra was still midway in her glowing recital, Chips came trotting back into the arc of flash-light gleam, and straight up to her. Between his jaws he carried a lumpy yellow chamois sack. He laid it at his mistress' feet.

He brought it to her through no loyalty, but because it seemed to promise little interest for him and because Miss Ginevra always praised him inordinately whenever he brought her any kind of offering. Praise was mildly pleasant to Chips.

Jerram lifted the bag and opened it. He drew forth the topmost of the tissue-paper packages and shook it. The flash light's glare gave back a myriad multicolored sparks and starpoints from the priceless Faith Diamond!

"Now the whole mystery is cleared up as plain as day!" shrieked Miss Ginevra, breaking the silence of stark astonishment which fell for a moment upon them all. "Can't you see? Chips caught him creeping out of the house with my jewelry. He tore the bag away from Blayne and then fought him and overpowered him and guarded him till we could ——"

A HOLLOW groan from the slowly recovering thief interrupted her. Jerram stood with mouth ajar and bulging eyes. Here was an element in the drama even more amazing than the fact that Chips seemed to have borrowed a set of teeth five times as large as his own, to bite Blayne's hand with. The retrieving of the jewels left Jerram's brain blank and useless.

Spellbound, he watched Graeme Bliss and the stalwart second man bend down to seize the groggy Blayne. In a trance of dumb listlessness, he heard Miss Ginevra croon exultingly, as she caught Chips to her heart again:

"After this, I'll feel safer, with my magnificent hero to guard me, than if I had a whole battalion of Marines camped on the lawn. What are Marine Devil Dogs, compared with my angel devil dog? Chips, you're going to get a diamond-studded hero medal and a ——"

"By your leave, ma'am," stuttered Jerram, his old voice shaky and seeming to come from far away—"by your leave, I think he'd a good bit rather have a big T-bone steak, ma'am. He had his fair chance at eating some real nice diamonds, just now. And he didn't take so much as a nibble at 'em. The steak will please him best."

"Jerram!" snapped Miss Ginevra. "You're a fool. But like most fools, sometimes you have a way of being right. Take him into the house and give him a steak, if there's one to be found. Only, be sure to cut it up very fine. His poor jaws must be tired out after the frightful exercise they've just been having on Blayne."

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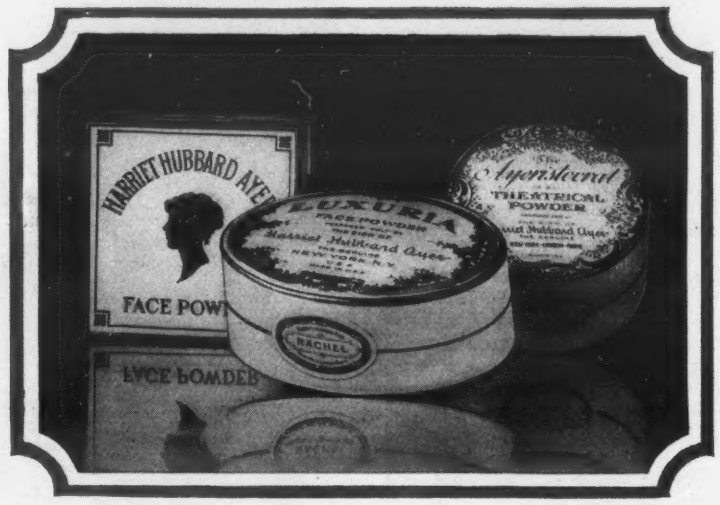

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Learning Through Play

By RACHEL STUTSMAN

"JIMMY is so destructive," a mother complains. "He just can't keep any toys. They are all broken the day he gets them."

Why should Jimmy, who is a vigorous three-year-old, be destructive? The analytical eye can discover the cause. His toys are flimsy and cheaply put together. His mother explains it this way: "It's no use to buy him anything good; he breaks it up so quickly."

Now, it is the adult who buys the toys, and the manufacturer must make them to sell to adults, and not primarily for children to play with. The toys which happened to appeal to Jimmy's parents have not been made to last. Some of his toys are tin mechanical affairs which can be wound a few times and which hop or run about the room. Very amusing they are, for a little while, but quite useless after the spring has jumped a cog and cannot be wound any more, and besides, who wants to sit and watch a funny man jump all the time?

Children like to do things with toys. The curious, alert mind of Jimmy wishes to know why—and so he takes the toy apart. That is really a legitimate thing for a child to do. Curiosity is a normal, wholesome response to such a situation. Yet the parent interprets the act as destructive.

And so it goes. How can vigorous, alert, little Jimmy be kept from being destructive? Only by giving him well-made and interesting materials which he can learn to put together instead of learning only to take them apart. Constructiveness in play is a matter of teaching, whether or not the parent is conscious that she is teaching it.

There are worlds of possibilities in a good set of blocks with supplementary toys, such as trains, automobiles, small figures of men, women and children in wood or iron, animals, and such aids to the imagination as tiny filling-station meters, traffic stop-go signals, toy stoves, baby carriages, tin tea sets, knives and forks, and other common articles.

It is a mistake to think that in most cases such imaginative and concentrated play will come without adult stimulation. The initial stages may seem very discouraging to the hopeful parent. Pushing a toy automobile around the floor, occasionally going between two blocks which are bridges, or parking the automobile in a crudely made roofless garage, may be the first step. Gradually an interest and imagination will be developed, which will create elaborate structures of villages, zoos, farms and magic islands. All the child's experiences with daily life, all his dreams and hopes, will be worked out in his play.

PHOTO. BY RALPH ROYLE

CONSTRUCTIVENESS IN PLAY IS A MATTER OF TEACHING

Helping the Child

AT FIRST a little child does not concentrate for long. Quickly changing from one activity to another, his attention comes back repeatedly to the types of play which have most appeal for him. As he grows older and more advanced in the kind of play brought out by such play materials as blocks and their accessories, he becomes increasingly eager to have a long-time project. If he is required to clear up all his playthings after each hour or so of play and start his building afresh each time, it will be more difficult for him to learn the kind of purposive planning for the future which is characteristic of the world's most successful men. He will always get just so far and the day will be over; the toys must all be put away, and that is a chore if he has been at all ambitious. It is better to let the structure rest undisturbed for a few days in a place of its own and then by sympathetic interest in the project the adult can draw out an idea for a new kind of block play which can take its turn in the eager inventiveness of childhood.

Many mothers so subordinate their real job of homemaking to the keen love which they have for their house and their function as housekeeper that they find it quite difficult to endure any corner which remains in the perpetual untidiness which such block-building projects demand. Fortunate is the child who has a play room of his own, or an attic, where all these ideas can be developed without family friction.

One mother of two well-trained children apologized to me for a rather messy corner in her dining room. There was a cupboard with an assortment of various-sized blocks, a kiddy car, a basket of odds and ends, spools, keys, empty cans, screws, nails, a few clothespins, and many of the other discards of a functioning household—a veritable treasure chest for the young child. There was a tiny table with paper, scissors and crayons on it. No need to apologize to a psychologist for such an exhibit. It was simply one of the many indications of the reason for this mother's success with her children. She had the real spirit of homemaking.

Too much direction is stifling to development and too much of a tendency to leave the child to think out his own play is understimulating and dulling. How hard it is to know just how much help the child really needs that he may achieve the full unfolding of his possibilities. Here is Susan, who is so dependent. She clings to mother and bids for her companionship all the time. She is quite willing to let mother take all the initiative. It is puzzling indeed to know just how much to insist that she do for herself.

Then there is Elsie, who is younger than Susie, and she resents help. She wants to do everything for herself. Just what makes the difference? Though Elsie needs some direction in her play and some stimulation to learn things she needs to know, Susan, who desires so much the attention which is harmful for her, lacks initiative to plan out things for herself, and therefore needs much more direction and encouragement in order to get started in her play. A definite program must be worked out by the understanding mother to develop the initiative of little Susan, and gradually to wean her from her extreme dependence.

Although too much self-analysis is often bad for the mother, she must be conscious of the tremendous part which she plays in the education of her children. Children learn through their play many of the basic facts of life. Good toys help them to learn more quickly. There is need of attention in the selection of all the child's play materials, to see that they are doing the heavy duty required of them. Toys which have momentary interest to the child are not necessarily good play materials and toys which are interesting to adults are not necessarily interesting to children.

Toys

THE maze of toys in the stores at Christmastime and the feeble display usually available at any other time in the year suggest that most persons forget that children play all the year round. It is a mistake to load a child with toys just once a year, leaving his rapidly changing interests to thrive as best they may until another twelve months roll by. A child becomes confused with too many playthings at once. It is better to put aside part of the wealth of toys and give him a few at a time when his interest needs stimulation.

We want our children to concentrate, but can we expect Mary to spend much time trying to cut paper with a dull pair of scissors? Such a task is irritating to anyone. Will she be likely to learn a real love of painting and skill in manipulation of colors with the tiny wabbly brush and the hard little cakes of color at which she has to scrub for some time before she can get enough color to make any effect on the paper? What faulty technic will she learn using such tools? It is just as cheap to buy good soft brushes and decent little cans of show-card paints which give some delightful experiences in color as to buy one of the already assembled sets which look attractive but which are often made of poor material. Harry soon becomes irritated when he tries to saw wood with the dull and flimsy saw he has in his tool chest. For that matter so would his father, who has much more energy and skill to expend on a dull tool.

It would have been much better to purchase a real hammer and a real saw for Harry, who, though only five years old, knows how to appreciate good tools.

Play is one of the most important aspects of child life. The child's play fills his life with interest. Just as a grown-up must have some kind of work to do to keep happy and mentally well, so must a child have plenty of opportunity for play if he is to become the healthy-minded, wholesome, well-developed adult we all want him to be.

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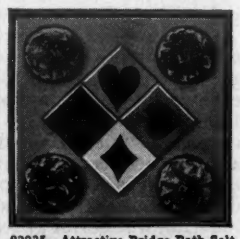

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Women in Cosmetics

(Continued from Page 28)

salons sometimes make as much as one hundred dollars a week. This amount, of course, includes commissions, tips and bonuses.

Success as an operator is not sufficient assurance that one can make money running one's own shop. That requires an additional ability—a faculty for business management. Therefore, the operator who would own her own shop would do well to have at least a year's experience in actual shop management.

Large beauty shops can afford to pay their managers well, though they seldom make more than the most successful operators. Salaries usually range from forty to seventy-five dollars a week, and one hundred dollars a week is sometimes, though not frequently, reached. In most shops the managers receive a percentage of the shop's gross business.

Patricia Murray, who directs the several American salons of Dorothy Gray, is one of those highly paid salon managers.

A Great Industry

MANY of the cosmetic lines which are today the leaders in the ranks have grown out of beauty shops as well as out of washbowls.

The Elizabeth Arden organization grew out of a one-room beauty salon. Today it enjoys the same description as that accorded the British Empire—the sun never sets upon it. Millions have been offered for the business. But she remains at its head in active direction of every branch of its activities.

Jessica Ogilvie mixed a certain potion in a washbowl, proved it would benefit excessively oily hair, and founded a business into which she has brought her six sisters and their husbands. Today the washbowl has been exchanged for factories in New York, Canada and France, and stores and shops and salons give Ogilvie Sisters Hair Treatments and sell their tonics, pomades and lotions.

Dorothy Gray was recently paid more than a million dollars for the business which she launched in one room with the aid of her own capable hands, a cushioned chair, and some creams made from formulas given her by her father, a physician.

Edna Albert, also the daughter of a doctor, left penniless upon his death, began to make and sell a single toilet product the sale of which made her one of America's richest business women.

Helena Rubenstein's international organization was once a one-woman business. She was the one woman. When a young girl, she invested her last nickel in a certain cream originated by a German chemist. She took it to Australia, sold her supply in a few days, cabled for more, finally purchased the formula, and thus was begun a line of products which today are used in her salons situated in the world capitals, and are shipped to the four corners of the earth.

Investigate any toilet-goods business with a name that bears reckoning, and you will discover that it wasn't made by capital alone, but chiefly by the intelligent, hard, constant, even grueling work, and the good taste and shrewd business judgment and direction of one woman who gave her life to its making.

But now million-dollar corporations have recognized the money-making powers of cosmetics. The bankers have entered the field. Therefore it is difficult, if not impossible, to start a manufacturing business of this type today.

But perhaps the most interesting fact about these successful businesses is that though they have made only a few women rich they offer splendid jobs to many hundreds of women.

To procure a position in one of the famous beauty salons, it is necessary to apply in person. Usually applicants are required to sign a three to five year contract which obligates them to that term of service upon completion of training in the schools which are run in connection with the salons. During the training period—which lasts from a month to two months—students are paid about eighteen to twenty dollars a week. There is no fee for the instruction. From the school, students are placed in the salon, and from then on earn salaries ranging from twenty to fifty dollars a week. After the first six months or a year, commissions, tips and bonuses generally add another twenty-five to fifty dollars a week to the salary.

Then there is the merchandising division, which sells and promotes the sale of the products to beauty shops, specialty stores, department stores and drug stores. There is the advertising department, which prepares advertisements, booklets, letters and publicity stories; there is the mail-order department, which sells and advises customers by mail, and there is the laboratory, which, however, affords little opportunity for women except in such inferior positions as are typical of any factory. One of the few women to hold a responsible laboratory position is Mrs. Beecham, of Beecham's Laboratories. She comes of a family of chemists and it was through her interest in and knowledge of cosmetic chemistry that she entered the business.

The duty of the merchandising division of a cosmetic manufacturer is to sell the products to retail stores. This work is usually done by men, but women are coming forward more and more in the selling end of the cosmetic business, as the success of Charlotte Jenkins indicates. But merely procuring a place for one's products on the dealer's shelves is not sufficient. The firm must coöperate with the dealer in introducing the preparations to the customer and in urging her continual purchase of them. The traveling representative is the key person in this plan.

The Merchandising End

THE traveling representative receives the highest pay of any person in the cosmetic business—save that paid to the higher executives and the profits garnered by the owners. She travels from city to city, from store to store, counseling and selling the consumer, instructing the salesclerks, creating goodwill toward her firm among the store officials. Upon her reports to the home office are based future promotional and advertising activities. Frequently she is called upon to lecture before groups of store clerks, before women's clubs and sometimes over the radio.

Of the many representatives who travel for cosmetic concerns, Mary Elizabeth Johnson has achieved an outstanding success. Her income is said to mount well into the thousands, and her friends and admirers are legion.

Manufacturing firms are constantly on the lookout for capable women to travel as their representatives. It is the mature, well-preserved, cultured woman who is most wanted, rather than the young girl who has merely youth to thank for her good skin and firm throat line.

Mail-order selling of cosmetics, as that of so many other commodities, has decreased recently. A few cosmetic firms conduct mail-order departments, but do so principally to give advice to the users of their products. They pay little salary to the correspondents who answer the letters. Even in matters of personal advice, the salesclerk behind the toilet-goods counter in retail stores is now giving the bulk of this service.

These young girls are taught, by correspondence and by traveling representatives, facts about a certain line and noncompetitive lines of products, and are

HANDS TO BE PROUD OF *In spite of Housework*

Clear, quick-drying Lotion is not sticky or greasy

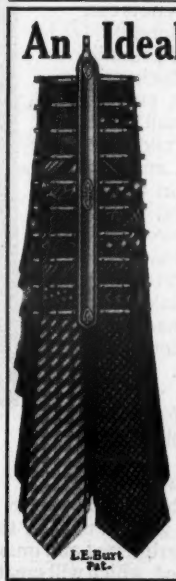
It takes but a moment a day to keep your hands and skin smooth, white and lovely with Chamberlain's Hand Lotion. Requiring no bothersome massage, the modern liquid penetrates quickly and dries almost instantly, guarding the pores like an "invisible glove." It is not the least bit sticky, greasy or gummy. You'll like the orange blossom fragrance. Hands are never rough or red from household tasks or weather when you use a few drops several times during the day, and just before going to bed. And it's an ideal powder base. You'll find Chamberlain's at your drug or department store in two sizes, 50c and $1.00.

Or, send four cents in stamps to cover mailing costs and we'll gladly send our purse size (a week's supply) FREE. Address, Department 22, Chamberlain Laboratories, Des Moines, Iowa.

Chamberlain's HAND LOTION

"The Invisible Glove"

An Ideal Gift for Men



The BURT TI-RAK

Keeps neckties in order. Each tie in plain sight. Slips on or off with ease.

Can be conveniently hung on door or wall or laid neatly in drawer or suit-case.

It is Practical and Indestructible

Made of steel, beautiful in design and finish. Packed in a neat box with prices removed. Mailed at the following prices: Postage Prepaid—Send Money Order or Check.

1—Gold Bronze	$1.00
2—Silver Bronze	1.00
3—Oxidized Silver Plate	1.50
4—Antique Brass Plate	1.50
5—Brush Brass Plate, Fabrikoid (red or blue)	1.50
6—Butlers Silver Plate	2.00

10% Discount in Lots of Six or More

Special quantity prices to dealers and direct salesmen.

Order at once to assure prompt shipment. Be sure to give full, correct address. Money promptly refunded if not entirely satisfied.

L.E. Burt Pat.

The Burt Ti-Rak Co.
301-5th Ave. So.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Be a Hotel Hostess

Many Openings in Fashionable Hotels, Clubs, Apartments Everywhere

Opportunities everywhere for women of all ages. Splendid salaries, fine living, luxurious surroundings in this fascinating profession.

Previous Experience Unnecessary!

Our Personal Coaching Plan qualifies you for a splendid position and good salary in your spare time. Nation-wide Employment Service FREE of extra cost. Lewis students everywhere winning success. One student is hostess and manager of an apartment house—salary $3,600 a year, with beautiful apartment for her girls and herself. Write today for Free Book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY."

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Sta. CT-518 Washington, D. C.

Big Profits in Candy Making!

Alice Bradley, famous teacher, shows how to *make* and *sell* her "APPROVED" Home-Made Candies. Work sheet formulas, equipment boxes, adv. cards, full selling plans—*everything* provided. Make money *first week.* Good profits guaranteed. Write today for free "work sheet" on *FUDGE.*

American School of Home Economics, 847 E. 58th St., Chicago

COOKS EGGS AUTOMATICALLY

RIGHT AT THE TABLE

This new electrical appliance automatically cooks eggs just as you like them,—every time! Starts in 5 seconds. Then shuts itself off when eggs are done. No switches to turn.

5.50

HANKSCRAFT
Electric Egg Cooker

You will enjoy the new deliciousness of eggs cooked in live steam. Even and uniform. Never too hard, never too soft. Best of all you never have to wait for water to boil. Ask for a demonstration at your electric light company, electrical dealer or department store. Shown in three shades,—green, blue and yellow. Price $5.50.

The EGG SERVICE includes electric egg cooker, tray, 4 egg cups. $11.50.

Bottle Warmer Heats baby's bottle to right temperature, then shuts off. $5.00.

Food Cooker Instant automatic heat—never scorches. Use at the table. $14.75.

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

HANKSCRAFT CO.
106 Dickinson St., Madison, Wisconsin

Did You Ever Give Your Face a Clasmic Pack?

YOUR first Clasmic Pack will be a thrilling experience never to be forgotten. For Clasmic Pack, developed by 13 years of research and improvement in the famous Boncilla Laboratories, is the quickest way known to a lovely complexion. You smooth a fragrant, soothing, creamy substance on your face. After thirty minutes see the results—your face amazingly refreshed, fatigue lines utterly removed, color in the cheeks no rouge can bring; acts to remove pimples and blackheads; enlarged pores closed, a smoother, softer, more lovely skin. Secure Boncilla Clasmic Pack, exactly the same as used in the most famous Beauty Salons of Europe and America, from your drug or department store. The cost per treatment is a few cents—money refunded if you are not delighted.

BONCILLA CLASMIC PACK

Maternity Style Book Free

LANE BRYANT MATERNITY Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes as well. Dresses and Corsets in latest modes, designed to conceal condition and provide for expansion. Also Apparel for Baby. *Send today.*

Lane Bryant Address Dept. 51 39th St. at Fifth Ave. New York

then placed in the store to interpret the products to customers.

Perhaps the most intensive system of salesclerk instruction is conducted by Elizabeth Arden. Monthly bulletins are mailed from her office to salesclerks in stores carrying the Arden line. These give information about her preparations and also on the care of the skin and body, which is generally helpful to them in their daily work. In New York Elizabeth Arden conducts a school of cosmetic selling, and to this many stores send their employes for brief periods of instruction.

The usual salary of a permanent demonstrator in a store toilet-goods department is somewhat higher than that paid to the general salesclerk. It runs from twenty to thirty dollars a week, with a five or seven per cent commission on sales.

This is one of the best methods, if not the best, of preparing for a career in advertising or merchandising cosmetics. One may progress from it to the position of traveling representative or into the advertising department of a manufacturer or its advertising agency.

However, it is not necessary for the toilet-goods salesclerk to leave store work to advance. For, with the increase in toilet-goods sales, department-store executives now have a much more interested and considerate attitude to the buyers of this type of merchandise. And it is one job for which being a woman presents an asset rather than a handicap.

There are many women in America today earning five and ten thousand dollars a year as buyers of toilet goods. Such salaries are not unusual. Many earn twice that amount, with expenses to the East and to Europe paid twice a year. But it is no job for a novice.

Mae D. Sutton has been buying toilet goods for fifteen years. She came to work with her hair in a braid, and Mae Rock, assistant buyer of Saks-Fifth Avenue, has gained her wide knowledge and her job by many years of concentrated study of toilet preparations, their sales and failures. She "keeps house" for half a million dollars' worth of them.

The Form Specialist

THE majority of toilet-goods advertising is written by women. The highest-paid copywriters in agencies are those who write toilet-goods advertising. Many manufacturers employ advertising and publicity managers who assist the advertising agency in preparing advertisements and who secure publicity in editorial columns by keeping beauty editors informed of the firm's news. An important person in this branch of the profession is Louise Westing.

Five thousand a year is a minimum wage for such a position in a big company; most frequently it centers around $7500 to $10,000.

The magazines have been alert to the keen interest of their readers in beauty, and there are occasional opportunities in these departments as editors, assistants, or stenographers who do the office work incident to the answering of letters received from the magazine readers.

The writers of newspaper articles on beauty are usually members of the paper or a syndicate staff. Jobs are few. Antoinette Donnelly, of the Chicago Tribune, has one of the largest followings of beauty seekers.

The recent vogue for reduction inaugurated a new type of beauty personage—the form specialist. From Michigan to New York City came Marjorie Dork, to establish such an institution. She was one of the first to achieve an important success in this type of endeavor.

Though the fad for extreme slenderness is decreasing, the interest in health and physical fitness is on the increase. The form-and-health salon is coming more and more into its own.

Training as a nurse is the best preparation for such work, according to Marjorie Dork. For in this work the health, rather than the beauty, angle is uppermost.

Use your Telephone for Shopping... It Saves Time

The telephone is your personal doorway to stores that may be miles away . . . to children away at school . . . to friends in other cities

You read an advertisement of an article for sale in a store that may be a long way from home. Your telephone takes you there in a jiffy. A few minutes' conversation . . . and the article has been ordered. You have saved a wearying trip, and have the time to devote to something else.

For people who live in suburban communities and out in the country, telephone shopping is especially useful.

Your telephone takes you anywhere, quickly, easily and inexpensively . . . to children who are away . . . to friends in other cities . . . to the "folks back home."

There are two kinds of out-of-town calls: *person-to-person*—when you ask the operator to summon a specific person to the telephone—and *station-to-station*—when you will talk with any one who answers. The latter are cheaper. For instance, the day station-to-station rate to most places 75 miles away is only 50 cents. And during the evening and night periods, the station-to-station rates are even lower.

BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Ask for Century SHEET MUSIC

The richest child is poor without Musical Training.

Say "CENTURY" and get the world's Best Edition of the world's Best Music by the world's Best Composers. It's 15c (20c in Canada). 2500 selections for Piano, Piano Duos, Violin and Piano, Saxophone, Mandolin, Guitar and Vocal. Get free catalogue at your dealers, or write us.

Century Music Publishing Co.
239 West 40th Street
New York City

15¢

The richest child is poor without Musical Training

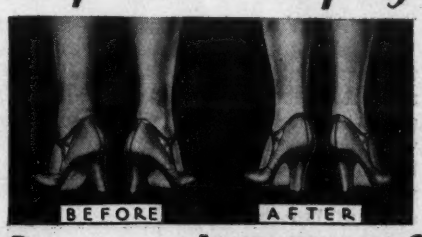
MAKES FAMILIAR FOODS TASTE BETTER!

Puts that real old-time Southern tang in every-day dishes . . . poultry dressing, meat loaf, roasts, sausage, etc. If grocer or market can't supply it, send 10c for household package and tempting recipes.

A. C. LEGG PACKING CO., Inc.
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA
DEPT. "A"

Legg's OLD PLANTATION SEASONING

Keep shoes shapely-



Remove the cause of Crooked Heels

It is the way you walk that makes your shoes spread and heels wear down on one side. The weight of your body is off balance. It looks slovenly—besides, this constant strain of the ligaments thickens the ankles.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads overcome this fault. They equalize the body's weight, take off strain on the ankles, keep your shoes smart and trim. Easily attached inside any shoe. Sizes for men and women. At Shoe, Dept. and Drug stores—35¢ pair.

Dr. Scholl's Walk-Strate Heel Pads

PHOTO. BY MRS. W. BURDEN STAGE

MISS ISABELLA F. HENDERSON

Financing Your Home

By ISABELLA F. HENDERSON

Secretary of the Railroad Coöperative Building and Loan Association of New York City

As Told to DORA ALBERT

NOT very long ago I received a letter from a woman, which states very aptly the problems which arise in financing a home. "I intend building a home. Briefly I intend paying cash for the lot—and I hope to build a house for about $7000—adding another thousand for heat, refrigeration and an incinerator. Possibly $500 more for landscaping, incidentals, and so on. I shall seek a loan from a savings bank, probably—for building expenses. I want a large living room, a bedroom, kitchen and dining alcove downstairs, two bedrooms and a bath upstairs. Perhaps a lavatory and toilet downstairs. The garage attached at one end of the house. I have in mind a Cape Cod or Colonial house. May I ask you if this sounds like a reasonably possible situation to you? The difficulty which presents itself to me most is that the financial working out of the matter seems so vague and I do not seem to be able to put boundaries around it to start with. How can I estimate my monthly expenses in the future until I know how much the bank will lend me, and how can the bank tell me that until the plans are definitely decided upon at an amount? I have a horror of drifting into wide financial latitudes beyond my plans and expectations. How can I see and estimate the end from the beginning?"

In planning a home, I told her, the first thought or plan must be that your future home not only fits your pocketbook, but that you do not bite off more than you can chew. You must not only have enough money for sufficient equity but also your income must be commensurate with the carrying charges of such a home. Therefore the first step to think of is that one should not own a house and lot which are worth more than three times one's yearly income. Secondly, the monthly mortgage payments should be looked upon as a sort of rent and one should not pay out in rent a month more than is equal to one's income a week.

No one ought to own a home until she has saved at least 20 per cent of the total cost of the property. This is known as the equity in the property—the initial amount actually available to the home builder before she negotiates a loan. For instance, if the total cost of a home is estimated at $9500—$8000 for the house and $1500 for the lot—the person who wishes to own the home should have 20 per cent, or $1900, saved up before she goes ahead with her plans. This will cover the cost of the lot and leave her with $400 cash. But though a 20 per cent equity is the least the prospective home owner should allow herself, it will make it much easier for any woman in paying out monthly expenses if she will save up more money in the beginning and have a 25 per cent equity in her home. The more cash she saves up at the start, the smaller her monthly payments on loans will be later on.

Borrowing the Money

USUALLY a building-and-loan association is willing to lend about 60 per cent of the total cost. In the case of the owner of the $8000 house and $1500 lot, this would amount to about $5700. This would be paid back by the amortization or monthly adjustment system if the money were borrowed from a building-and-loan association. Under this system the home owner pays a certain sum every month, usually ten dollars for every thousand dollars borrowed. The owner of a $9500 home who borrowed $5700 from an association such as ours would pay $57 a month. Out of this is first taken the interest, which is at the rate of 6 per cent. The balance of such monthly payments is then applied immediately to the reduction of the principal and the interest the following month is figured on the reduced balance.

Under this system a person does not pay interest on more than the balance that she actually owes. The interest gets less, although the same sum of $57 on a loan of $5700 is paid each month. If a woman makes her payments regularly every month, the mortgage on her home will be wiped out in exactly eleven years and seven months. Of course, these figures are a little different in states where the interest rate varies from the 6 per cent charged in New York, on which these estimates are based.

You may ask, What happens if payments are not made regularly? If a woman does not make her payments regularly, she does not reduce the interest and therefore it takes longer to pay off the mortgage. Under this monthly adjustment plan she is usually not fined for late payments, as was done under the old-fashioned premium-and-share plan. On the other hand, if she pays more than the regular monthly payments, the life of the loan will be that much shorter. In any case there are no renewal charges to add to the expense.

Between the 60 per cent obtained from the building-and-loan and the 20 or 25 per cent cost on hand, there still remains about 20 per cent of the cost of the building of the home to be met. This difference of 20 per cent may be covered by a second mortgage. A logical person from whom to borrow this money is the builder of the home. Usually he will be glad to lend the money in order to get the building contract. If the home owner does not make her arrangements with the builder, other persons from whom she might borrow the money are personal friends and relatives, for, like the builder, they will not require an exorbitant bonus. But if she goes to a second-mortgage broker, she will have to pay a bonus or commission usually from 1 to 10 per cent of the loan, depending on the state she lives in. If money is borrowed from a mortgage broker or from a real-estate man acting as a broker, his reputation in the community should be carefully investigated and references should be obtained from one's own bank as to his standing. Whatever you do, avoid the second-mortgage shark. Such a man might ask for a bonus of $500 on a loan of $1900.

Be careful when you sign a second mortgage that the terms are not too stringent in proportion to your income. Be sure that the payments that are called for every month, every six months or at the end of each year, are not so large that you would have difficulty in meeting them.

Terms on second mortgages vary greatly. Try to get a second mortgage covering a period of three years. If your income is about $3300 to $3600 a year, ask the contractor to allow you to pay him $60 every six months on your second mortgage, plus the interest that accumulates during that period. The amount you agree to pay should be in proportion to what you can afford. Certainly with an income of $3300 a year, or even $3600 a year, it would be prohibitive to agree to pay $50 a month. Yet I have known people with smaller incomes to come to grief through making just such a promise. Don't sign on the dotted line until you know you can afford to pay the amount asked for each six months or each year. Budget yourself first.

Though the second-mortgage payments come due once in six months or once a year, you should save monthly to meet them. Thus the person promising to pay $60 and interest every six months, amounting to $114 a year, should save $10 a month to meet the principal and $9.50 interest each month.

The woman who was planning a $9500 home would probably have an income of $3600 a year or $300 a month. Her income a year would have to be at least one-third the total cost of the home, but it is never wise to sail too close to the wind. Her total monthly mortgage payments on her mortgages should be approximately equal to her income a week.

Reducing the Second Mortgage

BY PAYING $60 every six months on her second mortgage, at the end of three years she would have paid about $360, leaving a balance of $1540. At the end of this three-year period building-and-loan associations frequently lend an additional amount to the home builder, adding this loan to the reduced balance that remains to be paid on the principal. In the case I have cited, where the balance on the second mortgage at the end of three years was $1540, a building-and-loan association might lend the home owner a thousand dollars in addition to its first loan. She could then renew her second mortgage with the contractor for $500, paying in cash the $40 still due on the balance of her second mortgage.

In order to be ready to meet the expenses of home-ownership the home owner should budget each month on what she has to pay every year. The monthly running expenses of the home owner will be somewhat as follows:

First-mortgage payments to building-and-loan association	$57.00
Second mortgage	10.00
Interest on second mortgage ($114 per year) a month	9.50
Insurance (average $37.50 for three years) a month	1.00
Savings set aside for depreciation the first three years	5.00 to $10.00
Taxes varying with locality. Take average $180 a year. A month	15.00
Heat and light	9.00
	$106.50 to $111.50

A budget is a highly individual affair, so that there can be no such thing as a standard budget, but the figures given may serve as guides when making up your individual budget.

FOR A FAMILY OF FOUR PERSONS

EXPENSE DIVISION	INCOME OF $100 PER MONTH	INCOME OF $150 PER MONTH	INCOME OF $250 PER MONTH	INCOME OF $500 PER MONTH
Saving	5% — $5.00	10% —$15.00	14% —$35.00	16% — $80.00
Shelter	36% — 36.00	33% — 49.50	32% — 80.00	35% — 175.00
Food	34% — 34.00	31% — 46.50	26% — 65.00	20% — 100.00
Clothing	14% — 14.00	12% — 18.00	12% — 30.00	12% — 60.00
Recreation and Health	8% — 8.00	10% — 15.00	11% — 27.50	12% — 60.00
Advancement	3% — 3.00	4% — 6.00	5% — 12.50	5% — 25.00
TOTALS	$100.00	$150.00	$250.00	$500.00

FOR A SINGLE PERSON

EXPENSE DIVISION	INCOME OF $100 PER MONTH	INCOME OF $150 PER MONTH	INCOME OF $250 PER MONTH	INCOME OF $500 PER MONTH
Saving	10% —$10.00	17% —$25.50	25% —$62.50	40% —$200.00
Shelter	25% — 25.00	22% — 33.00	26% — 65.00	20% — 100.00
Food	35% — 35.00	30% — 45.00	20% — 50.00	15% — 75.00
Clothing	15% — 15.00	15% — 22.50	15% — 37.50	12% — 60.00
Recreation and Health	10% — 10.00	10% — 15.00	8% — 20.00	8% — 40.00
Advancement	5% — 5.00	6% — 9.00	6% — 15.00	5% — 25.00
TOTALS	$100.00	$150.00	$250.00	$500.00

Give the Heart of Your Home the Fuel it Deserves

YOUR furnace, or heater, is the heart of your home from the first nipping frosts of fall to the last chilly days of spring. Feed it fuel that will keep it working steadily all the time, fuel that it can consume without clogging its outlets with soot, without filling your home with dirt or a black, greasy film.

Give it the fuel that's safest to use, fuel that will burn for hours without attention even when drafts must be wide open because of intense cold outside, that will slumber peacefully in warm spells yet pour out floods of warmth quickly when temperatures drop, fuel that is dependable no matter how isolated your home may be by winter storms.

Give it READING ANTHRACITE

Nature has never made, nor has man discovered a finer fuel. Feed it to the heart of your home. You'll enjoy clean, safe, economical, dependable heat from a fire that asks for a minimum of tending. Your coal merchant has Reading Anthracite, or can get it. Ask him for it.

Send for our free booklet, "Buried Sunshine." You'll enjoy the romance of hard coal, and will find its hints on better heating valuable. Address The P and R, Room 721 D, Reading Terminal, Philadelphia, Pa.*

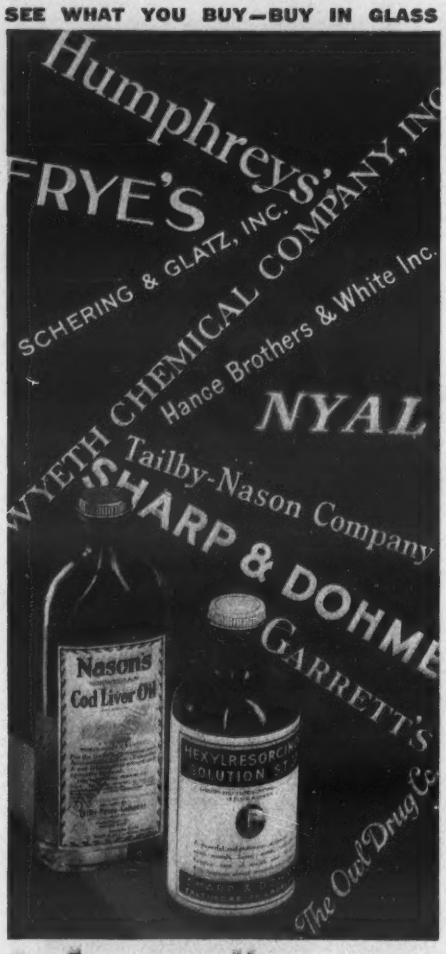
FAMOUS READING ANTHRACITE

*The Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company

BETTER PENNSYLVANIA HARD COAL

© 1930, T P and R C and I C

SEE WHAT YOU BUY—BUY IN GLASS



Safeguarding your home remedies . . . The AMERSEAL CAP

Home remedies should always be in perfect condition—no matter how much time has passed since they were last used . . . And that is why hundreds of conscientious manufacturers—some of whose names and brands you see reproduced above—are using Amerseal Caps. They know these caps are safe, clean, sanitary—that they protect packaged remedies against leakage, evaporation, loss of medicinal properties or strength. They appreciate how convenient, how easy to use, these modern closures are, since they have no threads to gum, freeze or cement to the container. And because Amerseal Caps lend themselves to efficient, speedy packing in the factories—being applied three or four times as quickly as other types of closures—their superiority adds nothing to the cost of the package. You'll find the Amerseal Cap on leading brands of cough remedies, expectorants, liniments, lotions, mouth washes, salves, powders and pills. Look for it!

A quarter turn to the right applies the Amerseal Cap. The lugs, formed to fit the contour of the glass threads, draw cap down and effect a tight uniform contact *around complete top edge of the container finish.*

MANUFACTURERS: To secure full information about Amerseal Caps fill in and mail coupon below!

AJ 11

Would like detailed advantages of using Amerseal Caps on our packages.

Name_____

Address_____

We manufacture_____ and put out about_____ packages per year. Under separate cover we are sending empty samples of our packages.

Anchor Cap & Closure Corporation

Building a Room in Your Basement

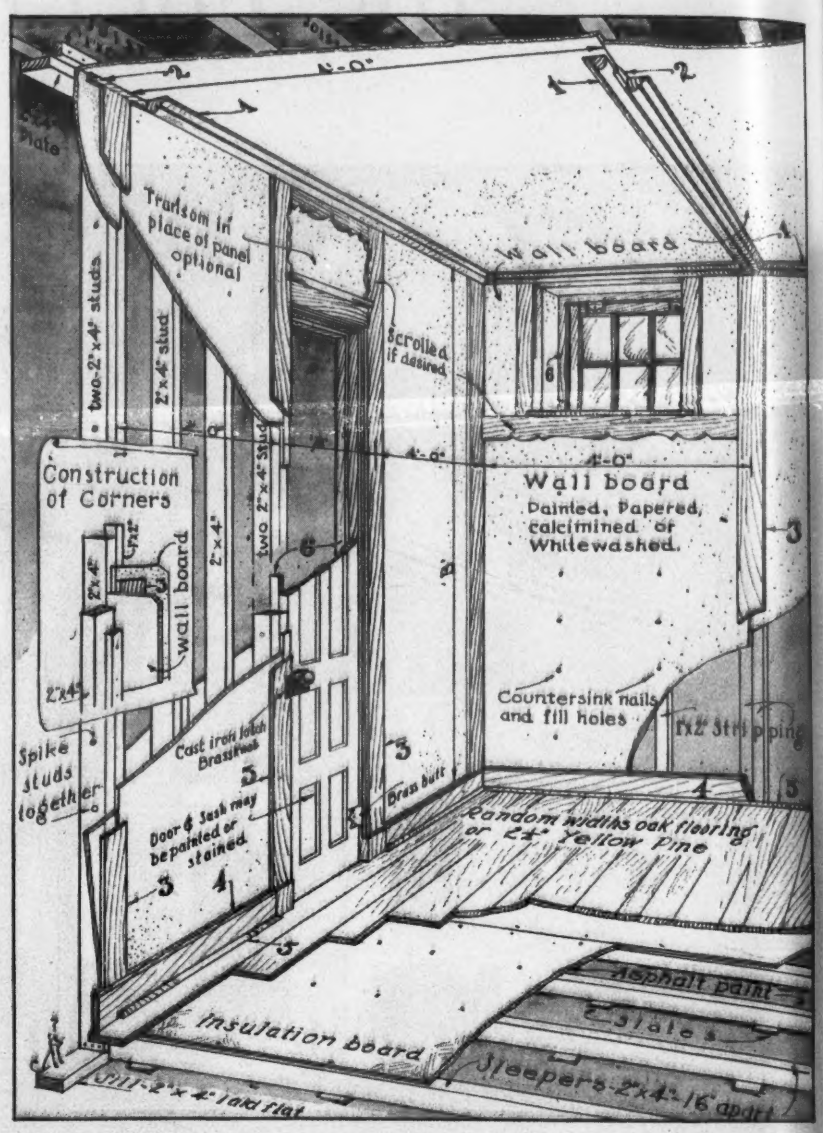
MANY new houses are built with an extra room in the basement, but many an old house can enjoy the same advantage. It can be a game room, a storage space, a study or what you wish. It should be informal in character and truly picturesque; if it has the same elegance and politeness of the living room above, it misses its point entirely. A room such as this can be realized by easy and pleasant work for the amateur builder, or a carpenter may be employed. Follow the general directions and the sample details in the diagram and this room will emerge from hitherto wasted space.

The most desirable and well-lighted section of the basement is to be chosen for the room. Try to visualize it in its finished form. With a piece of chalk, mark out on the floor the complete plan of the work, keeping in mind the position of the furnishings. Bear in mind also the sizes of building material. Lumber runs in even feet, eight, ten, twelve and up. Wall board is four feet wide by six, eight, ten and longer. In addition to the plan on the floor, rough sketches of the elevations should be drawn.

Call in the local lumber and mill man, and together go over the work. With your plans and the accompanying diagram, he will be able to tell you, very closely, how much material you will need and he can supply it all from his stock on hand. He will advise you what kinds of lumber are best suited to the work. If possible have this material delivered as you need it, so that it will not be in the way while the work is going on.

Your heating contractor should visit the job next. He will tell you the simplest method of heating the future room and how much will be required. Much of his work will be done while yours is in progress and you must make provision for his installations.

Show the electrician what outlets you need and where you wish them. Duplex plugs are most suitable. You probably have a number of table and floor lamps which can readily be used down here. His work, like that of the heating man, must be done partly during the construction of the room.

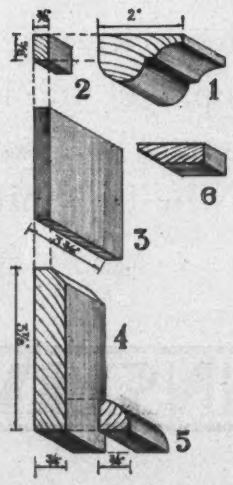


The Ceiling First

YOU are now ready to build. First of all, put up the ceiling, for then there will be no partitions to interfere with this job. It will take two men. Make a T with the top about three feet long and the upright a little greater than the height from floor to ceiling. Raise the wall board and hold it in place with the T wedged against the floor, while nailing. Nail from the center to the edges. The joints need not be exactly even, as the wide trim will easily cover any variation. Additional information for applying wall board may be obtained from the dealer.

The framing for floor and walls is the next operation. Construct it, using the diagram as a guide. See to it that the sleepers are level, the studs plumb and both evenly spaced. Mark all cuts with a square before sawing. Nail the timbers firmly together, using ten-penny nails and spikes.

Take all the time you need, the job does not depend on the weather.



These moldings, strips and bases make up the entire trim required for the room. The numbers correspond to those on the diagram.

Lay the flooring over the insulating board and protect it temporarily with building paper. Apply the wall board to the studs. It is not difficult and there is a lot of satisfaction in covering so much area so quickly.

Apply the finish to the wall board before nailing on the trim. Let the directions that come on the can or those with the wall board serve as the guide in applying.

Whitewash made from finishing plaster is very good; first, mix the lime to thick paste, then thin out for the brush and add a little salt. Two coats will make a good job, three a better one. If the room is intended for children's play, washable paper or paint will make an excellent finish.

The outside wall, if thoroughly damp-proof, may be rough cast with cement plaster and painted, calcimined or whitewashed. It is not at all necessary that this wall be uniform with the other paneled ones, as the variation will do much to add to the picturesque character.

The moldings and strips are stained before they are nailed in place. A very simple and attractive finish may be had with oil stain, mixing half and half "Mahogany" and "Dark Mahogany," and thinning out with turpentine.

Put it on with a cloth, work it in wet and wipe off the surplus with another cloth. A rich, light reddish-brown color will result. After it is dry rub it down with steel wool.

Provide yourself with a miter box that cuts angles of forty-five and ninety degrees exactly true. Make all saw cuts with this box. Note on the diagram how the trim has been applied; nail it on with inch-and-a-half brads.

Inviting Informality

HANGING the doors is not the easiest part of the work, but the inexpensive hardware shown is applied mostly on the surface and this makes it not too difficult.

Set all nails with a punch and fill the holes with putty, colored with the stain used for the trim. With a small brush, touch up any spots that might remain after the trim has been applied.

The heating and electrical mechanics will now be able to complete the work which they have previously "roughed in."

Scraping and sanding of the floor should be done by a floor man. Afterward apply one coat of stain, two coats of shellac and a coat of wax. Quite appropriate, too, is to let the floor be more or less rough, simply stained and shellacked without surfacing; and it will save some money.

Furnish the room in a free and informal manner in keeping with its appearance. Summer porch furniture can be appropriately used here in the winter time. Be sure that the whole effect is always cheerful and inviting. Then proceed to enjoy it as you should have enjoyed making it.

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LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

947 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

The Green Man

(Continued from Page 21)

rising. "Ah, Mr. Harker, how are you? I hear the admiral is expected home soon."

Then Harker spoke, and his voice rang hollow in the room.

"I am sorry to say we are the bearers of bad news. Admiral Craken was drowned before reaching home."

Immediately there was a small hubbub of questions.

"When did this happen?" asked the priest.

"Where was he found?" asked the lawyer.

"He was found," said the inspector, "in that pool by the coast, not far from The Green Man, and dragged out all covered with green scum and weeds so as to be almost unrecognizable. But Doctor Strake here has —— What is the matter, Father Brown? Are you ill?"

"The Green Man," said Father Brown with a shudder. "I'm so sorry—I beg your pardon for being upset."

"Upset by what?" asked the staring officer.

"By his being covered with green scum, I suppose," said the priest, with a rather shaky laugh. Then he added rather more firmly, "I thought it might have been seaweed."

By this time everybody was looking at the priest, with a not unnatural suspicion that he was mad. And yet the next crucial surprise was not to come from him. After a dead silence, it was the doctor who spoke.

"THERE is one more thing to be said, if you come to details, about Admiral Craken being drowned." Then he added reflectively, "Admiral Craken was not drowned."

The inspector turned with quite a new promptitude and shot a question at him.

"I have just examined the body," said Doctor Strake. "The cause of death was a stab through the heart with some pointed blade like a stiletto. It was after death, and even some little time after, that the body was hidden in the pool."

Father Brown managed to attach himself to the medical man for a little further conversation, as they went back down the street. There had not been very much else to detain them, except the rather formal question of the will. The impatience of the young secretary had been somewhat tried by the professional etiquette of the old lawyer. But the latter was ultimately induced, rather by the tact of the priest than the authority of the policeman, to refrain from making a mystery where there was no mystery at all. Mr. Dyke admitted, with a smile, that the admiral's will was a very normal and ordinary document, leaving everything to his only child Olive and that there really was no particular reason for concealing the fact.

The doctor and the priest walked slowly down the street that struck out of the town in the direction of Craken House. Harker had plunged on ahead. It was in rather an enigmatic tone that the tall doctor said to the short cleric beside him:

"Well, Father Brown, what do you think of a thing like this?"

Father Brown looked at him rather intently for an instant and then said, "Well, I've begun to think of one or two things; but my chief difficulty is that I only knew the admiral slightly, though I've seen something of his daughter."

"THE admiral," said the doctor, with a grim immobility of feature, "was the sort of man of whom it is said that he had not an enemy in the world."

"I suppose you mean," answered the priest, "that there's something else that will not be said."

"Oh, it's no affair of mine," said Strake hastily but rather harshly. "He had his moods, I suppose. He once threatened me with a legal action about an operation; but he thought better of it. I can imagine his being rather rough with a subordinate."

Father Brown's eyes were fixed on the figure of the secretary striding far ahead, and as he gazed he realized the special cause of his hurry. Some fifty yards farther ahead the admiral's daughter was dawdling along the road toward the admiral's house. The secretary soon came abreast of her and for the remainder of the time, Father Brown watched the silent drama of two human backs as they diminished into the distance. The secretary was evidently very much excited about something, but if the priest guessed what it was, he kept it to himself.

When he came to the corner leading to the doctor's house Father Brown went stumping on alone, in the track of the two young people; but when he came to the entrance and avenues of the admiral's park, he was arrested by the action of the girl, who turned suddenly and came straight toward him, her face unusually pale and her eyes startlingly bright with some new and as yet nameless emotion.

"FATHER BROWN," she said in a low voice, "I must talk to you as soon as possible. You must listen to me. I can't see any other way out."

She began instantly, as if she must relieve her feelings or faint.

"Harold Harker," she said, "has been talking to me about things. Terrible things."

The priest nodded and the girl went on hastily. "About Roger Rook. Do you know about Roger?"

"I've been told," he answered, "that his fellow seamen call him The Jolly Roger, because he is never jolly and looks like the pirates' skull and crossbones.

"He was not always like that," said Olive in a low voice. "Something very queer must have happened to him. I knew him well when we were children; we used to play over there on the sands. He really was a Jolly Roger then. I suppose he was the last boy to keep up the old legend of really running away to sea; and at last his family had to agree to his joining the Navy. Well ——"

"Yes," said Father Brown patiently.

"Well," she admitted, caught in one of her rare moments of mirth. "I suppose poor Roger found it disappointing. Naval officers so seldom carry knives in their teeth or wave bloody sabers and black flags. But that doesn't explain the change in him. He just stiffened, grew dull and dumb, like a dead man walking about. He always avoids me; but that doesn't matter. I supposed some great grief that's no business of mine had broken him up. And now—well, if what Harold says is true, the grief is neither more nor less than going mad or being possessed of a devil."

"And what does Harold say?" asked the priest.

"IT'S so awful I can hardly say it," she answered. "He swears he saw Roger creeping behind my father that night, hesitating and then drawing his sword . . . and the doctor says father was stabbed with a steel point . . . I can't believe Roger Rook had anything to do with it. His sulks and my father's temper sometimes led to quarrels; but what are quarrels? I can't exactly say I'm standing up for an old friend; because he isn't even friendly. But you can't help feeling sure of some things, even about an old acquaintance. And yet Harold swears that he ——"

"Harold seems to swear a great deal," said Father Brown.

There was a sudden silence; after which she said in a different tone:

"Well, he does swear other things too. Harold Harker proposed to me just now."

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"Am I to congratulate you, or rather him?" inquired her companion.

"I told him he must wait. He isn't good at waiting." She was caught again in a ripple of her incongruous sense of the comic. "He said I was his ideal and his ambition, and so on. He has lived in the States; but somehow I never remember it when he is talking about dollars—only when he is talking about ideals."

"And I suppose," said Father Brown very softly, "that it is because you have to decide about Harold that you want to know the truth about Roger."

SHE stiffened and frowned, and then equally abruptly smiled, saying, "Oh, you know too much."

"I know very little, especially in this affair," said the priest gravely. "I only know who murdered your father."

She started up and stood staring down at him stricken white. Father Brown made a wry face as he went on. "I made a fool of myself when I first realized it, when they'd just been asking where he was found, and went on talking about green scum and The Green Man."

Then he also rose, clutching his clumsy umbrella with a new resolution; he addressed the girl with a new gravity.

"There is something else that I know, which is the key to all these riddles of yours; but I won't tell you yet. I suppose it's bad news, but it's nothing like so bad as the things you have been fancying." He buttoned up his coat and turned toward the gate. "I'm going to see this Mr. Rook of yours. In a shed by the shore, near where Mr. Harker saw him walking. I rather think he lives there." And he went bustling off toward the beach.

Olive was an imaginative person, perhaps too imaginative to be safely left to brood over such hints as her friend had thrown out; but he was in rather a hurry to find the best relief for her broodings. The mysterious connection between Father Brown's first shock of enlightenment and the chance language about the pool and the inn hag rode her fancy in a hundred forms of ugly symbolism. And yet he had taken the most rapid method to overthrow all such nightmares, with a burst of daylight which seemed more mysterious than the night.

FOR before the sun had set, something had come back into her life that turned her whole world topsy-turvy once more, something she had hardly known that she desired until it was abruptly granted, something that was, like a dream old and familiar, and yet remained incomprehensible and incredible. For Roger Rook had come striding across the sands and even when he was a dot in the distance, she knew he was transfigured; and as he came nearer and nearer, she saw that his dark face was alive with laughter and exultation. He came straight toward her, as if they had never parted, and seized her shoulders saying, "Now I can look after you, thank God."

She hardly knew what she answered, but she heard herself questioning wildly why he seemed so changed and so happy.

"Because I am happy," he answered. "I have heard the bad news."

All parties concerned, including some who seemed rather unconcerned, found themselves assembled on the garden path leading to Craken House, to hear the formality, now truly formal, of the lawyer's reading of the will, and the lawyer's advice upon the crisis. Mr. Harker, that Flying Mercury, had shot down to the lodge gates to meet them, led them back onto the lawn, and then dashed ahead of them again to prepare their reception.

"Reminds me of somebody making runs at cricket," said the lieutenant.

"That young man," said the lawyer, "is rather annoyed that the law cannot move quite so quickly as he does. Fortunately Miss Craken has kindly assured me that she still has confidence in my slowness."

"I wish," said the doctor suddenly, "that I had as much confidence in his quickness."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Rook, knitting his brows, "Do you mean that Harker is too quick?"

"Too quick or too slow," said Doctor Strake, in his rather cryptic fashion. "I know one occasion at least when he was not so very quick. Why was he hanging about half the night by the pond and The Green Man, before the inspector found the body? Why did he meet the inspector? Why should he expect to meet the inspector outside The Green Man?"

"I DON'T understand you," said Rook. "Do you mean that Harker wasn't telling the truth?"

Doctor Strake was silent.

"I must ask you to speak plainly, doctor," said the inspector. "It may be my duty to question him at once."

"Well, here he comes," said Rook, as the alert figure of the secretary appeared once more in the doorway.

At this point Father Brown, who had remained silent and inconspicuous at the tail of the procession, astonished everybody very much, perhaps especially those who knew him. He not only walked rapidly to the front, but turned facing the whole group with an arresting and almost-threatening expression, like a sergeant bringing soldiers to the halt.

"Stop!" he said almost sternly, "I apologize to everybody, but it's absolutely necessary that I should see Mr. Harker first. I've got to tell him something I know; and I don't think anybody else knows—something he's got to hear."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked old Dyke, the lawyer.

"I mean the bad news," said Father Brown.

"Here, I say," began the inspector indignantly.

But Father Brown was already out of hearing, and a moment afterwards was plunged in talk with Harker in the porch. It was about twelve minutes afterward that Father Brown came out alone.

To their surprise he showed no disposition to reënter the house, now that the whole company were at last about to enter it. He threw himself down on the rather rickety seat in the leafy arbor, and as the procession disappeared through the doorway, lit a pipe and proceeded to stare vacantly at the long ragged leaves above his head and to listen to the birds.

HE WAS apparently in a cloud of smoke and a dream of abstraction, when the front doors were once more flung open and two or three figures came out helter-skelter, running toward him, the daughter of the house and her young admirer, Mr. Rook, being easily winners in the race. Their faces were alight with astonishment and the face of Inspector Burns, who advanced more heavily behind them, an elephant shaking the garden, was inflamed with indignation as well.

"What *can* all this mean?" cried Olive, as she came panting to a halt. "He's gone!"

"Bolted!" said the lieutenant explosively. "Harker's just managed to pack a suitcase and bolted! Out of the backdoor and over the garden wall to the Lord knows where. What did you say to him?"

"Don't be silly!" said Olive, with a more worried expression. "Of course you told

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him you'd found him out, and now he's gone. I never could have believed he was wicked like that!"

"Well!" gasped the inspector, bursting into their midst. "What have you done now? What have you let me down like this for?"

"Well," repeated Father Brown, "what have I done?"

"You have let a murderer escape," cried Burns with a decision that was like a thunderclap in the quiet garden; "you have helped a murderer to escape. Like a fool I let you warn him, and now he is miles away."

"But you knew all the time," insisted Olive. "You guessed from the first that it must be he. That's what you meant about being upset by the business of finding the body. That's what the doctor meant by saying my father might be disliked by a subordinate."

"That's what I complain of," said the official indignantly. "You knew even then that he was the ——"

"You knew even then," insisted Olive, "that the murderer was ——"

FATHER BROWN nodded gravely. "Yes," he said. "I knew even then that the murderer was old Dyke."

"Was *who?*" repeated the inspector and stopped amid a dead silence, punctuated only by the occasional pipe of birds.

"I mean Mr. Dyke, the solicitor," explained Father Brown, like one explaining something elementary to an infant class. "That gentleman with gray hair who's supposed to be going to read the will."

"But, in the name of heaven, *why?*"

"Ah, why?" said the priest and rose thoughtfully, puffing at his pipe. "As to why he did it . . . well, I suppose the time has come to tell you, or those of you who don't know, the fact that is the key of all this business. It's a great calamity and it's a great crime, but it's not the murder of Admiral Craken."

He looked Olive full in the face and said very seriously:

"I tell you the bad news bluntly and in few words, because I think you are brave enough, and perhaps happy enough, to take it well. You have the chance, and I think the power, to be something like a great woman. You are not a great heiress."

Amid the silence that followed it was he who resumed his explanation:

"Most of your father's money, I am sorry to say, has gone. It went by the financial dexterity of the gray-haired gentleman named Dyke, who is—I grieve to say—a swindler. Admiral Craken was murdered to silence him about the way in which he was swindled. The fact that he was ruined and you were disinherited is the single simple clew, not only to the murder, but to all the other mysteries in this business." He took a puff or two.

"I TOLD Mr. Rook you were disinherited and he rushed back to help you. Mr. Rook is a rather remarkable person."

"Oh, chuck it," said Mr. Rook with a hostile air.

"Mr. Rook is a monster," said Father Brown with scientific calm. "He is an anachronism, an atavism, a brute survival of the Stone Age. He did not want to live on his wife or have a wife who could call him a fortune hunter. Therefore he sulked in a grotesque manner and only came to life again when I brought him the good news that you were ruined. He wanted to work for his wife and not be kept by her—disgusting, isn't it? Let us turn to the brighter topic of Mr. Harker.

"I told Mr. Harker you were disinherited and he rushed away in a sort of panic. Do not be too hard on Mr. Harker. He really had better as well as worse enthusiasms, but he had them all mixed up. There is no harm in having ambitions, but he had ambitions and called them ideals. The new nine-times-accursed nonsense about making good teaches men to identify being good with making money. That was all that was the matter with him. Marrying a good wife and marrying a rich wife were all making good.

"I did not tell the admiral, but somebody did. Word came to him somehow, during the last grand parade on board, that his friend, the family lawyer, had betrayed him. He was in such a towering passion that he did what he could never have done in his senses, came straight on shore in his cocked hat and gold lace to catch the criminal; he wired to the police station, and that was why the inspector was wandering round The Green Man. Lieutenant Rook followed him on shore because he suspected some family trouble and had half a hope he might help and put himself right. Hence his hesitating behavior; as for his drawing his sword when he dropped behind and thought he was alone, well that's a matter of imagination. He was a romantic person who had dreamed of swords and run away to sea, and found himself in a service where he wasn't even allowed to wear a sword, except about once in three years. He thought he was quite alone on the sands where he played as a boy. If you don't understand what he did, I can only say, like Stevenson, you will never be a pirate. Also you will never be a poet; and you have never been a boy."

"I never have," answered Olive gravely, "and yet I think I understand."

"ALMOST every man," continued the priest, musing, "will play with anything shaped like a sword or dagger, even if it is a paper knife. That is why I thought it so odd when the lawyer didn't."

"Didn't what?" asked Burns.

"Why, didn't you notice," answered Brown, "at that first meeting in the office, the lawyer played with a pen and not with a paper knife; though he had a beautiful bright steel paper knife in the pattern of a stiletto? The pens were dusty and splashed with ink, but the knife had just been cleaned. But he did not play with it. There are limits to the irony of assassins."

After a silence the inspector said, like one waking from a dream, "Look here . . . Where do you get all this lawyer stuff from? What started you out on that trail?"

Father Brown laughed without mirth. "The murderer made a slip at the start," he said, "and I can't think why nobody else noticed it. When you brought the first news of the death to the solicitor's office, nobody was supposed to know anything there, except that the admiral was expected home. When you said he was drowned, I asked when it happened and Mr. Dyke asked where the corpse was found.

"Now, when you are simply told of a seaman, returning from the sea, that he has been drowned, it is natural to assume that he has been drowned at sea. At any rate, to allow that he may have been drowned at sea. The moment that man asked where it was found, I was sure he knew where it was found. Because he had put it there."

"NOBODY but the murderer need have thought of anything so unlikely as a seaman being drowned in a landlocked pool a few hundred yards from the sea. That is why I suddenly felt sick and turned green, I daresay—as green as The Green Man. I've not got used to finding myself sitting beside a murderer. So I had to turn it off by talking in parables; but the parable meant something, after all. I said that the body was covered with green scum, but it might just as well have been seaweed."

It is fortunate that tragedy can never kill comedy and that the two can run side by side, and that while the only acting partner of the business of Messrs. Willis, Hardman and Dyke blew his brains out when he saw the inspector come up to his front door, Olive and Roger were calling to each other across the sands at evening, as they did when they were children together.

Banish THAT TIRED FEELING Quickly without drugs

"THAT tired feeling" is usually a symptom of constipation. To relieve constipation *without drugs*, establish normal habits . . . then . . . combat the deadly, aging germs that flourish in the colon of the constipated.

Today's refined diet lacks bulky residue . . . and without bulk the intestines do not function naturally. Supply bulk with Battle Creek Psylla . . . it has no food value and is not absorbed by the system.

Psylla is a *natural* seed and when immersed in water swells into a gelatine-like mass. Eaten like tapioca, this bland mass sweeps painlessly through the intestines and supplies bulk and lubrication. Taken regularly, you will quickly enjoy normal habits.

Fight Colon Poisons

When constipated, putrefying germs fill the colon with deadly poisons. Subdue these poison germs by encouraging the growth in your colon of beneficial bacteria, B. Acidophilus and B. Bifidus. This is "changing the flora."

Lacto-Dextrin encourages beneficial bacteria to outgrow poison germs. This lifts a great burden from the liver, kidneys and other vital organs and brings relief from the stage of constipation known as auto-intoxication.

If constipated, do not depend on habit-forming pills. Supply bulk with Battle Creek Psylla and combat dangerous colon germs with Battle Creek Lacto-Dextrin. In a few weeks, that half-alive, "tired feeling" will vanish and you will know a new joy of living, a new sense of physical well-being. Psylla and Lacto-Dextrin retail at $1.00 each.

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VALUABLE BOOK FREE

If the Authorized Battle Creek dealer, your Grocer, Druggist or Department Store does not carry Psylla and Lacto-Dextrin, send 20c for liberal trial can of each and the famous 60-page illustrated Diet Book, Healthful Living; or this booklet alone will be sent free upon request. Address Dept. 238, The Battle Creek Food Company, Battle Creek, Michigan.

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Sell Colonial Christmas Cards

Everyone sends Christmas Cards! You can easily make money taking orders now for Colonial's beautiful line of Personal Christmas Cards. Sensational values, designs of unusual appeal. Sender's name beautifully inscribed on each card—your friends will buy gladly.

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Any ambitious man or woman can earn a handsome income during full or spare time. You make a liberal profit in advance. No money or experience required. Send today for selling outfit and complete details.

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For Roast Turkey and other Poultry

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Write for free booklet containing many new recipes. Address Wm. G. Bell Co., Dept. B-1, 189 State Street, Boston, Mass.

$1000 FOR SPARE TIME
With PROCESS
XMAS GREETING CARDS

Miss Peace of Louisiana who made $240 on one order.

Turn your spare minutes into DOLLARS with America's best known line of Christmas Greeting Cards. Biggest season in history now on. We supply big outfit free and selling plans that bring you immediate earnings.

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NO-SEW

No more fuss or messy bother sewing or serving fowl. Get NO-SEW—wonderful, new, sanitary device used by housewives. . . . Easy seller—big money maker for Ladies' Aid Societies and Bazaars. . . . Utility set 20c. Combination offer—one gift set attractively boxed and one utility set, 50c.

M. E. HEUCK Dept. LHJ 11-30
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AGENTS New Kind of Can Opener

WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

AT LAST! An automatic, simple little can opening machine for the home! For now an amazing, lifetime device holds the can and cuts out the top leaving can rim slick, smooth and clean. Just turn a crank, that's all. Approved by Good Housekeeping Inst. No wonder agents have made up to $5 and $8 in an hour full or spare time. Write today for Free Test Offer.

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Ladies Wanted to Distribute Modex Full fashioned guaranteed silk hosiery. Finest quality. Direct mill prices. A full or spare time dignified occupation affording a profitable means of earning extra money. Liberal commission and repeat business assure a fine income. No stock to carry. We ship direct to customer. Complete sample outfit furnished. MODEX MILLS, Desk L, 17 Battery Place, New York.

IN its flowing elegance of line, you will find the basis of the remarkable acclaim accorded the Reo-Royale by sophisticated people everywhere.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, LANSING, MICHIGAN

The Hostess

Conducted by

NANCY OAKLEY

Photographs by Charles Garner

A SHORT time ago a group, of which I was one, was having a heated argument as to the easiest and most successful form of fall and winter entertaining. The formal luncheon for six or eight; the informal buffet luncheon for a larger number, followed by cards; the informal small dinner, and the evening bridge of several tables with a light supper served afterward, all came in for discussion. Everybody had stories to tell, taken from personal experiences.

The three-table bridge, either as an afternoon or evening party, seemed the general favorite, though all had supporters. But there was, on the other hand, practically no dissension from the verdict that the most trying and difficult to plan for was the week-end visit—whether it consisted of only two or three guests or a house party of a dozen.

They all agreed that a house party, if it went off successfully, was a very jolly affair from the guests' angle, but that the hostess usually enjoyed it more in retrospect than while it was actually in progress in her home.

The Eternal Triangle

SAID one youthful matron, with a most amusing air of gravity on her charming face, "The big objection I have to week-end parties is that eternal triangle the hostess has to prepare for."

Seeing the startled expressions of her audience, she went off into a shout of delighted laughter.

"No, of course I don't mean the kind of triangle that gets on the front pages of the papers," she protested, "but the one every housewife is faced with every day in her own home—and the problem naturally becomes more pressing if you have house guests—*three meals a day, every day:* Breakfast, lunch and dinner! Thinking up interesting new menus, planning new table decorations, getting away from the same monotonous old combinations of china, glass, linen and silver you've already seen three hundred and sixty-five—multiplied by three—times that year."

So here on our page this month are some suggestions for that "triangle" bugbear of the week-end hostess.

What house party could fail to get off to a flying start around the breakfast table in the lower right-hand photograph, with its gay green-and-yellow-striped Basque cloth, its cheerful yellow china showing scenes from early American history, done in green; the excellent reproductions of old Sandwich glass in the hobnail pattern, which combine so perfectly with the china; and the silver, in the new long-handled Viande shapes, striking just that charming modern note which makes this whole breakfast ensemble distinctive.

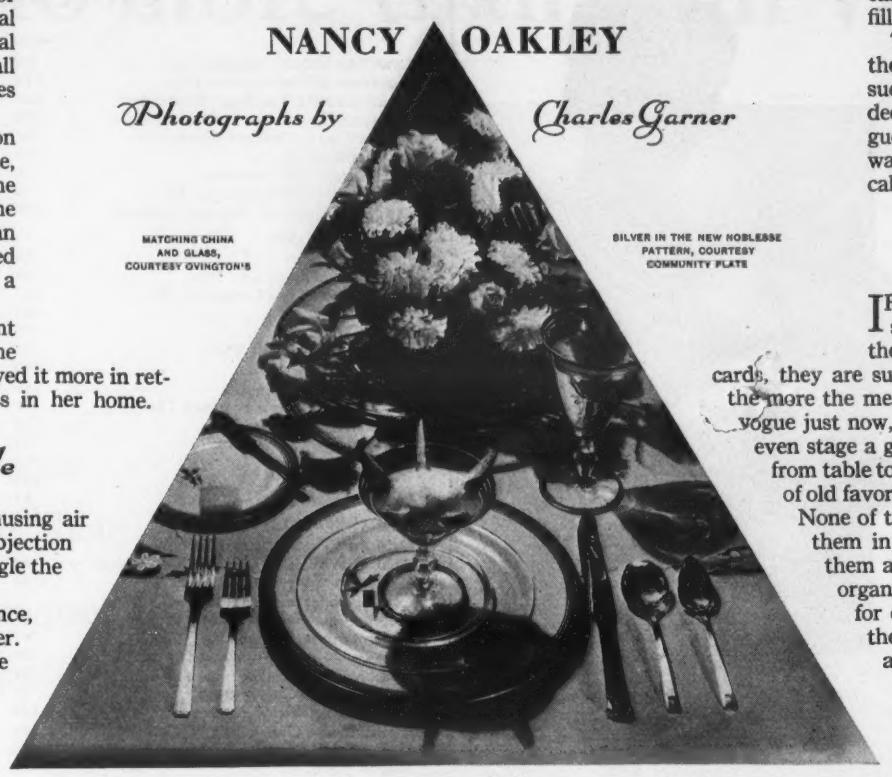
Serving the fruit in the hobnail glass bowl in the center of the table, allows the guests to make their own choice without extra waiting on, an item to be considered in the house with few or no servants. You will notice that both fruit knife and orange spoon are laid with the cereal and coffee spoons at the right.

The luncheon table shows a charming novelty in its matching glass and china in a red-and-black design and border, on a white ground. The flower bowl in the center is a low, spreading shape in the same pattern.

An interesting variation of the popular fruit cocktail is given here—a ball of orange ice surrounded by slim crescents of alligator pear. Try it at your next luncheon if you want to intrigue your guests' palates and eyes.

The silver has a formal design that harmonizes delightfully with the glass and china and the deep cream of the embroidered Spanish linen cloth. The small square napkin that belongs with the cloth was not shown in the photograph since the presence of the fruit cocktail on the table makes it evident that the guest is already seated, and the first course served.

The dinner table on the left is a lovely, arresting thing when you see it actually set, with its golden damask for a background, its pleasing, severely plain silver, its centerpiece of roses in the warmest of golden yellows, its square-footed crystal goblets with the new, slightly modernistic cutting, called by its makers the Comet, and the colorful centers of the service plates accenting the severity of their platinum borders. The candles in the tall silver candlesticks match the roses in color, and the light falling on the golden damask is very soft and restful to eyes accustomed to the glare of the more conventional white cloth.



MATCHING CHINA AND GLASS, COURTESY OVINGTON'S

SILVER IN THE NEW NOBLESSE PATTERN, COURTESY COMMUNITY PLATE

The ensemble luncheon table at its most charming, and a new fruit cocktail.

Dolly Madison and Ice Cream

JUST as a little note of interest, Dolly Madison was one of the first prominent hostesses in American history to serve ice cream at her dinners, and as we are showing the Dolly Madison design in silver on this dinner table, ice cream would certainly seem to be indicated as the dessert par excellence to conclude the meal.

If you are planning to buy the ice cream, and the dinner is to be this month, be sure to order it in tiny, individual pumpkin shapes, to link up also with Thanksgiving, which is the very beginning of our American history.

If, however, you prefer to freeze your own, here is a suggestion for a pretty and most appetizing way to serve it: Bake a large sponge cake, about two inches thick; remove from pan and allow to cool. Now with a sharp cooky cutter, stamp out individual shapes—circle, diamond, oblong, leaf, pumpkin, witch's tall hat, or what you choose and your equipment of cutters permits. Cut a round hole in the center, as large as you safely can without weakening the sides of the cake, and fill this with a ball of ice cream.

The ice cream may harmonize with the color of the flowers on your table, or you may alternate such colors as pistache and either raspberry or a deep orange, according to the number of your guests. Whipped cream makes a narrow white wall on the plate around the outer edge of the cake, and the result is delicious.

A Game Tournament

IF YOUR guests are not bridge enthusiasts, it's sometimes hard to know just how to entertain them best after dinner. Still, if they don't play cards, they are sure to play some sort of game—or games, and the more the merrier in this case. Games are tremendously in vogue just now, you know, so counting on this fad, you might even stage a game tournament, and let the players progress from table to table, trying in turn all the newest adaptations of old favorites and the most modern of the brand-new.

None of these are so difficult that people can't be taught them in a few seconds if they don't happen to know them already, and at one party recently the hostess organized a committee to invent their own new rules for old games, greatly to the increased hilarity of the evening; in fact, it became quite uproarious after a while, and turned out to be a most amusing occasion. Even the inevitable shy guest, and the stiffish, highbrow couple, unbent in a highly satisfactory manner.

A new game, by the way, which is enjoying a growing popularity at the moment and which would be excellent for an after-dinner crowd—one could have several boards going at once, since only two people can play at a time—is called Camelot. It's fun for evenings at home too.

It's played somewhat like a very-much simplified chess, having a board marked off in squares, and a set of little wooden pieces, comprising knights and men.

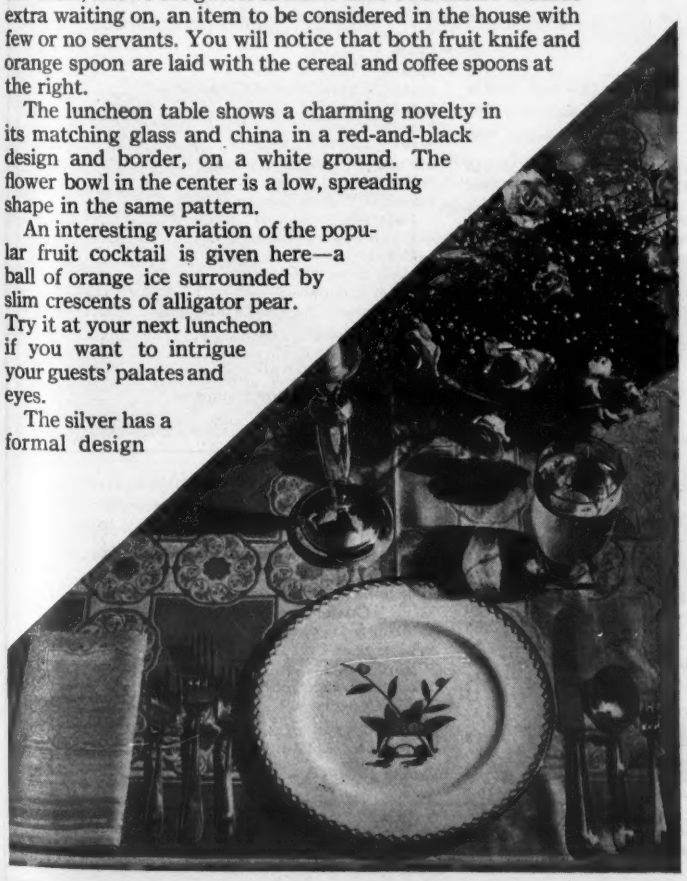
Backgammon is having a big revival, too, and so are half a dozen other old standbys of an earlier generation.

It's possible, of course—and very jolly—to have an evening of games without asking people to dinner first. Just serve a simple buffet supper afterward, or have the game tables transform themselves into cozy little tables for four.

Dishes Men Like

FOR evening parties of all sorts and descriptions, many hostesses seem to find it somewhat of a small problem what to serve in the way of refreshments that will please their masculine guests. Every woman knows that the favorite dishes of her afternoon bridge club won't meet with the same enthusiasm from the husbands. But a menu can very easily be planned to please both men and women, if one knows what to choose.

And so this month that is going to be our hostess leaflet: Party Refreshments Men Enjoy. All easy to make and serve; novel, tempting—really different, as we all, of course, want our party menus to be. You can have it by writing to The Hostess, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, inclosing a two-cent stamp. Try the recipes at your next party.

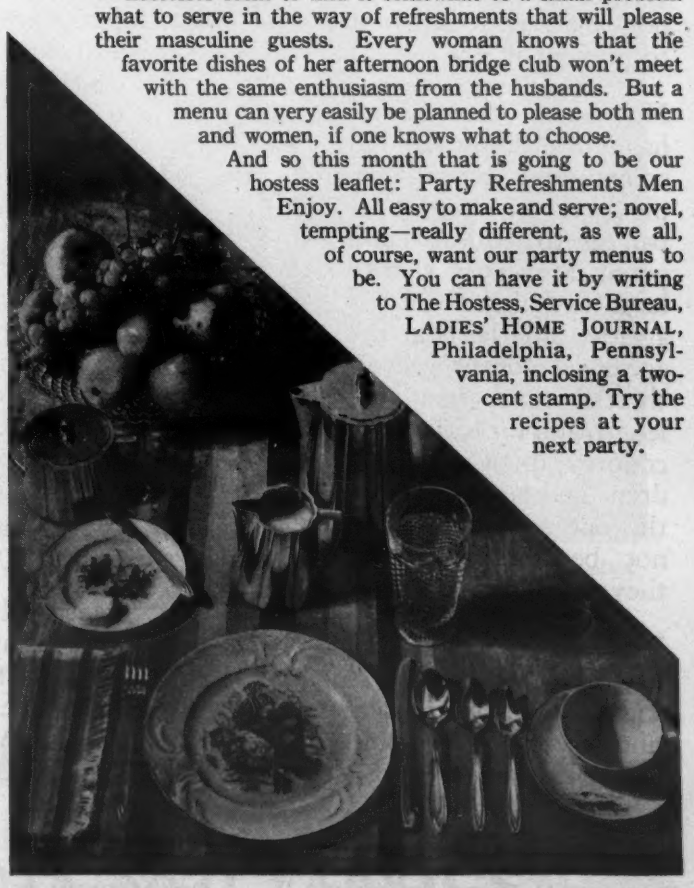


A dinner table that is correct without formality.

LINENS FOR ALL THREE TABLES, AND GLASS AND CHINA FOR BREAKFAST AND DINNER, COURTESY STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER

SILVER IN THE DOLLY MADISON PATTERN, COURTESY THE GORHAM COMPANY

SILVER IN THE SILHOUETTE PATTERN, COURTESY 1847 ROGERS BROS.



A breakfast table to induce a cheerful morning mood.

Six Months Old Today!

Tomorrow he is going to keep an appointment with his doctor made the day the baby was born.

YOUNG mothers of this generation little realize the heartaches and anxieties their grandmothers suffered in rearing their children. Forty years ago diphtheria killed six times as many babies as it does today. People were helpless when diphtheria epidemics raged. Then there was neither antitoxin to help fight the disease, nor toxin-antitoxin (or toxoid) to prevent it.

Nowadays, the disease has almost disappeared in communities where people have organized campaigns to educate and persuade every mother to have her baby inoculated against diphtheria at the age of six months. Nevertheless, throughout the length and breadth of the country, about 8,000 children died last year from this one cause. They had not been protected as they might have been.

Immunization is a very simple matter—painless and safe. But the inoculation of your baby should not be delayed.

More than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years. A striking contrast is presented by comparison of the deathrates from diphtheria in two groups of representative American cities. For the past three years the first group has carried on an intensive campaign to immunize all children against diphtheria and has *decreased* its deathrate 33%. During the same period the second group of cities has been less aggressive and has had an *increase* of 9%.

Protection can be given your baby whether or not you live in a city or a part of the country which has a dangerous diphtheria deathrate. Take him to your doctor and you will be spared one anxiety from which past generations were never free.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "Diphtheria is Preventable". Address Booklet Department 1130-J.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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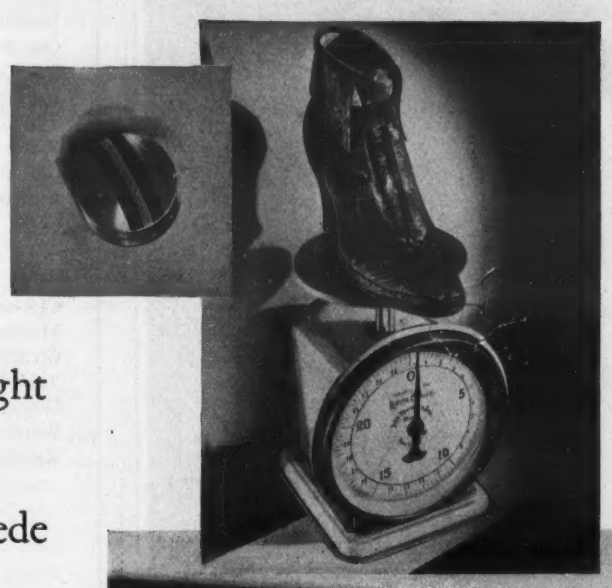
Weighs no more than your Vanity case



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"YOU DON'T KNOW
YOU HAVE
THEM ON"

A mere 7 ounces on the scale · · · so light you hardly know you have them on · · ·

As trim and closely fitting as your little suede gloves · · · Smart as your latest Paris hat · ·

Nothing you can't do · · · no place you can't go · · in these new Zippers of silk-like rubber

ACTUALLY when you first step out in them you look again to be sure they're really on!

For here are Goodrich Shower Boots so light, so trimly molded to arch and instep, that the awkward plodding step of old-time, rainy day footwear is gone forever. Smart women can now go forth on rainy days with a step as lithe and graceful as though they were shod in thin soled slippers.

Gay débutantes, young matrons with a daily program of a dozen interests, and modern maidens embarked on the venture of business . . . will meet the stormy fall and winter days with grace and comfort, protected by these smart new boots that weigh just 7 ounces!

Of silk-like rubber in patterns of graceful moiré to complete all costumes . . . the smart shops of every city have them. In modish fabrics, too. The B. F. Goodrich Footwear Corporation, Watertown, Mass.

You'll be delighted with this slim glove-like Shower Boot in gunmetal moiré rubber—held closely to the foot by three little hidden snaps

Now, two tiny strips of silk-like rubber automatically close over the Zipper fastening and hide it from view. And over this closing snaps a diamond shaped buckle, smart as modern costume jewelry

The new Goodrich Zippers are lighter, trimmer, smarter—yet gossamer stockings are unspotted; expensive slippers are unharmed, no matter how slushy the ground is

Goodrich *Zippers* ...another B. F. Goodrich Product

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

ORDINARY CLEANSING
Note dirt embedded in pores—undisturbed by surface cleansing. Causes blackheads and coarse, dull skin.
PORE-DEEP CLEANSING
All dirt is removed. Pores are small. The skin becomes fine, clear, young!

DOCTORS PREFER LIQUIDS FOR THOROUGH CLEANSING

"Modern dirt spoils skin"

skin specialist warns woman

NOTICE the dirt in the air today, dirt that pours from chimneys, motor exhausts, smoke stacks. This greasy, machine-age dirt sticks to the skin much more than the light, dusty dirt of days gone by. It finds its way into pores of skin.

cause of skin worries

It clogs pores and causes blackheads. It lodges in skin crevices and coarsens texture. It gives the face a gray look. Women using old-fashioned methods of cleansing become dissatisfied with their appearance. They take first one person's advice, then another's — become confused, don't know what to do. Recently a young woman who had this problem consulted a New York skin specialist. This great man said:

doctor advises liquid

"The best way to remove modern dirt is with a liquid. Superficial methods of cleansing that just skim the surface are not sufficient today. Only when the pores are kept clean does the skin stay fine-textured and young. That's why doctors prefer liquids for thorough cleansing."

Remove modern dirt with Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser. No wax in Ambrosia to clog and coarsen the pores; no alkali to dry the skin out like paper.

how Ambrosia cleanses

You feel Ambrosia cleansing the skin; you know that at last you are getting out dangerous pore-deep dirt.

Ambrosia contains five pure sweet oils that help keep the skin soft and smooth. With its continued use blackheads are cleared up, pores get small again. Find out at once how clean and cool and refreshed Ambrosia will make your skin feel . . . Send for generous free sample. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 11-H, 114 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.; Dept. 11-H, 69 York St., Toronto, Canada.

TO CLEANSE YOUR TYPE OF SKIN

normal skin:
Saturate absorbent cotton with Ambrosia. Wipe over face and neck, repeating until fresh cotton does not show soil. Then pour a little Ambrosia in the hand and pat over the face. Continue patting till dry to help skin absorb softening oils.

dry skin:
Cleanse as for normal skin. At night give dry skin added lubrication it needs by stroking on a softening cream. Soon skin becomes less dry. Then cleansing as for normal skin will keep it soft.

oily skin:
Cleanse oily skin frequently during the day with Ambrosia so clean pores can function normally. Rinse with cool water after each cleansing to stimulate circulation and remove surplus oil.

4 oz. $1 8 oz. $1.75 16 oz. $3

NOTABLE WOMEN WHO USE AMBROSIA

MARILYN MILLER — HELEN MORGAN
FAITH BALDWIN — MISS RUTH H. KRESGE
MRS. WILSON WOODROW — ADELE ASTAIRE
ANITA LOOS — MISS MARJORIE DE L. OELRICHS

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AMBRŌSIA **the pore-deep cleanser**

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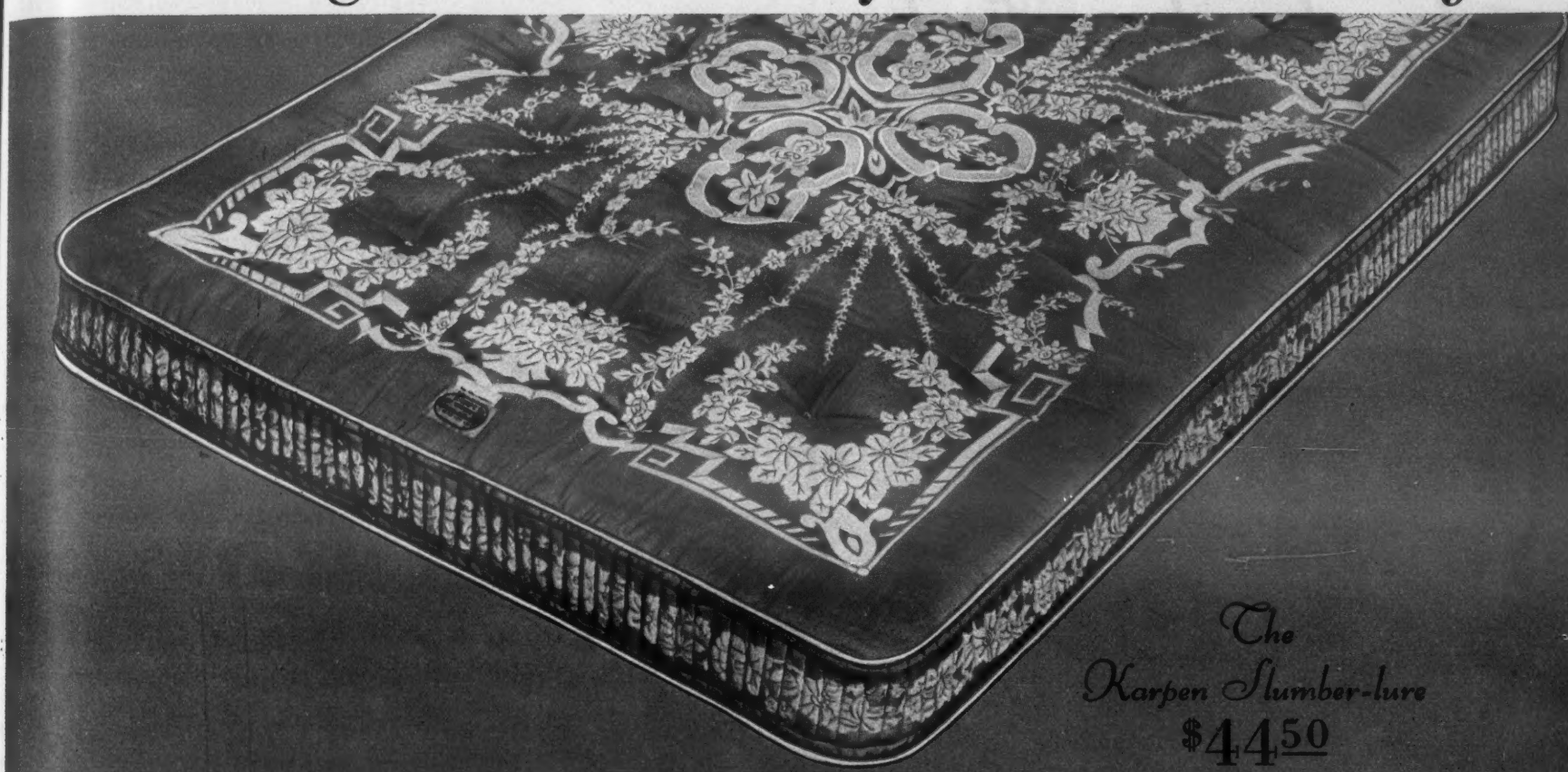
KARPEN
Guaranteed
FURNITURE

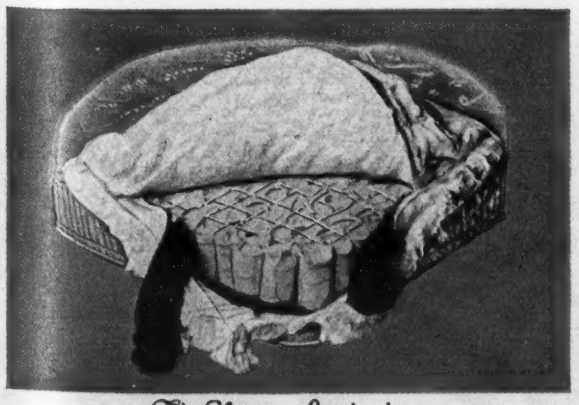
Climaxing a half century's fame for *comfort!*



The Karpen Slumber-lure
$44.50

The New KARPEN *Mattresses*

Guaranteed 10 years . . . backed by Karpen's reputation for comfort, quality, and style



The Karpen Slumber-lure
Karpenesque springs of tempered wire in woven seam pockets, cross-tied eight times, surrounded by downy felted cotton, 25% long staple and 75% fine felted linters. Inner stitched, curled hair roll edge that won't break down. Exclusive Spanish damask in four pastel colors. **$44.50**

NEW comfort now waits to cushion you as softly as a caress and lure you to the depths of soundest sleep. Three marvelous mattresses, different from any you have ever known, have been created by the same genius that has won fame for the ease of Karpen upholstered furniture.

The improvements, too numerous to describe here, total more luxurious rest for you. To name a few . . . a heart of springs, livelier because of tempered wire, tied so they will never get out of place . . . button-hole eyelets, that ventilate as well as hold the tubular taped tufting, eliminating all metal, all bumpy and dirt-catching tufts . . . better cotton in each grade . . . smart coverings in soft pastels and exclusive designs.

Not a home need be deprived of this new comfort of Karpen mattresses, for three types at three prices bring them within reach of all.

One of these, we are confident, is the mattress you will prefer. Karpen dealers everywhere will feature them with box springs and pillows to match, during Karpen Week, October 25th to November 1st, the national exhibit and sale of Karpen furniture. Be sure to visit this great event.

The Karpen Super Mattress
White curled hair and 100% long staple cotton. Karpenesque springs in woven seam pockets. Spanish damask in four tints. **$69.50**

The Karpen-rest Mattress
A coil-woven spring center, tempered, silent. Fine felted linter cotton, clean and new. Four colors in smart coverings. **$27.00**

EVERY HOME SHOULD HAVE KARPEN FURNITURE

S. Karpen & Bros., 801 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, 37th and Broadway, New York, P. O. Box 604, Huntington Park, California, 180 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

VISIT KARPEN FURNITURE WEEK, OCT. 25 to NOV. 1, *at leading dealers everywhere*

"Pink tooth brush"..

I *don't like the looks of that—*

CHECK
"PINK TOOTH BRUSH"
WITH

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

YOUR gums may bleed, slightly or occasionally, without causing you any pain. Perhaps it would be better if they hurt you severely!

For then you'd do something, immediately, about "pink tooth brush"—the first visible sign of a congested and unhealthy condition of your gums.

And, as your dentist will unhesitatingly confirm, "pink tooth brush" is often the forerunner of stubborn troubles of the gums. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease—yes, even pyorrhea give their warning signal, well in advance, in the presence of "pink" upon your tooth brush.

* * *

MODERN life encourages weak and flabby gums. The foods you eat are soft, and lack the stimulating roughage that keeps gums firm and healthy. The circulation of the blood within their walls grows languid, sluggish. Wastes clog the tiny cells, the gums break down—begin to bleed.

So wake up your gums! Massage them with Ipana when and while you clean your teeth. Use either the brush or your finger. Spur the fresh, clean blood to swift circulation through the tiny cells. Let it sweep away poisons and wastes. Regular brushing of the gums with Ipana will soon restore them to firmness, to hardness, to health!

For Ipana contains ziratol—the hemostatic and antiseptic dentists themselves use in treating gum disorders.

Ipana, as well, keeps your teeth flashing white. It has a delightfully refreshing taste. It gives to your whole mouth an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

Get a tube today; use this modern and scientific dentifrice for one full month. Note how much firmer and sounder your gums are—how much whiter your teeth. There are, of course, some tooth pastes that you can buy for a few pennies less than Ipana—but a good dentifrice, like a good dentist, can never be classed as a luxury.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-110
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

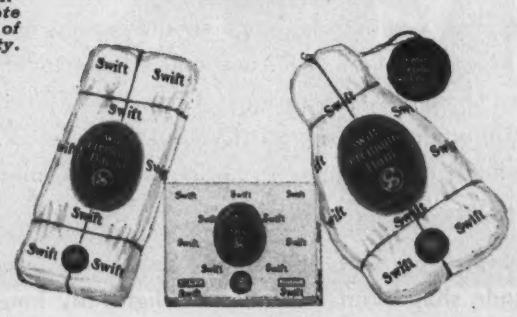
Swift's Premium · · · so mild, so savory

YES, it's bacon and fried mush, homiest of old-fashioned dishes, but it's bacon and mush with a difference. For the mush is cut with a cookie cutter into crisp little golden brown crescents. And the bacon is a very special kind, at once pleasingly mild and unusually savory. It is Swift's Premium Bacon—served with tawny sections of orange stuck with cloves and boiled in sugar syrup until the rind is tender.

Swift & Company

Swift's Premium seal—which identifies a complete line of foods of highest quality.

BE SURE IT IS SWIFT'S PREMIUM! *Premium Bacon comes in pound and half pound cartons, also in the slab, bearing the familiar blue Premium label. The whole Hams and Bacon slabs carry other identifying marks as well—the word Swift in brown dots down the length of the side—the markings on the rind and parchment wrappers.*



Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

VIANDE KNIFE, U. S. PATENT APPLIED FOR. CANADIAN REGISTRATION GRANTED FEB. 11, 1930. LEGACY PATTERN ILLUSTRATED.

Johanna Silver discovers *new* treasures in "Pieces of 8"

[TRADE MARK REGISTERED]

She set her sails for the shopping seas . . . and see what she has found. Her favorite "Pieces of 8," in brand new shapes and forms.

"Eights" because sets of "sixes" are too few for her needs. And new and modern . . . because she is modern and her silverware should express her. So here in "Pieces of 8" is the first basic silverware change in generations. Changed in form, but in quality the same 1847 Rogers Bros. . . . the finest of silverplate . . . original and genuine "Rogers" ware.

Treasures of taste and smart design . . . the Viande shape knife. With its delightfully long handle and short blade. Modern. Smart. So truly artistic that it could be exhibited proudly at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. And, as a matter of fact, it was. The design of that famed architect, Saarinen. And the Viande fork, fit mate for the Viande knife.

The aisles of your nearest dealer are Treasure Isles for you . . . discover the beauty of the new "Pieces of 8" in the modern Viande forms of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate.

. . .

Legacy Tea Set—$50.00 . . . Waiter, $22.50 additional. "Pieces of 8" in a pirate chest. 34 pieces. "Eights" of knives, forks, tea spoons, dessert spoons, a sugar spoon and a butter knife. $49.50. The regular shape knives and forks are also available. Viande Knives, 8's, $20.00. Viande Forks, 8's, $11.00.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVER PLATE

a Product of the International Silver Company

Write to Dept. "E," International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn., for booklet Y-28, "What The Well-Dressed Table Will Wear In Silverware."